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Collected and Edited by
ESTHER SINGLETON

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THE SPHINX, THEBES

Famous Sculpture

As Seen and Described
By Great Writers

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
ESTHER SINGLETON

With Numerous Illustrations



NEW YORK
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Preface

THIS volume, uniform with *Great Pictures*, etc., contains a selection of the most famous works of sculpture from the Sphinx to the Statue of Liberty.

Of all arts, sculpture is the one that receives least popular attention and appreciation. It has been suggested that this may be accounted for by the fact that the majority of the masterpieces are badly mutilated, and require imagination and special knowledge for their right comprehension.

I have tried to smooth away such difficulties by selecting descriptions that not only deal with the artistic qualities of the work, but also its individual history, or, if a portrait-statue, that of the person it represents. Thus, the great equestrian statue of *Colleoni* is doubly interesting when we are made acquainted with the career of the great general; and we view Cellini's *Perseus* with attentive sympathy after reading the sculptor's own description of the harrowing conditions under which the statue was cast. The difficulties and dangers attending the exploration, excavation and removal of ancient sculpture, especially in Egypt and Babylonia, also lend additional interest to the contemplation of such works as the *Head of Memnon* and the *Winged Lion*.

I have arranged the works in chronological order, and it will be found that the articles contain sufficient general

information to enable the reader to gain a very clear and comprehensive idea of the history and characteristics of the various schools of sculpture from the dawn of history to the present day.

E. S.

New York, September, 1910.

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THE SPHINX

(*Thebes, about 4000 B. C.*)

JOHN WARD

“THE Sphinx is Egypt,” said a great writer. The word is Greek, but we always think of the banks of the Nile when we hear it named. The Greeks borrowed their letters, their art and their symbols from the Egyptians, the ancient pioneers of the earliest civilization. The coin of Chios, which gave us Homer, bears a Sphinx, the Egyptian fabulous animal—half human, half lion—the symbol of the union of the intellectual and the physical powers. But the Greeks added wings to the creature: being a poetic people, theirs had to seem able to soar aloft, when required! The word also conveys the notion of an enigma, a riddle. The Great Sphinx is such to this day. When was it made? by whom? what was its countenance? we constantly feel inclined to ask. “The Sphinx must solve its own riddle,” says Emerson. When he wrote, he did not know that this had been in part accomplished. When recently the sand that had veiled its form for two thousand years was cleared out, there was discovered between its enormous paws a granite stele erected by Thothmes IV. (about 1530 B. C.). On this the king states that he had been commanded by the god Khepra in a dream to “free my image from the sand of

the desert which is spoiling me.” Not only did Thothmes do this and restore the image, but a small temple before the figure, built by him, bears his royal cartouche, and commits the ancient monument to the care of his successors. Then Mariette, later still, found an inscription recording that the Sphinx existed in the time of Khufu (Cheops, who built the Great Pyramid close by, 3720 B. C.). Thus part of the riddle was solved ; we know how ancient it is. But Maspero carried its origin back to the time of Mena the first king (4400 B. C.). The Sphinx is carved out of the living rock. The whole figure is one hundred and seventy feet long and seventy feet high. It was possibly intended for a portrait of the king who was intended to be buried in it, or who had it made. It might even have been a likeness of Mena himself (as the kings after death became gods and were worshipped) looking out towards his city of Memphis. An accidental likeness to a human head may have been found in a craggy spur of natural rock, which suggested the sculpturing of it. However that may be, the stone of the same formation and strata originally existed around. To-day we find, about half a mile off to the south, a bluff of the original rock still remaining at a similar elevation. This is another proof of the great antiquity of this unique monument, for all the stone available on the spot was used up in after times for tombs and pyramids. The ancient sacred object was spared, and stood up “an isle of stone in the desert,” as it is described in a Greek poem carved on one of its paws. Now the sand is forty feet above it, and the part that is cleared

out seems like a pit. The highroad from the Nile was once close to the Pyramid platform, and passed by it, and a paved court and steps leading up to the great figure was uncovered by the French in 1798, and again by Mariette in our own days, but now is again swallowed up by the sand.

In Pliny's time (A. D. 40) it was perfect, and he was much struck with its beauty. He said a king had been buried in it, and the square shaft of a tomb remains, cut deep downwards from the centre of the back. This tomb is of great depth and has never been properly explored. An Arab geographer, Abd el Latif, describes (in A. D. 1200) its face as being very beautiful, and the mouth graceful and lovely, and as if smiling graciously, and the face still bearing freshly its red paint. It seems to have been forgotten for centuries, except by the Bedouins, who supposed it to be an Afreet, and used it as a target, shattering its shapely features.¹ But even with its battered visage it has a weird and wonderful effect on the beholder's mind. Listen to what great writers say about it :

"Science regarded by ignorance as a monster."—*Lord Bacon*.

"Comely the creature is, but its comeliness is not of this world."—*Kinglake's "Eothen."*

¹ They now spare it to earn money by acting as guides, and demand "backsheesh" for showing it, climbing to its head like monkeys and capering on the top, much to its danger. The stone of the neck is soft and worn away, while that of the head is hard. Any day these wild wretches may thus cause the overweighted head to tumble off, and there are no guardians or police on the spot to prevent this happening.

"There is something stupendous in the sight of that tremendous head. . . . If it was the giant representative of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchres."—*Dean Stanley*.

"Look up into those eyes so full of meaning, though so fixed."—*Miss Martineau*.

"Nature! the Sphinx, its emblem, shows also the claws of a lioness."—*Carlyle*.

"Its calm, majestic expression of countenance."—*Kenrick*.

We have seen that a king had the Sphinx unburied and restored; the event was considered worthy of a carved granite stele, which still stands where Thothmes placed it 3,435 years ago. I have picked up in various parts of Egypt scarabs or royal seals of the time, bearing on each a sphinx, evidently recording the event as important, as the monarch's cartouche is placed beside! It is wonderful how little things like this have been preserved to this day as proofs of history.¹

The sand came back again and swallowed up the Sphinx, stele, and temple, and nought was exposed but the head when the French scientific expedition, early in the Nineteenth Century, first brought it to the notice of modern Europe. Denon's sketch of it, published in 1810, shows its state but the head is incorrectly drawn. A drawing made about 1840 by a British artist shows how the sand had

¹ About and after this time, too, the Sphinx became popular and numerous avenues (or dromos) of these curious hybrids were erected at Thebes, Sakkarah and elsewhere. They were on a much smaller scale, as many as one hundred being placed in parallel lines leading up to the temples.

risen after Caviglia's removal of it, but is correct in all details of the face as we now find it. It also shows how ruined the body had become, and the neck thinned away. All traces of the head-dress, which in Egyptian royal statues falls down over the shoulders and chest, had disappeared. This is owing to the soft decaying white strata of which the lower part, all beneath the head, unfortunately, is composed. It has not been done by violence altogether, but by the persistent "sand blast" of the desert for thousands of years. No doubt the whole body was sculptured as carefully as the head, in its original state.¹ The part composing the head is of such durable stone, that (had the Bedouins left it alone) the nose would have been entire, no doubt, the golden collar round the neck, the uræus diadem on the head. It remained for me this year (1899) to discover what the face had been like—and that accidentally.

One lovely day in spring I went out for a day's sketching, accompanied by my old friend Ali Gabri, who was Dr. Petri's attendant in 1880-82 (during all the time of his great survey of the Pyramids of Gizeh). Dr. Petri says that Ali Gabri "too true a gentleman to talk much about himself" was "one of the most intelligent men in the place."

I had often tried on many previous visits to paint the Sphinx; in some points of light it seems to gleam with life, and the eyes to shine. But this is hard to catch, and I had

¹ Ali Gabri told me that during the recent excavations at the back and sides, he saw the hind legs and tail, at the north side, quite perfect, and beautifully sculptured.

never succeeded to my satisfaction. To-day the countenance seemed more expressive than usual, and I essayed to try again, my faithful Ali sitting beside me, holding my sketching umbrella over me, for the sun was of the hottest. I suppose I showed impatience at my non-success, for presently I heard Ali's gentle voice: "Ah, sir! if you could have seen the Sphinkes before she was broke, it would be better." Not lifting my head from my work, I replied, "I wish I had, Ali." Waiting a little, he said, "I don't want those men to hear" (there were a number of Arabs about), "but I found a little Sphinkes one day, with the head not a bit broke." "And what did you do with it, Ali?" After a little time he fumbled in his draperies, and produced from their voluminous folds a small bundle wrapped up in a red kerchief, which he opened, and handed me a beautiful little Sphinx, in green basalt, with the head, neck, shoulder, and side quite perfect. So sweet was it in expression, a smile playing on the lips, the eyes clearly defined, with the earnest far-away look of a favourite dog staring into his master's face trying to express what he cannot utter! The hair tied at the back of the head in a knot or *queue*, the royal diadem of the sacred uræus, emblem of divine authority, the kingly collar—all were there. The eyelids marked round upon the cheek, treated as in the amulets that were worn as protections against the evil eye. ("The Eye of Horus" was the right; the left eye signified the moon—protection by day and night.) I was astonished at the strange chance which gave me one

Sphinx to unriddle the other, at the very moment when I was trying to imagine what the face had been like. Ali told me he had found it in the rubbish-heap of Khafra's Pyramid-temple, and he had kept it for my coming, saying nothing about his discovery till I should happen on my next visit to be, as usual, trying to sketch the Great Sphinx. My little treasure had possibly been one of the votive offerings to the temple of the time of Khafra. I have often searched over this same heap of chippings in the foundation of that temple—alabaster, granite, diorite, nothing bigger than road metal! Every fragment with a polished side, showing it had been part of a bowl, vase, statue, statuette, sarcophagus, or inscription, broken into small fragments by wanton, vindictive violence of iconoclasts. The destruction must have been long ago, for the fractured bottom of my little figure is darkened in tint; "weathered," a great geologist said to me, "by the atmosphere and wear of a geological epoch." Ali said green stone objects had never been found before in this locality. I wish it had more of the lion's body and claws, for the paws of the Great Sphinx are but poor Græco-Roman restorations, when the soft sculptured rock of the older nation's work had decayed. They are merely built of smallish stones, and have no characteristic of Egyptian art. But on Thothmes's stele there are two views of the Sphinx he restored, and we can therefore see their character.

My friend Professor Sayce was delighted with my wonderful "find." It is the same class of work as on Khafra's

statue, or perhaps older. "The green basalt," he said, "is an exceedingly rare stone in Egypt, though the Assyrians had cylinders of it about 6000 B. C."

Khafra's great statues, which are now in the Cairo Museum, are above life size, and are made of diorite, a stone quite as hard as green basalt. They are the finest works of their kind, and were found in the great temple beside the Sphinx at the bottom of the deep shaft, into which the ancient despoilers had hurled them. The heads of these statues resemble the work on my little Sphinx. The head-dress, treatment of the hair, the ears, the mouth and eyes are the same art. The ornament (a gold decoration worn by royalty) falls down on the shoulders and neck of both. So it did, doubtless, on the Great Sphinx originally, but, as I explained above, this part of the rock is soft and worn away by decay and sand-storms, and has utterly disappeared. In the small Sphinx the wig and the golden collar fall on the shoulders, veiling the junction of the human and leonine body.

Lord Cromer has freed the Desert from Dervishes. Would that he could free the Sphinx from the Desert! A sand-pump could be contrived which would soon clear away the masses of accumulated desert dust, and let us see the ancient monument in its proud original isolation! Archæologists believe (as Miss Edwards wrote long ago) that many of the lost tombs of the First, Second, and Third Dynasties may still exist underneath these sheltering sands, awaiting discovery.

THE SPHINX

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

AND near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity, and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever, and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dy-

nasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

COLOSSAL STATUES OF RAMESES THE GREAT AT ABOO SIMBEL

(*About 1400 B. C.*)

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

THE interest that one takes in Rameses II. begins at Memphis, and goes on increasing all the way up the river. It is a purely living, a purely personal interest; such as one feels in Athens for Pericles, or in Florence for Lorenzo the Magnificent. Other Pharaohs but languidly affect the imagination. Thothmes and Amenhotep are to us as Darius or Artaxerxes—shadows that come and go in the distance. But with the second Rameses we are on terms of respectful intimacy. We seem to know the man—to feel his presence—to hear his name in the air. His features are as familiar to us as those of Henry the Eighth or Louis the Fourteenth. His cartouches meet us at every turn. Even to those who do not read the hieroglyphic character those well-known signs convey, by sheer force of association, the name and style of Rameses, beloved of Ammon.

This being so, the traveller is ill equipped who goes through Egypt without something more than a mere guide-book knowledge of Rameses II. He is, as it were, content to read the Argument and miss the Poem. In the desolation of Memphis, in the shattered splendour of Thebes, he

sees only the ordinary pathos of ordinary ruins. As for Aboo Simbel, the most stupendous historical record ever transmitted from the past to the present, it tells him a but half-intelligible story.

Rameses the Second was the son of Seti I., the second Pharaoh of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and of a certain Princess Tuaa, described on the monuments as "royal wife, royal mother, and heiress and sharer of the throne." She is supposed to have been of the ancient royal line of the preceding dynasty, and so to have had, perhaps, a better right than her husband to the double-crown of Egypt. Through her, at all events, Rameses II. seems to have been in some sense born a king, equal in rank, if not in power, with his father. He is believed to have succeeded to the throne while yet very young, and to have learned his first war-lesson in the lands south of the Cataract.

That Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the captivity and that Menephthah, his son and successor, was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, are now among the established facts of Egyptological science. The Bible and the monuments confirm each other upon these points, while both are again corroborated by the results of recent geographical and philological research.

That he was personally valiant may be gathered, with due reservation, from the poem of Pentaour; and that he was not unmerciful is shown in the extradition clause of the Khetan treaty. His pride was evidently boundless. Every temple that he erected was a monument to his own glory;



RAMESES THE GREAT, ABOO SIMBEL

every colossus was a trophy ; every inscription a pæan of self-praise. At Aboo Simbel, at Derr, at Gerf Hossayn, he seated his own image in the sanctuary among the images of the gods. There are even instances in which he is depicted under the twofold aspect of royalty and divinity—Rameses the Pharaoh burning incense before Rameses the Deity.

We came to Aboo Simbel on the night of the 31st of January, and we left at sunrise on the 18th of February. Of these eighteen clear days, we spent fourteen at the foot of the rock of the Great Temple, called in the old Egyptian tongue the Rock of Abshek.

It was wonderful to wake every morning close under the steep bank, and, without lifting one's head from the pillow, to see that row of giant faces so close against the sky. They showed unearthly enough by moonlight ; but not half so unearthly as in the gray of dawn. At that hour, the most solemn of the twenty-four, they wore a fixed and fatal look that was little less than appalling. As the sky warmed, this awful look was succeeded by a flush that mounted and deepened like the rising flush of life. For a moment they seemed to glow—to smile—to be transfigured. Then came a flash, as of thought itself. It was the first instantaneous flash of the risen sun. It lasted less than a second. It was gone almost before one could say that it was there. The next moment, mountain, river, and sky were distinct in the steady light of day ; and the colossi—mere colossi now—sat serene and stony in the open sunshine.

Every morning I waked to witness that daily miracle. Every morning I saw those awful brethren pass from death to life, from life to sculptured stone. I brought myself almost to believe at last that there must sooner or later come some one sunrise when the ancient charm would snap asunder, and the giants arise and speak.

Stupendous as they are, nothing is more difficult than to see the colossi properly. Standing between the rock and the river, one is too near; stationed on the island opposite, one is too far off; while from the sand slope only a side-view is obtainable. Hence for want of a fitting standpoint, many travellers have seen nothing but deformity in the most perfect face handed down to us by Egyptian art. One recognizes in it the negro, and one the Mongolian type; while another admires the fidelity with which "the Nubian characteristics" have been seized.

Yet, in truth the head of the young Augustus is not cast in a loftier mould. These statues are portraits—portraits of the same man four times repeated; and that man is Rameses the Great.

Now, Rameses the Great, if he was as much like his portraits as his portraits are like each other, must have been one of the handsomest men, not only of his own day, but of all history. Wheresoever we meet with him, whether in the fallen colossus at Memphis, or in the syenite torso of the British Museum, or among the innumerable bas-reliefs of Thebes, Abydos, Goornah, and Bayt-el-Welly, his features (though bearing in some instances the impress

of youth, and in others of maturity) are always the same. The face is oval; the eyes are long, prominent and heavy-lidded; the nose is slightly aquiline and characteristically depressed at the tip; the nostrils are open and sensitive; the under lip projects; the chin is short and square.

The southernmost colossus at Aboo Simbel, whether regarded as a marvel of size, or of portraiture, is the *chef d'œuvre* of Egyptian sculpture. We here see the great king in his prime. His features are identical with those of the head at Bayt-el-Welly; but the contours are more amply filled in, and the expression is altogether changed. The man is full fifteen or twenty years older. He has outlived that rage of early youth. He is no longer impulsive, but implacable. A godlike serenity, an almost superhuman pride, an immutable will, breathe from the sculptured stone. He has learned to believe his prowess irresistible, and himself almost divine. If he now raised his arm to slay, it would be with the stern placidity of a destroying angel.

The original can be correctly seen from but one point of view; and that point is where the sand slope meets the northern buttress of the façade, at a level just parallel with the beards of the statue. The sand slope is steep and loose, and hot to the feet. More disagreeable climbing it would be hard to find, even in Nubia; but no traveller who refuses to encounter this small hardship need believe that he has seen the faces of the colossi.

Viewed from below, this beautiful portrait is foreshort-

ened out of all proportion. It looks unduly wide from ear to ear, while the lips and the lower part of the nose show relatively larger than the rest of the features. The same may be said of the great cast in the British Museum. Cooped up at the end of a narrow corridor and lifted not more than fifteen feet above the ground, it is carefully placed so as to be wrong from every point of view and shown to the greatest possible disadvantage.

The artists who wrought the original statues were, however, embarrassed by no difficulties of focus, daunted by no difficulties of scale. Giants themselves, they summoned these giants from out the solid rock, and endowed them with superhuman strength and beauty. They sought no quarried blocks of syenite or granite for their work. They fashioned no models of clay. They took a mountain and fell upon it like Titans, and hollowed and carved it as though it were a cherry stone, and left it for the feebler men of after-ages to marvel at for ever. One great hall and fifteen spacious chambers they hewed out from the heart of it; then smoothed the rugged precipice towards the river, and cut four huge statues with their faces to the sunrise, two to the right and two to the left of the doorway, there to keep watch to the end of time.

These tremendous warders sit sixty-six feet high, without the platform under their feet. They measure across the chest twenty-five feet and four inches; from the shoulder to the elbow, fifteen feet and six inches; from the inner side of the elbow joint to the tip of the middle

finger, fifteen feet; and so on, in relative proportion. If they stood up, they would tower to a height of at least eighty-three feet, from the soles of their feet to the tops of their enormous double-crowns.

Nothing in Egyptian sculpture is perhaps quite so wonderful as the way in which these Aboo Simbel artists dealt with the thousands of tons of material to which they here gave human form. Consummate masters of effect, they knew precisely what to do, and what to leave undone. These were portrait statues; therefore they finished the heads up to the highest point consistent with their size. But the trunk and the lower limbs they regarded from a decorative rather than a statuesque point of view. As decoration, it was necessary that they should give size and dignity to the façade. Everything, consequently, was here subordinated to the general effect of breadth, of massiveness, of repose. Considered thus, the colossi are a triumph of treatment. Side by side they sit, placid and majestic, their feet a little apart, their hands resting on their knees. Shapely though they are, those huge legs look scarcely inferior in girth to the great columns of Karnak. The articulations of the knee joint, the swell of the calf, the outline of the *peroneus longus* are indicated rather than developed. The toe-nails and toe joints are given in the same bold and general way; but the fingers, because only the tips of them could be seen from below, are treated *en bloc*.

The faces show the same largeness of style. The little dimple which gives such sweetness to the corners of the

mouth and the tiny depression in the lobe of the ear, are in fact, circular cavities as large as saucers.

Emile Soldi, who brings sound practical knowledge to bear upon the subject, is of opinion that the Egyptian sculptors did not even "point" their work beforehand. If so, then the marvel is only so much the greater. The men, who working in so coarse and friable a material, could not only give beauty and finish to heads of this size, but could with barbaric tools hew them out *ab initio* from the natural rock, were the Michael Angelos of their age.

It has already been said that the last Rameses to the southward is the best preserved. His left arm and hand are injured, and the head of the *uræus* sculptured on the front of the *pschent* is gone; but with these exceptions, the figure is as whole, as fresh in surface, as sharp in detail, as on the day it was completed. The next is shattered to the waist. His head lies at his feet, half buried in sand. The third is nearly as perfect as the first; while the fourth has lost not only the whole beard and the greater part of the *uræus*, but has both arms broken away, and a big cavernous hole in the front of the body. From the double-crowns of the two last, the top ornament is also missing. It looks like a mere knob; but it measures eight feet in height.

Such an effect does the size of these four figures produce on the mind of the spectator, that he scarcely observes the fractures they have sustained. I do not remember to have even missed the head and body of the shattered one, al-

though nothing is left of it above the knees. Those huge legs and feet covered with ancient inscriptions, some of Greek, some of Phœnician origin, tower so high above the heads of those who look at them from below, that one scarcely thinks of looking higher still.

The figures are naked to the waist and clothed in the usual striped tunic. On their heads they wear the double-crown and on their necks rich collars of cabochon drops cut in very low relief. The feet are bare of sandals and the arms of bracelets; but in the front of the body, just where the customary belt and buckle would come, are deep holes in the stone, such as might have been made to receive rivets, supposing the belts to have been made of bronze or gold. On the breast just below the necklace, and on the upper part of each arm, are cut in magnificent ovals, between four and five feet in length, the ordinary cartouches of the king. These were probably tattooed upon his person in the flesh.

Some have supposed that these statues were originally coloured, and that the colour may have been effaced by the ceaseless shifting and blowing of the sand. Yet the drift was probably at its highest when Burckhardt discovered the place in 1813; and on the two heads that were still above the surface, he seems to have observed no traces of colour. Neither can the keenest eye detect any vestige of that delicate film of stucco with which the Egyptians invariably prepared their surfaces for painting. Perhaps the architects were for once content with the natural colour of the sandstone, which is here very rich and varied. It happens

also that the colossi come in a light coloured vein of the rock and so sit relieved against a darker background. Towards noon, when the level of the façade has just passed into shade and the sunlight still strikes upon the statues, the effect is quite startling. The whole thing, which is then best seen from the island, looks like a huge onyx-cameo cut in high relief.

A statue of Ra,¹ to whom the Temple is dedicated, stands some twenty feet high in a niche over the doorway, and is supported on either side by a bas-relief portrait of the king in an attitude of worship. Next above these comes a superb hieroglyphic inscription reaching across the whole front; above the inscription, a band of royal cartouches; above the cartouches, a frieze of sitting apes; above the apes, last and highest, some fragments of a cornice. The height of the whole may have been somewhat over a hundred feet. Wherever it has been possible to introduce them as decoration, we see the ovals of the king. Under those sculptured on the platforms and over the door, I observed the necklace or collar, which, in conjunction with the sign known as the determinative of metals, signifies gold (Nub); but when represented, as here, without the determinative, stands for Nubia, the Land of Gold. This addition, which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere in connection with the cartouches of Rameses II., is here used in an heraldic sense, as signifying the sovereignty of Nubia.

¹ *Ra*, a solar divinity, generally represented with the head of a hawk, and the sun-disk on his head.

The two Temples of Aboo Simbel are excavated in two adjacent mountains and divided by a cataract of sand. The front of the small Temple lies parallel to the course of the Nile, here flowing in a northeasterly direction. The façade of the Great Temple is cut in the flank of the mountain and faces due east. Thus the colossi, towering above the shoulder of the sand-drift, catch, as it were, a side view of the small Temple and confront vessels coming up the river. As for the sand-drift, it curiously resembles the glacier of the Rhone. In size, in shape, in position, in all but colour and substance, it is the same. Pent in between the rocks at top, it opens out like a fan at bottom. In this, its inevitable course, it slants downward across the façade of the Great Temple. For ever descending, drifting, accumulating, it wages the old stealthy war; and unhasting, unresting, labours grain by grain to fill the hollowed chambers and bury the great statues, and wrap the whole Temple in a winding sheet of golden sand, so that the place thereof shall know it no more.

It had very nearly come to this when Burckhardt went up (A. D. 1813). The top of the doorway was then thirty feet below the surface. Whether the sand will ever reach that height again, must depend on the energy with which it is combated. It can only be cleared as it accumulates. To avert it is impossible. Backed by the illimitable wastes of the Libyan desert, the supply from above is inexhaustible. Come it must; and come it will, to the end of time.

THE COLOSSUS OF MEMNON

(*Amenophis III.*) *Eighteenth Dynasty*

AUGUSTE MARIETTE-BEY

THE colossi stood before the pylon of a temple which has disappeared to the very foundations. It was built of limestone and owes its destruction to the value of its materials. The colossi are of breccia, a kind of pudding-stone mixed with agate-like pebbles, and as they were of no use as food for the neighbouring lime-kilns, they have survived. Doubtless the temple, the entrance to which was so majestically guarded by these colossi, was to Amenophis III. what the Rameseum was to Rameses II. and what Menet-Abou was to Rameses III. It may therefore be inferred that the destruction of this edifice has deprived science of documents which would have thrown much light upon one of the most interesting reigns in Egyptian history.

Originally the colossi were monoliths. The northern colossus having been robbed of its upper portion by an accident was restored with blocks of sandstone disposed in layers. Each colossus rests on a separate basis, also of breccia.

When these two statues stood in front of the pylon, rising so grandly from their base, they were nineteen metres sixty centimetres, or sixty-one feet four inches high ; that is to



COLOSSI OF MEMNON, THEBES

say, about the height of a five-storied house. Independently of their pedestal, the statues themselves only measure fifteen metres sixty centimetres, or fifty-one feet two inches. They are buried in the ground, like the temple of Karnak, to a depth of about six feet three inches. We need hardly add that both statues represent Amenophis III. seated in the hieratic posture. The figures at the side represent the mother and wife of that sovereign.

The more northerly of the two statues is the Colossus of Memnon, so renowned among travellers who, in the first two centuries of the Roman Dominion in Egypt, visited the land of the Pharaohs. Destined by Amenophis as an ornament to the façade of his temple, this colossus had remained known to all the world as the statue of Amenophis until the upper part was destroyed by an earthquake in the year 27 B. C.¹ Strange to say, this same accident by which the colossus was so materially damaged proved the chief cause of its celebrity. It soon became apparent that from the headless trunk a sonorous ringing sound, resembling the human voice, was heard when the first rays of the morning sun fell upon the statue. Doubtless this sound was merely the result of the cracking of the stone, wet with the morning dew, under the influence of the rays of the sun. But by the Greeks and Romans who visited Egypt at that time,

¹ *Thebe Ægypti usque ad solum dirute sunt*, says Eusebius. If the earthquake proved so violent, we may attribute to the same cause the fall of the pylon at Karnak, the accumulated stones of which impress one so strongly on entering the large court, although Karnak has found its principal enemy in the nitre that corrodes the base of its walls.

the phenomenon soon began to be looked upon in the light of a miracle. The colossus was situated in a district of Thebes called the *Memnonia*. Memnon was, according to the tradition accepted by foreigners, the legendary founder of the edifices of this part of the city. Was not the voice thus heard the plaintive voice of Memnon imploring his divine mother Aurora? The fame of the colossus soon spread abroad. From all parts of the known world people came to hear the marvellous voice, and the mania arose for engraving on the legs of the statue the tokens of admiration of those who were fortunate enough to become witnesses of this miracle. Eventually, after the lapse of two centuries, Septimus Severus, thinking to stay the plaintive cries of the hero, and to impart clearness and beauty to his voice, restored the colossus. He, however, only partially succeeded; the hero, it is true, no longer uttered his plaintive cries, but all sound was effectually smothered, and for ever silenced under the blocks of sandstone which we see to this day.

One may easily see, on inspecting the legs of the colossus, how numerous were these tokens of admiration. Many of them are dated, the most ancient being of the time of Nero, the most recent of that of Septimus Severus. The reign of Hadrian alone added twenty-seven to the collection, and there are others, still more numerous, which are not accompanied by any date. Most frequently these inscriptions are in prose, and run thus: "Sabina Augusta, the consort of the Emperor Cæsar Augustus, has twice

heard the voice of Memnon during the first hour." And again: "I, Vitalinus, epistrateges of Thebaid, with my wife, Publia Sosis, I have heard Memnon in the year III. in the month of Pachon (or ninth month) twice at half past one o'clock." But sometimes also poetry is employed, and we may quote the two following examples: "I, Petroniamus, who inherit from my father the name of Dillius, an Italian by birth, I honour thee with these elegiac verses, in offering to the god who speaks to me a poetical gift. But in return, O king, grant me a long life! Many are they who come to this spot to know whether Memnon preserves a voice in that part of his body which remains to him. As for him, seated on his throne, deprived of his head, he breaks into sighs to complain to his mother of the outrage of Cambyzes, and when the brilliant sun shoots forth his rays, he announces the return of day to the mortals here assembled."—"Thy mother Aurora, the rosy-fingered goddess, O far-famed Memnon, has rendered thee vocal for me who was desirous to hear thee. In the twelfth year of the illustrious Antoninus, during the month of Pachon (the ninth month) reckoning thirteen days, twice, O divine being, have I heard thy voice when the sun left the majestic waves of the ocean. In olden times, Jupiter, the son of Saturn, made thee king of the East, and now thou art nothing but stone, and out of a stone proceeds thy voice." Gamella, in his turn, has written these verses, having come here with his beloved spouse Rafilla, and his children.

HEAD OF MEMNON

(*Amenophis III.*) *Eighteenth Dynasty*

GEORGE LONG

IN the year 1815, Belzoni went to Egypt. Burckhardt, the celebrated traveller, who was then there in the service of the African Association, had long wished to have the colossal bust of Memnon removed, and Belzoni offered to convey it to Alexandria, from whence it might be sent to England. Mr. Salt, the British consul, after some indecision and delay, consented to the undertaking. The fact is that Belzoni, after having offered to remove the head, and not finding his proposal accepted, determined to sail up the Nile to gratify his own curiosity, and the consul, at last, agreed with Burckhardt to seize this opportunity of removing the young Memnon. In the instructions given by Mr. Salt to Belzoni when he was setting out on his expedition to Thebes, after describing the position and appearance of the Memnon, the consul added: "It must not be mistaken for another lying in that neighbourhood, which is much mutilated."

This colossal head Belzoni found, according to his instructions, in the temple which is now commonly called the Memnonium. Speaking of his first sight of the colossus, he remarks: "The place where it lay was



HEAD OF MEMNON, BRITISH MUSEUM

nearly in a line with the side of the main gateway into the temple ; and as there is another colossal head near it, there may have been one on each side of the doorway, as they are to be seen at Luxor and Karnak." It was broken, and lying with its face upwards, though in Norden's time it was entire, and with its face downwards, to which cause we may, no doubt, attribute its preservation. Belzoni remarks that he will not venture to say who separated the bust from the rest of the body by an explosion, nor by whom the bust has been turned face upwards. There is also a hole drilled in the right breast, no doubt intended to hold gunpowder for the purpose of blowing off the right shoulder also and rendering the transport of the head more easy. We have no difficulty in expressing our conviction that this was done by the French, when they visited Thebes. They turned the face of the statue upwards, and blew off part of the body, but after all they were compelled, from some cause or other, to leave it behind. Up to the time of this visit, the statue was probably entire, as Norden saw it in 1737. He says :

"There is besides in this place (the Memnonium as he calls it) another colossus : it is entire, and of a single piece of granite marble, but its height is only moderate. It is at present thrown down, lying on its face, and half buried in the ground. All that is visible appears quite free from damage, and with respect to the attitude, it is the same as that of the other colossi of which I have spoken."

The implements with which Belzoni removed this statue

were "fourteen poles, eight of which were employed in making a sort of car to lay the bust on, four ropes of palm-leaves, and four rollers, without tackle of any sort." With these sorry mechanical aids and the assistance of the ignorant Arabs, he contrived to raise the statue on the car, and to convey it a distance of more than a mile to the banks of the river. But the intrigues of the governor of Erments, and of Drouetti, the French consul at Alexandria, caused almost as much difficulty as the actual removal of this enormous mass. Even when the statue was on the bank of the river, and a written contract had been entered into with its owner, the whole scheme seemed to be ruined by the knavery of some parties and the fear of the boat-owner that the Memnon would sink his boat to the bottom of the river. But in the meantime the governor of Erments changed his tone to Belzoni, compelled the boat-owner to fulfil his bargain, and allowed Belzoni to have the use of one hundred and thirty men. As the bank of the river was considerably above the level of the water, which had retired at least one hundred feet from it, he found it necessary to make a sloping causeway for the statue, and even then it was no easy task to place so heavy a weight in a boat, unaided by any mechanical power except four poles and some ropes. It is only fair to the memory of this enterprising traveller to let him tell his own story.

"I cannot help observing that it was no easy undertaking to put a piece of granite of such bulk and weight on board a boat, that, if it received the weight on one side, would

immediately upset; and, what is more, this was to be done without the smallest help of any mechanical contrivance, even a single tackle, and only with four poles and ropes, as the water was about eighteen feet below the bank where the head was to descend. The causeway I had made gradually sloped to the edge of the water, close to the boat, and with the four poles I formed a bridge from the bank into the centre of the boat, so that when the weight bore on the bridge, it pressed only on the centre of the boat. On the opposite side of the boat I put some mats well filled with straw. I necessarily stationed a few Arabs in the boat, and some at each side, with a lever of palm-wood, as I had nothing else. At the middle of the bridge I put a sack filled with sand, so that, if the colossus should run too fast into the boat it might be stopped. In the ground behind the colossus I had a piece of a palm-tree firmly planted, round which a rope was twisted, and then fastened to its car, to let it descend gradually. I set a lever at work on each side, and at the same time that the men in the boat were pulling, others were slackening the ropes, and others shifting the rollers as the colossus advanced.

“Thus it descended gradually from the mainland to the causeway, when it sank a good deal, as the causeway was made of fresh earth. This, however, I did not regret, as it was better it should be so than that it should run too fast towards the water; for I had to consider that, if this piece of antiquity should fall into the Nile, my return to Europe would not be very welcome, particularly to the antiquaries;

though I have reason to believe that some among the great body of its scientific men would rather have seen it sunk in the Nile than where it is now deposited. However, it went smoothly on board. The Arabs, who were unanimously of opinion that it would go to the bottom of the river, or crush the boat, were all attention, as if anxious to know the result, as well as to learn how the operation was to be performed; and when the owner of the boat, who considered it as consigned to perdition, witnessed my success, and saw the huge piece of stone, as he called it, safely on board, he came and squeezed me heartily by the hand."

This difficult task being safely accomplished, the Memnon's head sailed down the river to Rosetta, and from thence to Alexandria, where it embarked for England. In the Museum Catalogue the Memnon's head is described as the gift of Henry Salt and Louis Burckhardt, who liberally defrayed the expenses of the undertaking.

The material of which this statue is made is a fine kind of Syene granite, of one entire mass, but two colours. The head has, with great judgment, been formed out of the red part of the granite, while the dark part was appropriated to the breast, and probably also to the remainder of the body. The figure was in a sitting posture, like most of the Egyptian colossal statues, for Belzoni found it "near the remains of its body and chair." Though a statue of colossal size it is very inferior in magnitude to some works of Egyptian art of this kind; its height, from the sole of the foot to the top of the head, in its seated position, having

been probably about twenty-four feet, or somewhat less. The fragment in the Museum, which may be about one-third of the whole, is somewhat more than eight feet in height. The weight of the mass is estimated at between ten and twelve tons.

It is universally agreed that this is one of the finest specimens of Egyptian colossal sculpture now known to exist; and if we admit it to be a work of genuine Egyptian art (of which there can be no doubt) we may consider it as a favourable specimen of what that nation could accomplish. For so hard and unwieldy a mass to be wrought into any resemblance to the human form, and polished to so high a degree would of itself be a labour worthy of admiration. But that the proportions of the parts should have been so well preserved, and that beauty should have been impressed on this colossal face, proves that at least some kinds of sculpture were once carried to a high degree of perfection in Egypt; though they may not be of that description of art which our earliest associations teach us to admire. In the colossal statues of Egypt, calmness and repose are the most striking characteristics; but this figure shows somewhat more. It represents a young man: the breast is broad and well defined. The beard, united in one mass, adheres to the chin. The line of the eyebrows perhaps does not project enough above the eyeball; the tip of the nose, too, is perhaps too much rounded, and the ears, as usual in Egyptian statues, are placed too high;¹ but even

¹ Description de l'Egypte.

with these defects, and with lips too thick for our notions, the face is full of softness, tranquillity, and beauty.

This statue has received the name of the younger Memnon, partly because it was found in that temple to which the name of Memnonium has been given, partly also because it is supposed to belong to the same class with the statues so celebrated under the name of Memnon. Neither this colossus nor the other lying in fragments at Thebes has any claim to be considered the Memnon of which Strabo and Pausanias speak.

ASSYRIAN WINGED LION

(Northwest Palace of Nimroud)

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD

I RODE to Nimroud on the 17th of January having first engaged a party of Nestorian Chaldæans to accompany me.

The change that had taken place in the face of the country during my absence was no less remarkable than that which I had found in the political state of the province. To me they were both equally agreeable and welcome. The rains, which had fallen almost incessantly from the day of my departure for Baghdad, had rapidly brought forward the vegetation of spring. The mound was no longer an arid and barren heap; its surface and its sides were equally covered with verdure. From the summit of the pyramid my eye ranged, on one side, over a broad level inclosed by the Tigris and the Zab; on the other, over a low undulating country bounded by the snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan; but it was no longer the dreary waste I had left a month before; the landscape was clothed in green, the black tents of the Arabs checkered the plain of Nimroud and their numerous flocks pastured on the distant hills. The Abou Salman, encouraged by favourable reports of the policy of the new Pasha, had recrossed the Zab, and had

sought their old encamping grounds. The Jehesh and Shemutti Arabs had returned to their villages around which the wandering Jebours had pitched their tents, and were now engaged in cultivating the soil. Even on the mound the plough opened its furrows, and corn was sown over the palaces of the Assyrian kings.¹

It was near the middle of February before I thought it prudent to make some fresh experiments among the ruins. To avoid notice I only employed a few men, and confined myself to the examination of such parts of the mound as appeared to contain buildings. A trench was first opened at right angles to the centre of the wall and we speedily found the wall. All the slabs were sculptured and uninjured by fire; but unfortunately had been half destroyed by long exposure to the atmosphere. Three consecutive slabs were occupied by the same subject; others were placed without regularity, portions of a figure, which should have been continued on an adjoining stone, being wanting. It was evident from the costume, the ornaments and the nature of the relief, that these sculptures did not belong either to the same building, or to the same period as those previously discovered. I recognized in them the style of Khorsabad, and in the inscriptions particular forms in the character, which were used in the inscriptions of that monument. Still the slabs were not "in situ"; they had been brought from elsewhere, and I was even more perplexed than I had hitherto been.

Several trenches carried to the west led me to other



ASSYRIAN WINGED LION, BRITISH MUSEUM

walls. The sculptured slabs of which they were built were not better preserved than others in this part of the mound. I could only distinguish the lower part of gigantic figures; some had been purposely defaced by a sharp instrument; others, from long exposure, had been worn almost smooth. Inscriptions were carried across the slabs over the drapery, but were interrupted when a naked limb occurred and resumed beyond it. Such is generally the case when, as in the older palace of Nimroud, inscriptions are engraved over a figure.

These experiments were sufficient to prove that the building I was exploring had not been entirely destroyed by fire, but had been partly exposed to gradual decay. No sculptures had hitherto been discovered in a perfect state of preservation, and only one or two could bear removal. I determined, therefore, to abandon this corner, and to resume excavations near the chamber first opened where the slabs had in no way been injured. The workmen were directed to dig behind the small lions, which appeared to form an entrance, and to be connected with other walls. After removing much earth, a few unsculptured slabs were discovered, fallen from their places and broken in many pieces. The sides of the room of which they had originally formed a part could not be traced.

As these ruins occurred on the edge of the mound, it was probable that they had been more exposed than the rest, and consequently had sustained more injury than other parts of the building. As there was a ravine running far

into the mound, apparently formed by the winter rains, I determined to open a trench in the centre of it. In two days the workmen reached the top of a slab, which appeared to be both well preserved and in its original position.

To the west of this slab, and fitting to it was a cornerstone ornamented with flowers and scroll-work, tastefully arranged and resembling in detail those graven on the injured tablet near the entrance of the southwest building. I recognized at once from whence many of the sculptures, employed in the construction of that edifice, had been brought; and it was evident that I had at length discovered the earliest palace of Nimroud.

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me, they stopped. "Hasten O Bey," exclaimed one of them—"hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! We have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to cele-

brate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of the imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was

heard and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried out together, "There is no God but God and Mahommed is his Prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

I now ordered a trench to be dug south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before nightfall reached the object of my search about twelve feet distant. Engaging two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, I returned to the village and celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, of which all the Arabs near partook. As some wandering musicians chanced to be at Selamiyah, I sent for them and dances were kept up during the greater part of the night. On the following morning Arabs from the other side of the Tigris and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages congregated on the mound. Even the women could not repress their

curiosity, and came in crowds with their children from afar. My Cawass was stationed during the day in the trench into which I would not allow the multitude to descend.

As I had expected, the report of the discovery of the gigantic head, carried by the terrified Arab to Mosul, had thrown the town into commotion. He had scarcely checked his speed before reaching the bridge. Entering breathless into the bazars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared. The news soon got to the ears of the Cadi, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy me, called the Mufti and the Ulema together, to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the Governor, and a formal protest, on the part of the Musulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the laws of the Koran. The Cadi had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismail Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true-believing prophet or an infidel. I consequently received a somewhat unintelligible message from His Excellency, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once, and desired to confer with me on the subject.

I called upon him accordingly and had some difficulty in making him understand the nature of my discovery. As he requested me to discontinue my operations until the sensation in the town had somewhat subsided, I returned to

Nimroud and dismissed the workmen, retaining only two men to dig leisurely along the walls without giving cause for further interference. I ascertained by the end of March the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions, differing from those previously discovered in form, the human shape being continued to the waist and furnished with arms. In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber, of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread over the back, a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These sculptures, forming an entrance, were partly in full and partly in relief. The head and fore-part facing the chamber were in full; but only one side of the rest of the slab was sculptured, the back being placed against the wall of sun-dried bricks. That the spectator might have both a perfect front and side view of the figures, they were furnished with five legs; two were carved on the end of a slab to face the chamber and three on the side. The relief of the body and three limbs was high and bold, and the slab was covered, in all parts

not occupied by the image, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the Eternal City. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of

man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty.

But how changed was the scene around them ! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful ; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown ; whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness in the words of the Prophet, that once “the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature ; and his top was among the thick boughs . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations ” ; for now is “Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her ; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it ; their voice sings in the windows ; and desolation is in the thresholds.”¹

¹ Ezekiel 31 : 3 ; Zephaniah 2 : 13 and 14.

THE DISCOBOLUS

(*Myron, 550-440 B. C.*)

WALTER PATER

“AMPLE is the glory stored up for Olympian winners.” And what Pindar’s contemporaries asked of him for the due appreciation, the consciousness, of it, by way of song, that the next generation sought, by way of sculptural memorial in marble, and above all it seems in bronze. The keen demand for athletic statuary, the honour attached to the artist employed to make his statue at Olympia, or at home, bear witness again to the pride with which a Greek town, the pathos, it might be, with which a family looked back to the victory of one of its members. In the courts of Olympia¹ a whole population in marble and bronze gathered quickly,—a world of portraits, out of which, as the purged and perfected essence, the ideal soul of them, emerged the *Diadumenus*, for instance, the *Dis-*

¹“This statue is, without doubt, an ancient copy of the bronze statue by Myron of the size of life. The figure is represented just before he throws the discus or quoit. Its surface has in many places been corroded and repolished; and the head, which is restored, differs from the position described by Pliny, in which the face is said to have been turned back towards the quoit about to be thrown by the right hand. There are four other ancient copies of Myron’s statue extant, and differing from this one in the position of the head. This statue was found in 1791, in the grounds belonging to Hadrian’s villa at Tibur (Tivoli). The left hand has been restored.”—*W. S. W. Vaux.*

cobolus, the so-called *Jason* of the Louvre. Olympia was in truth, as Pindar says again, a *mother* of gold-crowned contests, the mother of a large offspring. All over Greece the enthusiasm for gymnastic, for the life of the *gymnasia*, prevailed. It was a gymnastic which, under the happy conditions of that time, was already surely, what Plato pleads for, already one half music, a matter, partly of character and of the soul, of the fair proportion between soul and body, of the soul with itself. Who can doubt it who sees and considers the still irresistible grace, the contagious pleasantness, of the *Discobolus*, the *Diadumenus*, and a few other precious survivals from the athletic age which immediately preceded the manhood of Phidias, between the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars?

The age to which we are come in the story of Greek art presents to us indeed only a chapter of scattered fragments, of names that are little more, with but surmise of their original significance, and mere reasonings as to the sort of art that may have occupied what are really empty spaces. Two names, however, connect themselves gloriously with certain extant works of art; copies, it is true, at various removes, yet copies of what is still found delightful through them, and by copyists who for the most part were themselves masters. Through the variations of the copyist, the restorer, the mere imitator, these works are reducible to two famous original types—the *Discobolus* or quoit-player, of Myron, the *beau idéal* (we may use that term for once justly) of athletic motion; and the *Diadumenus* of Poly-



DISCOBOLUS, BRITISH MUSEUM

By Myron

cletus, as binding the fillet or crown of victory upon his head, he presents the *beau idéal* of athletic repose, and almost begins to think.

Myron was a native of Eleutheræ, and a pupil of Ageladas of Argos. There is nothing more to tell by way of positive detail of this so famous artist, save that the main scene of his activity was Athens, now become the centre of the artistic as of all other modes of life in Greece. *Multiplicasse veritatem videtur*, says Pliny. He was, in fact, an earnest realist or naturalist, and rose to central perfection of athletic youth from a mastery first of all in the delineation of inferior objects, of little lifeless or living things. And when he came to his main business with the quoit-player, the wrestler, the runner, he did not for a moment forget that they two were animals, young animals, delighting in natural motion, in free course through the yielding air, over uninterrupted space, according to Aristotle's definition of pleasure:—"the unhindered exercise of one's natural force." *Corporum tenus curiosus*:—he was a "curious workman" as far as the living body is concerned. Pliny goes on to qualify that phrase by saying that he did not express the sensations of the mind—*animi sensus*. But just there, in fact, precisely in such limitation, we find what authenticates Myron's peculiar value in the evolution of Greek art. It is the essence of the athletic prizeman, involved in the very ideal of the quoit-player, the cricketer, not to give expression to mind, in any antagonism to, or

invasion of, the body; to mind as anything more than a function of the body, whose healthful balance of functions it may so easily perturb;—to disavow that insidious enemy of the fairness of the bodily soul as such.

Yet if the art of Myron was but little occupied with the reasonable soul (*animus*), with those mental situations the expression of which, though it may have a pathos and a beauty of its own, is for the most part adverse to the proper expression of youth, to the beauty of youth, by causing it to be no longer youthful, he was certainly a master of the animal, or physical, soul there (*anima*); how it is, how it displays itself, as illustrated, for instance, in the *Discobolus*. Of voluntary animal motion the very soul is undoubtedly there. We have but translations into marble of the original in bronze. In that, it was as if a blast of cool wind had congealed the metal, or the living youth, fixed him imperishably in that moment of rest which lies between two opposed motions, the *backward* swing of the right arm, the movement *forwards* on which the left foot is in the very act of starting. The matter of the thing, the stately bronze or marble, thus rests indeed; but the artistic form of it, in truth scarcely more, even to the eye, than the rolling ball or disk, may be said to rest, at every moment of its course,—just metaphysically you know.

This mystery of combined motion and rest, of rest in motion, had involved, of course, on the part of the sculptor who had mastered its secret, long and intricate consideration. Archaic as it is, primitive still in some respects, full

of the primitive youth it celebrates, it is, in fact, a learned work, and suggested to a great analyst of literary style, singular as it may seem, the "elaborate" or "contorted" manner in literature of the later Latin writers, which, however, he finds "laudable" for its purpose. Yet with all its learned revolution, thus so oddly characterized by Quintilian, so entirely is this quality subordinated to the proper purpose of the *Discobolus* as a work of art, a thing to be looked at rather than to think about, that it makes one exclaim still, with the poet of athletes, "The natural is ever best!" Perhaps that triumphant, unimpeachable naturalness is after all the reason why, on seeing it for the first time, it suggests no new view of the beauty of the human form, or point of view for the regarding of it; is acceptable rather as embodying (say, in one perfect flower) all one has ever fancied or seen in old Greece or on Thames' side of the unspoiled body of youth, thus delighting itself and others, at that perfect, because unconscious, point of good-fortune, as it moves or rests just there for a moment, between the animal and spiritual worlds. "Grant them," you pray in Pindar's own words, "grant them with feet so light to pass through life."

The face of the young man as you see him in the British Museum, for instance, with fittingly inexpressive expression (look into, look at the curves of, the blossomlike cavity of the opened mouth) is beautiful, but not altogether virile. The eyes, the facial lines which they gather into one seem ready to follow the coming motion of the *discus* as those of

an onlooker might be; but that head does not really belong to the *Discobolus*.

Was it a portrait? That one can so much as ask the question is a proof how far the master, in spite of his lingering archaism, is come already from the antique marbles of Ægina. Was it the portrait of one much-admired youth, or rather the type, the rectified essence of many such, at the most pregnant, the essential, moment, of the exercise of their natural powers, of what they really were? Have we here, in short, the sculptor Myron's reasoned memory of many a quoit-player, of a long flight of quoit-players; as, were he here, he might have given us the cricketer, the passing generation of cricketers, *sub specie eternitatis*, under the eternal form of art?

Was it in that case a commemorative or votive statue, such as Pausanias found scattered throughout Greece? Was it, again, designed to be part only of some larger decorative scheme, as some have supposed of the Venus de Melos, or a work of *genre* as we say, a thing intended merely to interest, to gratify the taste, with no further purpose? In either case it may have represented some legendary quoit-player—Perseus at play with Acrisius fatally, as one has suggested; or Apollo with Hyacinthus, as Ovid describes him in a work of poetic *genre*.

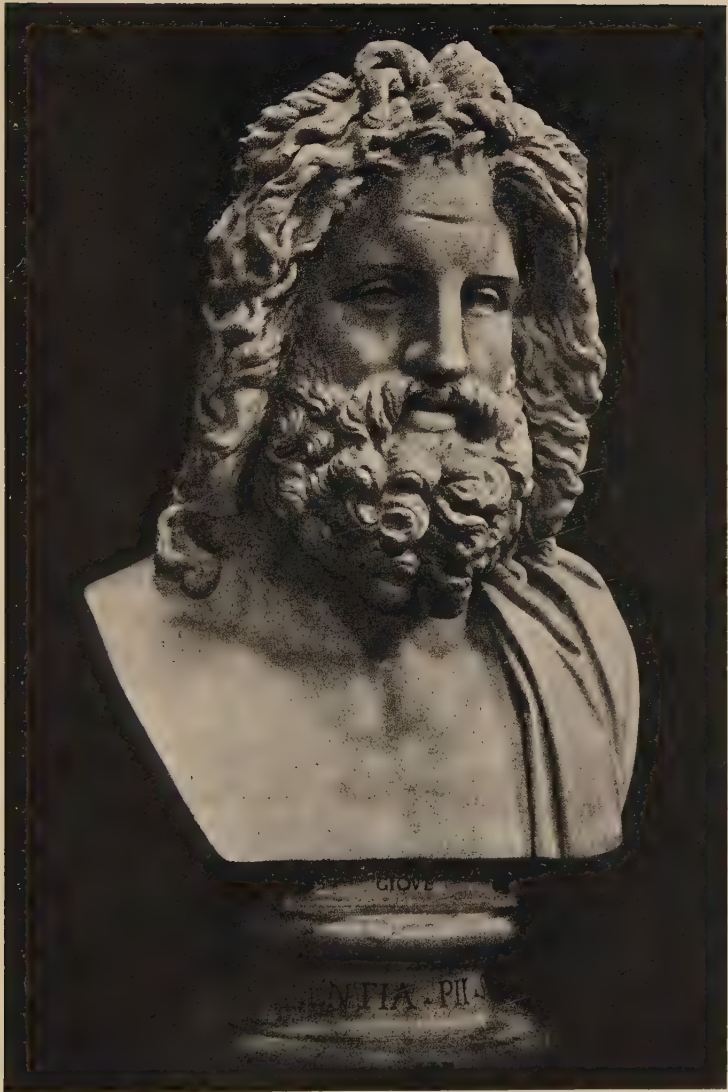
THE BUST OF JUPITER FROM OTRICOLI

(*Phidias, 488-432 B. C.*)

WILHELM LÜBKE

WHILE Phidias stamped the characteristic form of the virgin Goddess of Wisdom and the peaceful victory-bestowing protectress of Athens, the main features of which recur in all subsequent representations of the goddess, a still higher task was assigned him at Olympia—in fact, the highest which could present itself to the Hellenic mind. This was to create for the temple at Olympia a statue of the supreme ruler in Olympus—the father of the gods and of men. This mighty work also, more than forty feet high, was formed of gold and ivory on a wooden foundation, but the figure was not depicted standing as in the Minerva, but seated on a splendid throne. The head was crowned with a wreath of olive; the left hand held the sceptre, bearing the eagle—the bird of Jupiter; a winged Nike hovered on the outstretched right hand. Thus the god, like the Minerva Parthenus, was characterized with reference to the Olympic games as the bestower of victory. A gold mantle, adorned with inlaid figures and lilies, covered his mighty form. Still more rich than the statue itself were the throne and footstool of the

god, which were executed in gold and precious stones, ivory and ebony. The seat of the throne, besides its four feet, had an equal number of columns for the support of the immense weight of the colossal figure. At the feet, twenty-four Victories were introduced as dancing figures; at the cross-bars, which connected the feet and strengthened them, eight ancient forms of contest were depicted in separate figures, besides the battle of Hercules and Theseus against the Amazons. Between the lower parts of the feet bars were inserted, the front side of which was simply painted blue, as it was for the most part concealed by the feet and the falling mantle of the god; on the three other sides, Pancæus, the nephew of Phidias, painted nine scenes from the heroic legends. There were also, probably on the arms of the throne, Sphinx figures carrying away boys, and Apollo and Diana who killed the children of Niobe. On the back there were the Horæ and the Graces, and, on the footstool, golden lions and the contest of Theseus with the Amazons were introduced. Lastly, the base on which the throne stood was also entirely covered with figures of the gods. The majestic figure of the god must have stood out all the more grandly from this rich splendour. Phidias had represented him not merely as the gracious and benevolent father of all, but also as the mighty ruler of Olympus. In this he had followed the description of Homer who depicts the god, even when gently acceding to the request of Thetis, as shaking Olympus by his nod:



BUST OF JUPITER, VATICAN

“He spoke, and awful bends his sable brow;
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god;
High Heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.”

Our knowledge of this perished work is exclusively based on a few coins from Elis, which either, like that at Paris, represent the head of Jupiter, or, like the Florentine one, the whole figure. The god is sitting erect in a dignified attitude holding the sceptre perpendicularly in his left hand, which is slightly raised, and supporting it on the ground; in his right hand he bears the Victory who hovers towards him holding out the victor's band. The head, wreathed with olive, is surrounded down to the shoulders by the rich mass of hair which encircles the forehead with its waving locks. The full beard also indicates manly vigour. The face is inclined somewhat forwards, as if the god were condescendingly bending towards the approaching suppliant; the forehead projects above the nose, and this increases the expression of reflective seriousness, and the large open eye seems to gaze forth with penetrating power from beneath the strongly overhanging brow. There is something strict, majestic and solemn about the whole figure.

The characteristics of the supreme god of the Hellenists were henceforth so completely established for all ages by Phidias's master-work that they even appear in the feebler copies of a later period; only, for the most part, the forms

are more free and natural, and the air of solemn earnestness has been succeeded by less strictness of conception.

Among the subsequent works, in which we can trace a faint gleam of the original, the most important are the marble statue of Jupiter Verospi and the marble head discovered at Otricoli, both of which are now in the Vatican Museum. The latter work, although inclining to mannerism and bombast in its treatment and not devoid of certain exaggerations, gives us an idea of the original, though but a feeble one. This is, indeed, to be explained by the fact that it is a copy executed in the Roman period, the original of which undoubtedly, judging from the whole character of the forms, and especially from the hair, belongs to no earlier epoch than that of Alexander. Nevertheless, we mention it here because we can still trace in its characteristics the leading ideas that marked the conception of a Phidias. In fact, perhaps the Jupiter of Otricoli, in spite of its modern style, affords a more lively idea than any other copy of that powerful effect which this master-work exercised on antiquity. The main point of the characterization lies unmistakably in the abundant hair falling on both sides in thick masses, and in the bold elevated brows, beneath which the eyes seem to gaze over the vast universe. The compact brow and prominent nose complete the expression of wisdom and power, while the full, slightly-parted lips imply mild benevolence, and the luxuriant beard and firm well-formed cheeks betray sensual vigour and imperishable manly beauty.

The Jupiter of Phidias received the highest admiration from all antiquity ; it survived the god himself, for it was not till the Fifth Century of the Christian Era that a fire destroyed both the statue and the temple. Every Hellenist went on a pilgrimage to it ; he who had seen it was pronounced happy. " Even on a Roman, as Æmilius Paulus, for instance," writes Brunn, " the Olympic Jupiter produced the most powerful effect ; to him, at least, it was the embodiment of the Homeric Jupiter, if not the god himself. Pliny speaks of it as inimitable ; later writers extol the view of it as a magic charm, which makes all care and suffering forgotten ; and Quintilian says that the Jupiter of Phidias has even added a new impetus to the existing religion, so much does the majesty of the work equal the god himself."

The ruler of Olympus did not, it is said, disdain to give the master a proof of his satisfaction. For, so says the religious legend, when Phidias, standing before his finished work in the temple, prayed the god for a token that the work was pleasing to him, a flash of lightning suddenly passed across the unclouded sky, and, through an opening in the temple roof, touched the ground by the side of the master.

This work of Jupiter affords us the most valuable assistance in estimating the importance of the great masters. We see in his art the idea of the supreme god of the Hellenists embodied with a perfection which must have been irresistible to every Greek. Never was the conception of the god of a whole people expressed in such a complete manner in the creation of an artist. How deeply

must the soul of the master have been imbued with the universal feeling, and with the national idea of God, thus to produce a work which exercised such absolute power on the minds of men! While in this statue the supreme Being was embodied in mortal form, the other statues of the gods by Phidias also exhibit a similar spiritual nature. Above all this is the case with the tutelary goddess of his native city, whom he so often delineated. In whatever form he conceived her—whether as the warlike champion, or as the peaceful maidenly protectress, with all her beauty, the character of a high spiritual dignity was always predominant. Hence a Greek epigram, comparing the Minerva of Phidias with the Venus of Praxiteles, says that it could only occur to a cow-keeper like Paris to prefer the Venus to the Minerva. Still even several statues of the Goddess of Love which Phidias executed, especially a famous gold and ivory one at Elis, bore the stamp rather of a spiritual and divine beauty, than of sensual loveliness, for the master never represented her but as Venus Urania. If we connect with this the verdict of the ancients that Phidias alone had seen the true likeness of the gods, and that he alone had rendered them visible, we may say of him what has been said of Homer, he created the gods of Greece. In this lies the immeasurable advance which he made beyond his predecessors. How lifeless and stiff in comparison is the figure of the goddess in the temple of Ægina! In the works of Phidias the plastic representations of the gods first acquire spirit, character and life. He, therefore, may

eminently be styled the sculptor of the gods. His genius had no inclination for works in which there was no scope for spiritual expression.

It is no less evident that, with all their spiritual excellence, the works of this master were equally distinguished for the highest artistic perfection of form. We do not refer merely to his complete mastery over every kind of technical art, such as marble sculpture, gold and ivory-work and bronze casting, each of which he employed in colossal designs, and even the delicate engraving which, in the midst of larger tasks, he cultivated, as it were, as a recreation, though for special objects; but in a higher sense also he must have had full sway over the vast field of the plastic art of that day. He was a master in composition; the organic structure of every kind of form lay distinctly before his view, and he knew how to apply the most delicate and hidden laws of perspective. Antiquity furnishes us with a characteristic anecdote on this point. The Athenians once ordered Phidias and Alcamenes to execute statues of Minerva which were to be raised upon columns. When the works were completed, though not yet transported to the place destined for them, the people gave preference to Alcamenes's statue; but no sooner were they raised on their columns than the verdict was at once changed in favour of Phidias. From all this we may say that it was Phidias who carried Greek art to the height of spiritual beauty, while previous to him, perfection of physical form had been principally aimed at.

HERA LUDOVISI

WILHELM LÜBKE

ALTHOUGH, according to the testimony of the ancients, Polycletus did not excel in representations of the gods, but rather in human statues, giving beautiful expression in these to all that was worthy and honourable, yet he produced in his later years an ideal figure which acquired a typical importance for succeeding ages. This was the colossal gold and ivory image of Juno for the temple of the goddess in Argos, which was rebuilt after a fire in the year 423. She is seated on a throne, her brow crowned with a diadem, on which the Graces and Horæ were introduced in relief. In one hand she held the sceptre, in the other a pomegranate; the throne was grown over with a vine, and her feet rested on a lion's skin. For some time it was imagined that an idea of the majestic effect of the work was afforded by a copy of a later period, the colossal marble head of Juno in the Villa Ludovisi in Rome. It is certainly a work which, in the grand character of its forms, combines the unapproachable majesty of the queen of the mighty Jupiter with womanly grace and feminine dignity. The severe commanding brow is softened into gracious loveliness by the soft waving hair—imperishable youthful



HERA LUDOVISI, MUSEO DELLE TERME, ROME

The statue of Hera in the temple between Argos and Mycenæ was the work of Polycletus. It was erected after 423 B. C., when it was necessary to rebuild the shrine of the goddess owing to the burning of the older temple. The goddess was seated on her throne; the crown on her head was decorated with a design of the Graces and the Seasons in relief. Ivory was used to represent the flesh of the "white armed" goddess, and her rich garments were elaborately decorated with gold, the finish of every detail being even more complete than was the case with the work of Phidias. If the statue of Hera were second to that of Zeus in its suggestion of godlike majesty and repose, it was nevertheless remarkable for its stately beauty. The head, as would be expected from the hand of Polycletus, was noticeable for the absolute symmetry of every feature. The ripples of the hair falling on either side of the central parting gave an impression of dignified calm to the face of the goddess.

The Zeus of Phidias and the Hera of Polycletus are the most famous examples of the Greek statues which we have designated as "religious." The term is, however, misleading. Religious art proper, religious art in the modern sense of the term, did not exist for the citizens of Periclean Athens: "personal" religion—with its intense subjectivity—was a closed book to him. The mysticism—that yearning to be at one with the ultimate reality—which is the key-note of what we moderns deem religion, would have been simply meaningless to the Argive, the Spartan, or the

Athenian of the Fifth Century. No Greek could have said with Bacon: "Our humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us." Such sentiments as those of the mystic, Antony, the Egyptian, would have struck him as sheer nonsense: "He who sits still in the desert is safe from three enemies—from hearing, from speech, from sight; and has to fight against only one—his own heart." The Greek had no conception of a "personal" and quasi-human intelligence working in and through the human agent. Human speech, human sight, and, above everything, the promptings of the heart, were all in all to him.

We are, therefore, unable to correlate such a statue as the Zeus of Olympia with such an every-day human craving as that for communion with a personal creator and ruler of the universe which we experience. It rather depends upon a desire for an all-embracing interpretation of the phenomenal world. In other words, such a statue might more rightly be called philosophical than religious.

With the rise of the city states, the growth of an intense desire for all knowledge brought a new light to bear upon the whole content of consciousness. Men began to distinguish between those impressions which came from outside, and those which seemed rather to depend upon emotional interpretation supplied by self. The deductions that appeared to be correctly drawn from tense impressions came to be regarded as having a greater validity than the rest, and science arose as a sphere of thought sufficient unto

itself and governed by its own rules. During the Fifth Century the scientists strove to relate the phenomena of the senses, now to one natural force, now to another. But they never reached a unity that carried conviction. The general law upon which they seemed to come ever and again was a constant and eternal flux. "Strife is the father of all things," said Heracleitus.

But while Greek science was growing there were many—say one-half of the Greek world—to whom its generalizations were simply uninteresting. They were the men to whom the poet could appeal. The mystery all desired to fathom was deeper than sense. Each felt, rather than saw, that :

"Something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here,
Of something done, I know not where ;
Such as no language may declare."

To such men the "realities" of the scientists were but shadows behind which lay a more abiding truth. The riddle they desired to solve was what relation the fictional realities of the scientists bore to the abiding truths beyond. And the bolder spirits, spurred on by the great intellectual and emotional flood which followed the Persian wars, started upon the quest.

These were craftsmen all—the artists proper. In obe-

dience to some unreasoned desire, these men bethought them to fashion new representations of "the all of things." They took the ultimate conceptions of life. For example :

" Him, who from eternity, self-stirred
Himself hath made by His creative word."

They strove to convey, not only the impressions realized by their brothers the scientists, but the emotions astir in their own hearts. What matter if the scientists proved these "ideal types" to be mere lies. The artists felt that the unconscious criticism of nature revealed truths far beyond those at which the conscious criticism of science stopped.

By the middle of the Fifth Century the Greek artist had realized that his true task was not to strive to copy the known, but "hungry for the infinite," to seek the ideal whose home was in the unknown. The inmost revelations vouchsafed to Greek thought and imagination in the Fifth Century found expression in the great temple statues. Earlier they had been embodied in such poems as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Later they were to find expression in the dialogues of Plato. But between 450 B. C. and 400 B. C. the natural philosophy of the Greek world was embodied in such sculptures as the *Zeus* of Olympia and the *Hera* of Argos. That is why we call the second half of the Fifth Century "the golden age of Greek sculpture." Then, and only then, did it embody *all* Greek thought ; then, and

only then, were the workers in marble and bronze inspired to express the passion for physical beauty, the fierce pride in citizenship, as well as the deepest thoughts upon nature and humanity.

The passion for physical beauty found material expression in the great series of athletic sculptures of Argos and Athens. The Parthenon was the outcome of the Hellene's civic pride. The deepest philosophical beliefs of the Fifth Century Greek are to be found in such statues as the Zeus Otricoli and the Hera Ludovisi. These are certainly the finest conceptions of the great god and goddess which have been preserved to us. Both are based on the statues of Phidias and Polycletus, though there are traces of a more sensuous and florid taste than would have been possible in the Fifth Century. In the head of Zeus, for instance, the suggestion of awful power is lacking. The great sculptor working under the inspiration of Homer's lines: "Spake the Son of Cronus and nodded thereto with swart brows and the ambrosial lock of the king rolled backward from his immortal head and the heights of Olympus quaked," could not have missed this. The two heads convey all the beauty of the first conceptions, but they lack the serene austerity—the stern aloofness—that we may be sure characterized the work of Phidias and Polycletus. The Fifth Century artists were appealing to men who preserved a measure of unreasoning faith in the gods of their fathers.

The beautiful full-length "Barberine Hera," in the Vatican collection, represents a step further in the emphasizing

of sensuous charm, and consequently there is even less insistence upon the severe beauty which the Fifth Century sculptor sought to portray. To be understood the statue must be regarded as a work of the Fourth Century and be judged by the standards of Scopas and Praxiteles.

HERA LUDOVISI

*Probably after Alcamenes (Fifth Century B. C.) after original
by Polycletus (about 450-420 B. C.)*

ERNEST H. SHORT

THE most famous of the religious statues of ancient Greece were erected to Zeus and Hera. Other gods and goddesses were particularly identified with the various cities of Greece, such as Athena with Athens. But for the whole Greek world Zeus and Hera were the recognized rulers among the dwellers in Olympus. The chief temple of Zeus was at Olympia where, as we have seen, the Pan-Hellenic games were held in his honour. That of Hera lay between Argos and Mycenæ. To these the Hellenic world came from time to time to honour the Father of the gods and his chosen consort. In the inner shrine of each stood a great "chryselephantine" statue—a term used to distinguish the wooden statues with their veneer of ivory and gold from the ordinary marbles and bronzes. No trace of either remains to-day. Wood is perishable, and the plunder of gold would doubtless have proved irresistible to the Turk, even had the Christian been scrupulous enough to resist the temptation. Had they been cut from the cold marble it might have been otherwise. They were, however, still in their places in the time of Hadrian, when Pausanias wrote the greatest of all guide-books.

beauty blooms on the delicately rounded cheeks, and the powerful outline of the nose, lips and chin expresses an energy of character based on moral purity and invested with a gleam of marvellous beauty. But on more accurate examination this head exhibits too much softness of form, too much loveliness and grace of expression, for it to be referred to any but a decidedly later original. In fact, the type of the countenance, with its perfect oval, its rounded cheeks and full chin, may claim an Attic origin, so that we may imagine it to be an excellent and more recent copy of the work of one of the later masters of Athens. We may, perhaps, be allowed the conjecture, though at present we have no means of confirming it, that this head may be traced back to the Hera (Juno) of Alcámenes, which was found in a temple between Athens and Phaleros, and was ascribed to this gifted pupil of Phidias. At any rate, we imagine the Juno of Polycletus to have been more severe in its conception, and more in harmony with the general character of earlier Peloponnesian art, and for this reason the head pointed out by Brunn in the Naples Museum has greater claim than any other to be regarded as executed after Polycletus.¹

¹“The handling of the flesh, so far as we can judge in the present state of the surface, reveals a softness and a delicate feeling for naturalism such as do not occur in Hellenic art before the time of Alexander the Great. If, therefore, we credit the Second Attic School with the entire invention of this type, it is of the younger, and not of the older, generation of the school that we must think. The original was created in an epoch of varied and advanced culture, when the Hellenes, especially those of the

upper classes, invested the ideal of the wife with a milder character than that of the Fifth Century, and one more in touch with the conception of the present day. Thus, among all the celebrated types of Hera, that of the Juno Ludovisi has appealed most strongly to the modern beholder. It is distinguished not only by a perfect physical form, but by that harmonious blending of dignity and mildness, which, according to the conception of the Greeks of the period, was appropriate for the consort of Zeus."—*Wolfgang Helbig*.

THE SCULPTURES OF THE PARTHENON

(*Phidias, B. C. 488-432*)

WILLIAM SANDYS WRIGHT VAUX

THE Parthenon was erected by Ictinus on the site of an older and smaller sacred building, between the years B. C. 448-442. It was constructed entirely of white marble from Mount Pentelicus, and consisted of a cella, surrounded by a peristyle, with eight Doric columns at the two ends, and seventeen on each of the sides. The height of the temple above the platform on which it stood was about sixty-five feet. Within the peristyle, or outer range of columns, was placed an interior range of six columns, at each end of the cella, so as to form a vestibule to its door: there was an ascent of two steps into these vestibules from the peristyle. The cella, which was sixty-two and a half feet broad within, was divided into two chambers; the eastern ninety-eight feet seven inches, and the western forty-three feet ten inches long. The western was called the Opisthodomos, or back chamber, and served as a kind of treasury, where various articles of value were dedicated or left in deposit.

Sir George Wheler and Dr. Spon visited and described the Parthenon in the year 1676, two years previous to which the Marquis de Nointel had had drawings made of



EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON, BRITISH MUSEUM

the sculptures with which it was adorned. These sketches, which were made by an artist named Jacques Carrey, are preserved in the Royal Library at Paris and have been of the greatest value in the restoration of the compositions which once filled the two pediments.

In 1676, the main structure was still entire all but the roof. A few years subsequently it sustained irreparable injury from the siege of Athens by the Venetian forces under Morosini and Coningsmark in 1687, and from the attempts made by Morosini to detach portions of the pedimental statues as spoils for his republic. During the siege, a shell fired from the opposite hill destroyed nearly half the fabric, the walls of the cella before the Opisthodomos being almost entirely levelled, together with six columns of the northern and five of the southern peristyle. The eastern portico itself appears to have escaped its influence, but the sculptures it contained were almost entirely destroyed.

The Parthenon was dedicated to Pallas Athene, the tutelary Goddess of the Athenian State. In the Greek and the ancient idolatries generally, the Temple of a Deity was considered as his dwelling-place; his statue within the cella, the symbol, and more than the symbol, of his bodily presence. Thus the name Parthenon means literally the House of the Virgin Goddess. Within the cella stood the matchless statue of Pallas Athene, in gold and ivory, one of the two greatest works of Phidias. The whole of the decorations of the building formed one great design or sculptural poem in her honour, tracing out her connection with the

soil of Attica, celebrating her chief exploits, and indirectly blending her glory with that of the people of whom she was the tutelary deity.

The sculptures which decorated the pediments of Greek temples generally had reference either to the Deity to whom the temple was dedicated, or to the State by whom it was erected. The principal figures in the design were placed under the apex of the pediment: here was the culminating point of the action, to which all other parts of the composition converged. The subordinate figures were ranged on each side of this group, in a standing, sitting, or reclining attitude, according as the slope of the pediment permitted. Colour was employed in the architecture and the sculpture so as to draw attention to the main lines of the structure, to detach more clearly the whole composition from its background, and to distinguish figure from figure in the groups, and flesh from drapery in single figures. The weapons, the reins of the horses, and other accessories were of metal, and the eyes of some of the principal figures were inlaid.

The subject of the western pediment was the Contest between Athene and Poseidon for the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. This contest took place on the Acropolis itself. The pediment must therefore be taken as a representation of the scene of the action, which was bounded on one side by the Cephissus, on the other by the Ilissus and Calirrhoe. These rivers were figuratively represented in the composition of this pediment, just as the

boundaries of Olympus, Night and Day were figured in either angle of the eastern pediment.

The Metopes of the Parthenon were a series of groups in alto-rilievo placed round the Temple in the spaces (Metopæ) between the Triglyphs. They were ninety-two in number, and comprised a great number of subjects all relating to the exploits of Athene herself, or to those of the indigenous heroes of Attica. The Metopes of the east and west ends are now very much mutilated, and their subjects are difficult to make out. Those at the east end seem to commemorate the deeds of Athene herself; those at the west to represent combats of horsemen and foot soldiers, perhaps Greeks and Amazons. On the north side, many of the Metopes have perished, but some of them certainly represented combats of Greeks and Amazons. On the south side, a number of Metopes related to the contests of the Greeks and Centaurs. The remainder have been most learnedly elucidated by the Chevalier Brönstedt. The subjects of these are not combats, but probably scenes connected with the Eleusinian and other Attic rituals.

The frieze representing the Greater Panathenaic Festival at Athens occupied originally about 524 feet in length of the outside of the cella of the Parthenon within the external columns which on all sides surrounded that building. The base of this line of sculpture was about forty feet from the pavement of the platform. The position of the frieze close under the ceiling of the colonnade prevented its receiving any direct light from the rays of the sun; hence it

was necessary for it to be in low relief, else the shadows would have been so broad and strong that the upper portions would have been obscured, and the relative proportions of the parts deranged and distorted. To obviate these difficulties, the artists placed the objects in bas-relief, with a strong and well-defined outline, producing thereby great richness of effect. This frieze was, indeed, subordinate to the more important sculptures of the pediments and Metopes, but was in harmony with the repose of the architectural arrangements of the part of the building it adorned.

The Panathenaic Festival, which was one of great antiquity, was celebrated in honour of Athene, and derived its name from the custom that every free-born inhabitant of Attica was entitled to assist at it. There were two festivals of the name; the lesser celebrated every year; the greater, only once in four years, in the third year of each Olympiad. On the frieze, even in its present mutilated state, the general character of the Panathenaic procession may be easily made out, though it must not be supposed that every incident which occurred at the festival is depicted on the marbles. Thus, for instance, the Lampadephoria and gymnastic exercises are omitted. The whole mass of the people are represented conveying in solemn pomp the Peplus or Sacred Veil, which had been previously worked in the Acropolis by young virgins selected from the best families in Athens to the Temple of Athene Polias where it was placed probably on the knees of the statue of the

goddess. On this peplus was embroidered the Battle of the Gods and the Giants; Zeus hurling his thunderbolts against the rebels, and Athene seated in her chariot as the vanquisher of Typhon or Enceladus.

The arrangement of the procession on the frieze was as follows:—On the west side were to be seen the preparations for the cavalcade; then south and north in the first half, the horsemen of Athens galloping in files. Next, a number of chariots, probably those which had gained the victories in the previous Panathenaic festivals. Then further on, to the south, old men and women of the city; and on the north, choruses with Auletæ and Citharistæ, and the bearers of variously shaped vessels, and close to the eastern corners on both sides, the bulls and other victims with their attendants. On the east side, surrounded by the virgins who bring up the consecrated gifts, and the presiding magistrates are seated Twelve Deities, Zeus, Hera, with Hebe, Hephæstus, Demeter, the Dioscuri, Hygeia, Asclepius, Poseidon, Erechtheus, Peitho, Aphrodite with Eros, between whom a priestess and a priest or magistrate, who receives the peplus from a boy, form the central group.

Such was the frieze when originally perfect.

THE EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON

(*Phidias, B. C. 488-432*)

CHARLES WALDSTEIN

THE sculptures of the Parthenon are the most widely known of all works of Greek art. The paucity of our information concerning these works is due to the fact that though to us they are supreme works of Greek art, they were not to the Greeks the representative works of Phidias, the real statues by the master; they were not temple-statues, nor athletic statues, but works of architectural decoration. And accordingly, the ancient authors who devote page upon page to the description of the Olympian Zeus or the Athene Parthenos, pass by the Metopes, the frieze, and the pediments of the Parthenon without a word of comment. The two short passages in Pausanias referring to the pediments are the only written description concerning the decoration of the Parthenon which ancient writers have handed down to us. Furthermore, the comparatively few figures and fragments (not forming in the eastern pediment the central or important part of the scene represented) are deprived of the arms and hands and the attributes which they held. These attributes



EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON, BRITISH MUSEUM

were, however, the plainest and most commonly understood language for indicating the special meaning of each figure.

The data concerning the eastern pediment of the Parthenon which may be considered to be definitely certain are the following: (1) There are five figures or fragments of figures belonging to the left or southern angle of the pediment, and four to the right or northern; and these are given in Carrey's drawings (1674). (2) Pausanias tells us that the front (or eastern) pediment contained a representation of the birth of Athene, as the western represented the strife between Athene and Poseidon for the Attic soil. (3) From analysis of other representations of Phidias, such as that of the birth of Pandora on the base of the Athene Parthenos and the birth of Aphrodite on the base of the Olympian Zeus, as well as from the typical meaning of such representations in Greek art, it has been universally recognized that in the head, arms and shoulder of the male figure rising at the left or southern angle and driving towards the centre the horses whose heads and necks appear before him, we have the sun-god, Helios, driving his horses; while in the descending female figure, driving the horses whose heads are just visible as they descend to the right or northern angle, we have Selene, the moon-goddess, driving her horses. (4) It is furthermore universally admitted that the centre of the composition, of which no complete figure is now extant, nor was at the time that Carrey made his drawings, contained the chief

gods and goddesses, including Zeus, Athene, Hephæstus, Dionysus, Apollo, Artemis, Hermes.

Here the facts end, and what remains rests upon inference.

We may assume that in the centre was represented the moment immediately following the birth of Athene, in which Athene stands fully armed before her father and the admiring gods and goddesses.

Beginning at the left or south angle, the first figure is the upper part of Helios, his head, neck, arms and shoulders rising out of the water. The action as expressed in these limbs is that of energetic rising, fresh and vigorous. This powerful ascending impetus is most forcibly expressed in the upper part of this figure and in the necks and heads of the horses which he leads. The next figure towards the centre is that of a nude youthful male figure, generally called Theseus, half-reclining, half-seated upon the skin of some animal spread over a rock. As we must dwell more specially upon the interpretation of this figure, we will leave it for the present and turn to the other figures. The two draped female figures seated side by side have been considered to be Demeter and Persephone, Peitho and Aphrodite, two daughters of Cecrops, and the two Horæ guarding the gates of Olympus. The latter of these interpretations seems to me to have most in its favour.

The next erect figure towards the centre with drapery flying in the wind is considered by nearly all interpreters to be Iris, the fleet messenger of the gods.

At the other angle we have, corresponding to Helios with his horses, the upper part of a female figure driving a horse of which but a head and neck are remaining. Here again there is no diversion of opinion that the female figure represents Selene.

The remaining three female figures have generally been supposed to form one group, and have been interpreted accordingly as either the three Fates, or as the three sisters, the daughters of Cecrops, personifying the morning dew, or finally, by Brunn, as personifications of clouds. But it appears to me beyond a doubt that the three figures do not form a group, but that the seated figure towards the centre is distinctly separated from the other two figures which belong together. The whole action of the upper figure is directed away from the others, who, on their part, are not immediately affected by the action of the upper one, nor is their action (entirely centred within the two as it is) directed towards the upper one.

Petersen sees in the upper seated figure Hestia, the personification of the human hearth; while in the two others he sees Aphrodite reclining in the lap of Peitho, her subordinate companion. Of all the interpretations given of the upper seated figure, this one of Petersen's seems to me to have most in its favour, and to be most in keeping with the firm, steady and quiet attitude of the figure.

Before proceeding to the examination of the two female figures, we must return to the reclining male figure on the other side of the pediment. This famous figure presents a

perfect type of youthful strength, without any exaggeration, in which each part and limb of the body stands out in harmonious proportion to the other parts and to the whole of the figure, and all give the picture of harmonious physical life. For a god, his position thus severed from the main scene would be out of keeping. Brünn was the first to see in this figure a personification of nature. When once we feel convinced that this figure is a mountain god, we shall of necessity see in the corresponding figure of the other side a figure partaking of the same character—that is a personification of nature. The general impression of the whole figure has been best summed up by Petersen in these words: “The body is full of glowing life, as fresh and warm as marble can be, and the folds—the stronger ones of the mantle as well as the more delicate ones of the undergarment—play about the forms with thousandfold movement, especially over lap and bosom, like softly-trembling waves of limpid water over its clear and lucent bed.” The study of the style shows that the personification is of the fluid element. The results of our examination will point to the one conclusion that the two female figures are personifications of Thalassa and Gaia, the Sea and the Earth.

It is well known from ancient authors that Phidias drew his conception of the Olympian Zeus from the *Iliad*—namely, the passage in which Zeus accedes to the prayer of Thetis to protect her son Achilles.

There is no doubt that after the age of Peisistratus the Homeric poems were much read and studied. The sculp-

turesque character of these poems, apart from their popularity, would naturally before all others suggest themselves to the sculptor. The character given to the birth of Athene in the Homeric hymn to Athene is thus thoroughly cosmical. I give the passage here in Shelley's translation : —

“ Wonder strange possessed
 The everlasting gods that shape to see,
 Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
 Rush from the crest of the ægis-bearing Jove.
 Fearfully heaven was shaken and did move
 Beneath the might of the cerulean-eyed ;
 Earth dreadfully resounded far and wide,
 And, lifted from his depths, the sea swelled high
 In purple billows ; the tide suddenly
 Stood still ; and great Hyperion's son long time
 Checked his swift steeds ; till, where she stood sublime
 Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
 The arms divine. Wise Jove rejoiced to view.”

If we were to translate into sculpture this poetic description in the hymn we should have the composition of the eastern pediment. But Phidias was in practice too conscious of the essential principles of his art to make any attempt to reproduce great effects by employing the same means as the poet. He knew that sculpture was most impressive when most monumental ; therefore his Olympus, his sea and earth are not trembling, quaking, and roaring with the violence of a moment, but are softened down to a great rest by the monumental treatment of the human forms given them.

Accepting, then, Brunn's interpretation for the two seated female figures in the left half of the pediment, and Petersen's interpretation of the upper seated female figure in the other half, the succession of figures would be the following: on the left side, Helios, Olympus, the two Horæ, Iris, four or five gods (not extant); on the right side, Selene, Thallassa, Gaia, Hestia, Hermes, and four or five gods (not extant); the centre occupied by Zeus and Athene, with Hephæstus on the one side, and a corresponding figure on the other.

As in the Homeric hymn, the birth of Athene is conceived, not only in a purely mythological, but also in a cosmical signification, so that it affects not only the personal gods, who wrapped in wonder are the immediate spectators, but also the whole of the universe, the celestial spheres, the earth and sea; so in the plastic expression of the same event, we shall expect to find besides the witnessing gods the personification of nature, whose presence is undoubtedly warranted by the extant figures of Helios and Selene.

The whole composition evidently has its beginning at the left angle of the pediment, and its end at the right. This has been most clearly and forcibly indicated by the sculptor in the arrangement of the figures at either end: Helios turned towards the centre, and ascending at the one angle, and Selene, whose horses are turned away from the centre, descending at the other. This is not the case in the western pediment, which contains a scene not cosmical but definitely local. Here there is no simple

point of beginning, but both ends, with equal force, drive towards the centre. In the eastern pediment, then, the sculptor has most clearly indicated that our eye is to begin at the angle containing Helios, and the direction of the movement of the composition is again most clearly given in the action of Helios and the impulse of his horses. It is an upward movement, one of ascent towards the higher regions where the scene takes place and the gods dwell, the summit of Mount Olympus. The first rays of the sun strike the mountain; the horses of the sun-god's chariot rear and start back at the great scene of the birth of the clear-eyed daughter of the sky, which takes place on the summit. But the mountain-god is still unaffected by the great event which is just being transmitted by Iris to one of the two Horæ who watch at the gates of the heavenly abode. Here Iris, the fleet messenger of the gods, has just imparted the news of the birth of Athene; she has come from the centre of action, where Hephæstus has just dealt the blow, and the virgin goddess, fully armed, brandishing her spear, stands before her father, the king of the gods, and the assembled deities, and all are wrapped in wonderment. Hera and Poseidon, Apollo and Artemis, Aphrodite and Ares, Dionysus and Hermes—all are there. We have reached the highest point, the centre of action, the abode of the gods, and we now descend (as is indicated by the movement of the figure which bounds this side of the composition, Selene with her descending horses) to the lower cosmical spheres. Not only to the wonderment of

the gods is Athene born, but also to the welfare of mankind, the whole of the terrestrial sphere, earth and sea. So a messenger of the gods (probably Hermes) brings the news to this terrestrial sphere—to Hestia, the personification of the human hearth, the first of the seated female figures, and then to the Earth and the Sea reclining within her lap. And far at the end, where the last lines of this composition die away like the *finale* of a great symphony, Selene (reminding us of the *motive* at the beginning) turns back to give one more look over the sea and land to the heights where the beautiful scene has taken place, and by the sea her horses descend into the lower realms of night.

The grandeur of the surroundings in which Phidias has placed the central scene of this great event in the history of the universe is unrivalled for the depth and breadth of the conceptions coupled with the clearness and simplicity of expression. There are time and space, the celestial and terrestrial sphere, gods with mankind, and all put (especially when the attributes were extant) into recognizable, tangible form, no less grand and monumental than they are graceful and harmonious. The whole scene is bounded by the ascending sun and the descending moon, fixing the time to the early dawn, and indicating the limits of the universe and the infinite course of the duration of time.

Here is the chief distinctive feature of Phidias as a Greek and as a sculptor. His thoughts as a Greek, and still more as a sculptor, immediately took plastic shape and form, and were not theoretical "philosophical" speculations.

He lived and felt with his inner and outer eye as much as with his intellect. Whoever has stood on the Acropolis, and has seen the sea resting in the arms of the gulf, clinging to the land which clasps it round in its embrace, and has seen the moon rise over that sea, can vaguely feel how in the imagination of a Phidias standing on the same spot the scene of the birth of Athene took shape: sun and moon, and the earth and the sea, and all they tell us, grew into the harmonious forms of visible and tangible human figures. For to such a mind thought and sight, form and matter, become one in the harmony of art.

THE MARBLES OF ÆGINA¹

(*About B. C. 480*)

WALTER H. PATER

IN the works of the Asiatic tradition, in the marbles of Nineveh, for instance, and in the early Greek art, so far as we can see, which derives from it, as, for example, in the archaic remains from Cyprus, the form of man is inadequate, and below the measure of perfection attained there in the representation of the lower forms of life; just as in the little reflective art of Japan, so lovely in its reproduction of flower or bird, the human form alone comes almost as a caricature, or is at least untouched by any higher ideal. To that Asiatic tradition, then, with its perfect craftsmanship, its consummate skill in design, its power of hand, the Dorian, the European, the true Hellenic influence brought a revelation of the soul and body of man.

And we come at last to a monument, the marbles of

¹ The Glyptothek in Munich contains no greater treasure than its marbles, discovered by a company of English and German scholars in Ægina in 1811. They were bought by Prince Ludwig of Bavaria for thirty thousand dollars, who had them restored by Thorwaldsen and Wagner. These figures in Parian marble once adorned the pediments of Athene's temple, of which the crumbling columns on the heights of Ægina still overlook the blue waters of the Saronic Gulf. In both groups appeared a conflict about the body of a hero fallen at the feet of the goddess Athene standing in the middle of the pediment.—*Lucy M. Mitchell.*



MARBLES OF ÆGINA, GLYPTOTHEK, MUNICH

Ægina, which bears upon it the full expression of this humanism,—to a work, in which in the presence of man, realized with complete mastery of hand, and with clear apprehension of how he actually is and moves and looks, is touched with the freshest sense of that new-found, inward value; the energy of worthy passions purifying, the light of his reason shining through, bodily forms and motions, solemnized, attractive, pathetic. We have reached an extant work, real and visible, of an importance out of all proportion to anything actually remaining of earlier art.

These fifteen figures of Parian marble, of about two-thirds the size of life, forming, with some deficiencies, the east and west gables of a temple of Athene, the ruins of which still stand on a hillside by the seashore, in a remote part of the island of Ægina, were discovered in the year 1811, and having been purchased by the Crown Prince, afterwards Louis I., of Bavaria, are now the great ornament of the Glyptothek, or Museum of Sculpture, at Munich. The group in each gable consisted of eleven figures; and of the fifteen figures discovered, five belong to the eastern, ten to the western, gable, so that the western gable is complete with the exception of one figure, which should stand where the beautiful figure, borrowed from the eastern gable, bending down towards the fallen leader, at Munich actually is; certain fragments showing that the lost figure corresponded essentially to this, which has therefore been transferred hither from its place in the less complete group

to which it properly belongs. For there are two legitimate ways or motives in the restoration of ancient sculpture, the antiquarian and æsthetic, as they may be termed, respectively; the former limiting itself to the bare presentation of what actually remains of the ancient work, braving all shock to living eyes from the mutilated nose or chin; while the latter, the æsthetic method, requires that, with the least possible addition or interference, by the most skilful living hand procurable, the object shall be made to please, or at least content the living eye, seeking enjoyment, and not a bare fact of science, in the spectacle of ancient art. This latter way of restoration,—the æsthetic way,—followed by the famous connoisseurs of the Renaissance, has been followed here; and the visitor to Munich actually sees the marbles of Ægina, as restored after a model by the tasteful hand of Thorwaldsen.

Different views have, however, been maintained as to the right grouping of the figures; but the composition of the two groups was apparently similar, not only in general character, but in a certain degree of correspondence of all the figures, each to each. And in both the subject is a combat,—a combat between Greeks and Asiatics concerning the body of a Greek hero, fallen among the foemen,—an incident so characteristic of the poetry of the heroic wars. In both cases, Athene, whose temple this sculpture was designed to decorate, intervenes, her image being complete in the western gable, the head and some other fragments remaining of that in the eastern. The incidents represented

were probably chosen with reference to the traditions of Ægina in connection with the Trojan war. Greek legend is ever deeply coloured by local interest and sentiment, and this monument probably celebrates Telamon, and Ajax his son, the heroes who established the fame of Ægina, and whom the united Greeks, on the morning of the battle of Salamis, in which the Æginetans were distinguished above all other Greeks in bravery, invited as their peculiar spiritual allies from that island.

Accordingly, antiquarians are, for the most part, of opinion that the eastern gable represents the combat of Hercules (Hercules being the only figure among the warriors certainly to be identified) and of his comrade Telamon, against Laomedon of Troy, in which, properly, Hercules was leader, but here, as squire and archer, is made to give the first place to Telamon, as the titular hero of the place. Opinion is not so definite regarding the subject of the western gable, which, however, probably represents the combat between the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus. In both cases an Æginetan hero, in the eastern gable Telamon, in the western his son Ajax, is represented in the extreme crisis of battle, such a crisis as, according to the deep religiousness of the Greeks of that age, was a motive for the visible intervention of the goddess in favour of her chosen people.

Opinion as to the date of the work, based mainly on the characteristics of the work itself, has varied within a period ranging from the middle of the sixtieth to the middle of the

seventieth Olympiad, inclining on the whole to the later date, in the period of the Ionian revolt against Persia, and a few years earlier than the battle of Marathon.

In this monument, then, we have a revelation in the sphere of art of the temper which made the victories of Marathon and Salamis possible, of the true spirit of Greek chivalry as displayed in the Persian war, and in the highly ideal conception of its events, expressed in Herodotus and approving itself minutely to the minds of the Greeks, as a series of affairs in which the gods and heroes of old time personally intervened, and that not as mere shadows. It was natural that the high-pitched temper, the stress of thought and feeling, which ended in the final conflict of Greek liberty with Asiatic barbarism, should stimulate quite a new interest in the poetic legends of the earlier conflict between them in the heroic age. As the events of the Crusades and the chivalrous spirit of that period leading men's minds back to ponder over the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins, gave birth to the composition of the *Song of Roland*, just so this Æginetan sculpture displays the Greeks of a later age feeding their enthusiasm on the legend of a distant past, and is a link between Herodotus and Homer. In those ideal figures, pensive a little from the first, we may suppose, with the shadowiness of a past age, we may yet see how Greeks of the time of Themistocles really conceived of Homeric knight and squire.

Some other fragments of art, also discovered in Ægina, and supposed to be contemporary with the temple of

Athene, tend, by their roughness and immaturity, to show that this small building, so united in its effect, so complete in its simplicity, in the symmetry of its two main groups of sculpture, was the perfect artistic flower of its time and place. Yet within the limits of this simple unity, so important an element in the charm and impressiveness of the place, a certain inequality of design and execution may be detected; the hand of a slightly earlier master, probably, having worked in the western gable, while the master of the eastern gable has gone some steps farther than he in fineness and power of expression; the figure of the supposed Ajax, stooping forward in the present arrangement of the western group, but really borrowed, as I said, from the eastern, and which has in it something above the type of the figures grouped round it, being this later sculptor's work. Yet Overbeck, who has elaborated the points of this distinction of styles, commends without reserve the technical excellence of the whole work, executed, as he says, "with an application of all known instruments of sculpture; the delicate calculation of weight in the composition of the several parts, allowing the artist to dispense with all artificial supports, and to set his figures, with all their complex motions, and yet with *plinths* only three inches thick, into the basis of the gable; the bold use of the chisel, which wrought the shield, on the freely-held arm, down to a thickness of scarcely three inches; the fineness of the execution, even in parts of the work invisible to an ordinary spectator, in the diligent finishing of which

the only motive of the artist was to satisfy his own conviction as to the nature of good sculpture."

It was the Dorian cities, Plato tells us, which first shook off the false Asiatic shame, and stripped off their clothing for purposes of exercise and training in the *gymnasium*; and it was part of the Dorian or European influence to assert the value in art of the unveiled and healthy human form. And here the artists of Ægina, notwithstanding Homer's description of Greek armour, glowing like the sun itself, have displayed the Greek warriors—Greek and Trojan alike—not in the equipments they would really have worn, but naked,—flesh fairer than that golden armour, though more subdued and tranquil in effect on the spectator, the undraped form of man coming like an embodiment of the Hellenic spirit, and as an element of *temperance* into the somewhat gaudy spectacle of Asiatic, or archaic art. Paris alone bears his daily trappings, characteristically,—a coat of golden scale-work, the scales set on a lining of canvas or leather, shifting deftly over the delicate body beneath, and represented on the gable by gilding, or real gilt metal perhaps.

It was characteristic also of that more truly Hellenic art—another element of its temperance—to adopt the use of marble in its works; and the material of these figures is the white marble of Paros. Traces of colour have however been found on certain parts of them. The outer surfaces of the shields and helmets have been blue; their inner parts and the crests of the helmets, red; the hem of

the drapery of Athene, the edges of her sandals, the plinths on which the figures stand, also red; one quiver red, another blue; the eyes and lips, too, coloured; perhaps, the hair. There was just a limited and conventionalized use of colour, in effect, upon the marble.

And although the actual material of these figures is marble, its coolness and massiveness suiting the growing severity of Greek thought, yet they have their reminiscences of work in bronze, in a certain slimness and tenuity, a certain dainty lightness of poise in their grouping, which remains in the memory as a peculiar note of their style; the possibility of such easy and graceful balancing being one of the privileges or opportunities of statuary in cast metal, of that hollow casting in which the whole weight of the work is so much less than that of a work of equal size in marble, and which permits a so much wider and freer disposition of the parts about its centre of gravity. In Ægina the tradition of metal work seems to have been strong, and Onatas, whose name is closely connected with Ægina, and who is contemporary with the presumably later portion of this monument, was above all a worker in bronze. Here again, in this lurking spirit of metal work, we have a new element of complexity in the character of these precious remains. And then, to compass the whole work in our imagination, we must conceive yet another element in the conjoint effect: metal being actually mingled with the marble, brought thus to its daintiest point of refinement, as the little holes indicate, bored into the marble

figures for the attachment of certain accessories in bronze—lances, swords, bows, the *Medusa* also on the *ægis* of Athene, and its fringe of little snakes.

And as there was no adequate consciousness and recognition of the essentials of man's nature in the older, oriental art, so there is no pathos, no *humanity* in the more special sense, but a kind of hardness and cruelty rather, in those oft-repeated, long, matter-of-fact processions, on the marbles of Nineveh, of slave-like soldiers on their way to battle mechanically, or of captives on their way to slavery or death, for the satisfaction of the great king. These Greek marbles, on the contrary, with that figure yearning forward so graciously to the fallen leader, are deeply impressed with a natural pathetic effect—the true reflection again of the temper of Homer in speaking of war. Ares, the god of war himself, we must remember, is, according to his original import, the god of storms, of winter raging among the forests of the Thracian mountains, a brother of the north wind. Afterwards only, surviving many minor gods of war, he becomes a leader of hosts, a sort of divine knight and patron of knighthood; and through the old intricate connection of love and war, and that amorousness which is the universally conceded privilege of the soldier's life, he comes to be very near Aphrodite,—the paramour of the goddess of physical beauty. So that the idea of a sort of soft dalliance mingles, in his character, so unlike that of the Christian leader, Saint George, with the idea of savage, warlike impulses; the fair, soft creature suddenly raging

like a storm, to which, in its various wild incidents, war is constantly likened in Homer; the effects of delicate youth and of tempest blending, in Ares, into one expression, not without that cruelty which mingles also, like the influence of some malign fate upon him, with the finer characteristics of Achilles, who is a kind of merely human double of Ares. And in Homer's impressions of war the same elements are blent,—the delicacy, the beauty of youth, especially, making it so fit for the purposes of love, spoiled and wasted by the random flood and fire of a violent tempest; the glittering beauty of the Greek "war-men," expressed in so many brilliant figures, and the splendour of their equipments, in collision with the miserable accidents of battle, and the grotesque indignities of death in it, brought home to our fancy by a hundred pathetic incidents,—the sword hot with slaughter, the stifling blood in the throat, the spoiling of the body in every member severally. He thinks of and records, at his early ending, the distant home from which the boy came, who goes stumbling now, just stricken so wretchedly, his bowels in his hands. He pushes the expression of this contrast to the *macabre* even, suggesting the approach of those lower forms of life which await to-morrow the fair bodies of the heroes, who strive and fall to-day like these in the Æginetan gables. For it is just that twofold sentiment which this sculpture has embodied. The seemingly stronger hand which wrought the eastern gable has shown itself strongest in the rigid expression of the truth of pain, in the mouth of

the famous recumbent figure on the extreme left, the lips just open at the corner, and in the hard-shut lips of Hercules. Otherwise, these figures all smile faintly, almost like the monumental effigies of the Middle Age, with a smile which, even if it be but a result of the mere conventionality of an art still somewhat immature, has just the pathetic effect of Homer's conventional epithet "tender," when he speaks of the flesh of his heroes.

And together with this touching power there is also in this work the effect of an early simplicity, the charm of its limitations. For as art which has passed its prime has sometimes the charm of an absolute refinement in taste and workmanship, so immature art also, as we now see, has its own attractiveness in the *naïveté*, the freshness of spirit, which finds power and interest in simple motives of feeling, and in the freshness of hand, which has a sense of enjoyment in mechanical processes still performed unmechanically, in the spending of care and intelligence on every touch. As regards Italian art, the sculpture and paintings of the earlier Renaissance, the æsthetic value of this *naïveté* is well understood; but it has its value in Greek sculpture also. There, too, is a succession of phases through which the artistic power and purpose grew to maturity, with the enduring charm of an unconventional, unsophisticated freshness, in that very early stage of it illustrated by these marbles of Ægina, not less than in the work of Verrocchio and Mino of Fiesole. Effects of this we may note in that sculpture of Ægina, not merely in the simplicity, or mon-

otony even, of the whole composition, and in the exact and formal correspondence of one gable to the other, but in the simple readiness with which the designer makes the two second spearmen kneel, against the probability of the thing, so as just to fill the space he has to compose in. The profiles are still not yet of the fully developed Greek type, but have a somewhat sharp prominence of nose and chin, as in Etrurian design, in the early sculpture of Cyprus, and in the earlier Greek vases ; and the general proportions of the body in relation to the shoulders are still somewhat archaically slim. But then the workman is at work in dry earnestness, with a sort of hard strength in detail, a scrupulousness verging on stiffness, like that of an early Florentine painter ; he communicates to us his still youthful sense of pleasure in the experience of the first rudimentary difficulties of his art overcome. And with all, these figures have in them a true expression of life, of animation. In this monument of Greek chivalry, pensive and visionary as it may seem, these old Greek knights live with a truth like that of Homer or Chaucer. In a sort of stiff grace, combined with a sense of things bright or sorrowful directly felt, the Æginetan workman is as it were the Chaucer of Greek sculpture.

NIOBE

(Attributed to Scopas of Paros, B. C. 420 or 416)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THIS figure is probably the most consummate personification of loveliness with regard to its countenance, as that of the Apollo of the Vatican is with regard to its entire form, that remains to us of Greek Antiquity. It is a colossal figure; the size of a work of art rather adds to its beauty, because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed, of a mother in the act of sheltering from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we will imagine, of her surviving children.

The child, terrified we may conceive at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and hiding its head in the folds of her robe and casting up one arm as in a passionate appeal for defense from her, where it never before could have been sought in vain, seems in the marble to have scarcely suspended the motion of her terror; as though conceived to be yet in the act of arrival. The child is clothed in a thin tunic of delicatest woof, and her hair is gathered on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never gather it again. Niobe is enveloped



NIOBE, UFFIZI, FLORENCE

in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up and is in the act of extending it over the child in the instinct of defending her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right—as the restorer has rightly comprehended, is gathering up her child to her and with a like instinctive gesture is encouraging by its gentle pressure the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance which is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything, that masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble, expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined and produced nothing but the sublime loveliness of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find protection within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defense is of avail.

There is no terror in the countenance—only grief—deep grief. There is no anger—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain; there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself—the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotion.

Everything is swallowed up in sorrow.—Her countenance

in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the mere expression of her tender and serene despair, which is yet so profound and so incapable of being ever worn away, is beyond any effect of sculpture.—As soon as the arrow shall have pierced her last child, the fable that she was dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of despair, in which the years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of her countenance, or to make intelligible in words the forms from which such astonishing loveliness results. The head, resting somewhat backward, upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is altogether broad, and the features conceived with the daring harmony of a sense of power. In this respect, it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon those rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with but is the cause of the subtlest delicacy of that clear and tender beauty which is the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the strings of that which makes music within my thoughts, and which shakes with astonishment my most superficial faculties. Compare

for this effect the countenance as seen in front and as seen from under the left arm, moving to the right and towards the statue, until the line of the forehead shall coincide with that of the wrist.

THE NIOBE GROUP

(Fifth Century B. C.)

WALTER COPLAND PERRY

THE catastrophe of the once proud queen of Thebes, in which she retains nothing of her former nature but the sense of bereavement and the power of tears, had precisely the mingled elements of beauty, pathos and thrilling tragic interest which would draw the attention of the younger Attic school. We are not surprised therefore to find in Pliny a brief notice of a group of Niobe and her children concerning which he adds that it was doubted whether it was the work of Praxiteles or Scopas. The question will in all probability never be settled; but we are inclined to trace in the *motif* and treatment of this beautiful work the pathetic and excitable temperament of Scopas. It is indeed attributed to Praxiteles in two epigrams, but they are light in the balance against the doubts of Pliny. It stood, he says, in the Temple of Apollo, which was erected about 715 A. U. C. (B. C. 38) by Caius Sosius, who was Antony's legate in Syria and Cilicia. Hence it has been plausibly conjectured that Sosius brought it from Seleucia on the Calycadnus in Cilicia, and displayed it at his triumph for his victory over Judæa in 35 B. C.

A large number of statues, which evidently represented

the same scene, were discovered in 1583 in a *vigna* near the Lateran at Rome, and after passing through various hands were acquired by Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1775, and have ever since been one of the chief glories of the Uffizi Palace at Florence.

The scene is one which irresistibly carries our thoughts to what has preceded and must follow it. It represents not so much an action as a state of feeling. A moment before, all was peace, prosperity, and joy; a moment after, and there will be peace again, but it will be the eternal peace of death. The noiseless arrows of the unseen deities are already flying from either side, and two of the children, a son and a daughter, lie prostrate on the ground in the agonies of death. Others, fatally wounded, are tottering to their fall; and the rest are fleeing from the terror, like a frightened herd of deer. Yet fear is not the only emotion manifested. There are touching incidents of self-forgetfulness in the desire to help and save: a brother supporting the drooping form of a sister; the attendant slave (*pædagogus*) busying himself less about his own safety than that of his tender charge. Above them all towers the grand figure of the mother, on whose devoted head these ruins fall, pre-eminent, not in stature and beauty alone (*digna dea facies*), but in the dignity of her divine despair. Without any further attempt to flee or to save herself, she gazes upwards with a wistful but hopeless glance which stirs the inmost chords of the soul. With the maternal instinct still strong in her heart she folds the tender

shrinking form of her youngest daughter to her lap, and tries to shield her with her own person from the coming death.

On its first discovery the Florentine group was hailed without hesitation by the credulous enthusiasm of the age as the very work of Scopas, or Praxiteles, mentioned by Pliny. Winckelmann, too, was deceived, and said that no one as yet had expressed a doubt of its originality. Closer examination, however, gave rise to doubts, to which the acute and unsparing Mengs gave loud and decided utterance. He brought forward sufficient reason for declaring that not one of the figures could be regarded as the work of a great Greek master. This apparently hasty and harsh judgment was more generally acquiesced in after the great discoveries of the Nineteenth Century, which brought to light undoubted original works of Greek art in the sculptures of Ægina, Olympia, the Theseion and the Parthenon, and established a standard by which previously known works could be fairly tested. Still more important in the case before us was the discovery of duplicates of some of the principal Niobid statues at Florence. The famous Daughter of Niobe in the Chiaramonti Gallery in the Vatican is immeasurably superior to the corresponding figure in the Uffizi; and, indeed, as it is of Parian marble, some writers regard it as belonging to the original group. Canova discovered another fragmentary group in the Vatican of a young girl wounded by an arrow in the left breast, and leaning against a youthful male figure, which

corresponds exactly with a portion of the Florentine group. Some writers would bestow the name of Niobid on the well-known and most beautiful figure of a kneeling youth, generally called *Ilioneus*, in the Glyptothek at Munich; and even Friederichs seems half inclined to the same opinion. *Ilioneus*, as the reader will remember, is the name given by Ovid to the youngest son of Niobe, who alone touched the heart of Phœbus by his prayers; but all too late.

The best authorities, however, on the ground of the entire nudity of this figure, and for other weighty reasons, have finally decided against its claims to be placed in the Florentine group, though all allow that it is an original Greek work of the highest merit.

On the other hand, several of the figures found in the same place as the Niobids have been unanimously excluded from all connexion with them; *e. g.*, a *Discobolus*; the well-known Wrestlers in the Tribune at Florence; a *Polyhymnia*; and a horse.

It is generally assumed that the number of figures was originally seventeen—viz., Niobe herself, fourteen children, a *Pædagogus*, and, as a pendant to him, a *Trophos* (female nurse). Of these we possess twelve—Niobe, six sons, four daughters, and the *Pædagogue*. From the great superiority in the statue of the Queen herself, as central figure, and the difference in the height of the other figures, it was at first supposed that we had a pedimental group before us. It has, however, been found impossible to

arrange them within a triangular gable in any intelligible order. Among the many theories which have been broached on the subject, the most plausible seems to be that they stood on an undulating rocky base, with a not too distant background, so as to produce the effect of a very high relief of a somewhat pictorial character. According to this view, Niobe would occupy the highest point, and the children from either side would be fleeing towards her for refuge. In any arrangement, of course, the godlike mother would occupy the centre, and her place is indicated but she alone is represented *en face*.

The form, attitude, and countenance of Niobe afford one of the best examples in plastic art of the true Greek moderation. When we think of the suddenness with which the awful calamity had burst upon her, and all the horrors of her position, we might expect to see a face distorted by the violence of her emotions. We could have forgiven the artist had he veiled it, as the painter Timanthes did in the case of Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia. But no; in that acme of her sufferings, the form of Niobe has lost nothing of its majesty and high-born grace, and her face retains all its queenly beauty; and yet what a depth of hopeless sorrow does it reveal! She falls, indeed, the victim of the Nemesis she had so wantonly provoked, but she falls like a queen and a heroine, carrying with her the sympathy of all beholders.

We are accustomed to see the plainest features illumined and transfigured by the noble soul; but in Niobe the in-

dwelling spirit is allowed for once to take its own proper form, and to show incarnate nobleness.

Pride and despair are not the only feelings depicted in that upturned face. There is also a trace of the most touching pathos; the trembling of the lip, and the quivering of the lower eyelid are harbingers of the tears which are to flow for ever. And the immediate cause of this emotion is before us. Very striking and beautiful is the contrast between the stately form of the proud strong woman who shows no fears for her own person, and the timid shrinking child who clings to her in an agony of fear, and thinks to find a refuge in her mother's lap even from the fury of the gods. It is a natural and beautiful conception, that of all the frightened throng, the youngest and the tenderest should have reached the mother first, and should occupy her chief attention in virtue of her very insignificance and helpless dependence.

The effect is greatly heightened by the contrast between the tight and closely-fitting dress of the poor child, which shows the tender immaturity of its form as clearly as if it were nude, and the rich flowing masses of the mother's robes.

The next figure on Niobe's right hand is the first daughter, who, like the mother, is in the act of drawing her garment over her head as if for defense. In the midst of her flight she is stopped short by an arrow which pierces her neck. The left arm is bent back to the wound, and the whole body seems paralyzed by the shock. The beautiful

face of this simple and noble figure was a favourite model with the Italian masters, and especially with Guido Reni.

The second daughter, who is following the first in her flight towards the centre, is still unhurt. The left hand, which is rightly restored, is widely opened and raised in astonishment, while with her right she seems to be drawing her garment over her head. There is, as we have said, a far superior copy of this statue in the Vatican. It is unfortunately without a head, but the treatment both of form and drapery is so masterly that it is chiefly owing to the nature of the ground—which is not uneven and rocky, as in the case of the other statues—that it cannot be regarded as the original work of the great Greek master.

Next to this incomparable daughter comes, in the Florentine group, the eldest son, whose left arm, and half the lower right arm with the drapery about it, have been restored, so as to efface the impact of another figure. It is plausibly conjectured that in its complete state it was an exact duplicate of the well-known group in the Vatican which Canova first pointed out as a member of the Niobe composition. The Vatican work represents a young girl with a wound in her left breast, leaning against her brother, who has stopped in his flight to assist her, and is supporting her fainting and collapsing frame. Laying one hand affectionately on her shoulder, he raises his garment with the other, as if to protect himself and her.

Next to this group comes another son, whose raised left foot rests on a rock, as if he were mounting a height. He

looks behind him towards the quarter from which the arrows fly, and at the same time raises his garment with his left hand, as if apprehensive of attack from the other side also.

The next place is properly occupied by a beautiful figure, formerly called Narcissus, which Thorwaldsen first recognized as a Niobid. He is wounded and has fallen on his knees, and is trying with his right hand to draw the deadly weapon from his back, while he throws up his right arm in an agony of pain.

In all probability, the last figure on this side was a daughter stretched at full length upon the ground, in response to the dying son at the other extremity of the group.

Passing to Niobe's left hand, we are obliged to leave the place nearest to her blank, as we know of no figure or group which we could with any certainty place in the original composition. Next to this gap should come the Pædagogus with the youngest son, who are separated in the Florentine series.

The Pædagogus is followed by the statue of a daughter, fully robed in chiton and chlamys, who is cowering in an agony of fear, and wildly spreading out her arms in surprise, or supplication.

Then follows a wounded Niobid, who has sunk on one knee, and though hardly able to support himself in an erect position, looks upwards towards the god who has slain him with an almost defiant gaze.

The last figure on this side, a Son, lies stretched on his back in the agonies of death. His left hand covers the wound from which his life is ebbing, while his right arm lies across his face as if he would fain protect himself from another fatal shaft.

THE HERMES OF OLYMPIA

(*Praxiteles, B. C. 364-340*)

CHARLES THOMAS NEWTON

ON the west coast of the Morea the river Alpheus, emerging from the defiles of Arcadia into the rich alluvial valleys of Elis, discharges its swift and turbid waters into the sea a little south of the island of Zante. That river, so famous in ancient song, whose fabled pursuit of Arethusa under the western sea is one of the most beautiful of Greek myths, receives, about ten miles inland from its mouth, a small tributary called the Kladeos. The little plain enclosed between these two rivers at their confluence, though never the site of a populous city, was one of the most famous spots in the ancient world, for, within this narrow area surrounded by low wooded hills, was the playground of the Hellenic race, the scene of the great Olympic festival. The origin of this festival was referred by the Greeks to a period long antecedent to history. If we are to believe the tale told to Pausanias by the priests of Elis, we must go back for the origin of these games to that Golden Age before the flood of Deucalion, when Zeus was still an infant, and Cronos his father reigned.

Through the long course of centuries during which time was reckoned in Olympiads, the triumphs of war, the

redundant wealth of commerce, pious gratitude for past prosperity, or a vague apprehension of divine wrath in the future, often on account of unatoned crime, were forever supplying the motive and the material for new dedications at Olympia, most of which were in the form of statues of Zeus and other deities. Thus by degrees the Olympian Altis became one great museum of art in which each Hellenic state had a common interest and took a pride in common. Even after Greece had become a Roman province, when the Olympic contests, degraded by the patronage of a Nero, had lost nearly all their political significance and much of their ennobling influence, the works of art which had accumulated through so many centuries still survived to charm the eye and excite the marvel of the visitors who flocked to the famous games from every part of the Roman world, and of the inquisitive tourists who explored Olympia at other seasons.

It is to one of these pilgrims that we owe a description of the monuments of Olympia, the value and accuracy of which are now more than ever appreciated, since it has been tested by recent excavations on the site. In the latter half of the second century of our era, Pausanias, after visiting many parts of Greece, note-book in hand, wrote that curious work which to the tourists and explorers of all later ages has proved an invaluable guide. Of the ten books into which his *Periegesis* is divided, two are devoted to the history of the festival at Olympia and the description of its monuments. The temple of Zeus, with its



HERMES AT OLYMPIA, GREECE

By Praxiteles

chryselephantine statue and other sculptures, occupies, as might be expected, the foremost place in the notice of Olympian *admiranda*. After describing these at great length, Pausanias passes on to the temple which ranked next to that of Zeus, the Heraion dedicated to his consort, Hera.

The exploration of the site of Olympia was an idea which Winckelmann earnestly cherished more than a century ago. It does not, however, appear that any traveller examined this site till it was visited by Chandler in 1766 in the course of the mission to Greece on which he was sent by the Society of Dilettanti. Almost the only remains then visible were the massive remains of the temple of Zeus, cropping out of the soil. In 1829 an expedition sent to Olympia by the French Government made a partial exploration of the temple of Zeus, clearing away enough of the ruins to ascertain its dimensions and general plan.

Another generation passed away before the idea of exploring Olympia in a comprehensive and thorough manner was seriously taken up in Germany. Operations were commenced at Olympia on October 4, 1875, under the direction of Dr. Gustav Hirschfeld and the architect Herr Adolf Bötticher. The complete exploration of the temple of Zeus, which the French had only partially examined, was the first object undertaken. Trenches were dug all round its site, which were gradually expanded till the ruins of the temple and the margin of ancient surface immediately

environing it were laid bare. A trench dug northward disclosed the site of the Heraion, the temple next in size and consequence to that of Zeus.

The Heraion is a Doric temple with six columns in the fronts and sixteen at the sides. The interior is arranged in three aisles with a *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*. The columns of the peristyle vary in diameter and character. Some of the capitals are of a very archaic type and some of the shafts are monolithic, while in others very large drums have been used. In the interior slender Ionic columns have been substituted for the original Doric. The material is the same coarse *poros* which is used in the temple of Zeus. The position of the bronze doors and metallic gratings inside can be clearly made out, and on the walls are marks where bronze plates have been attached. Of the many precious works of art and time-honoured relics which Pausanias saw in this temple, nothing now remains except two sculptures, one of which is of peculiar interest, because there is every reason to believe that it is the identical work which Pausanias describes as being by Praxiteles.

Among the sculptures discovered at Olympia, the first rank must be assigned to the group found in the Heraion, which, as we have already stated, has been clearly identified with the work by Praxiteles seen by Pausanias in that temple. The subject of this group he describes as Hermes holding in his arms the infant Dionysus. The mutilated condition of this group, of course, detracts greatly from its beauty. Of the infant Dionysus hardly anything remains

except the lower half of the body and a much-battered fragment of the back. Hermes has lost both legs and the right forearm, but the head and the rest of the body are in admirable condition, and the features, even to the tip of the nose, are quite intact. Like the Satyrs, the Apollo Sauroctonos, and other figures which we may derive with more or less of probability from the school of Praxiteles, Hermes stands in an easy, graceful attitude, the left knee slightly bent, the left elbow resting on the trunk of a tree. The left forearm is advanced horizontally from this *point d'appui*, forming a support on which the infant god is seated, round whose lower limbs drapery is wrapped. Part of the right hand of Dionysus still remains resting on the left shoulder of his protector, to whom he must have been looking up. The right hand of Hermes may have held the *thyrsus*, the attribute of the infant god, while in his left was probably the *caduceus*. Making due allowance for the mutilation which this group has undergone, what remains of it seems, in our judgment, certainly worthy of the great master to whom Pausanias attributes it. The form of Hermes, which is almost entirely nude, presents that well-balanced combination of grace and strength which we should expect *a priori* in a work by Praxiteles. The outlines are rich and flowing, but with no tendency to effeminacy. The arch, playful features seem lit up by a smile, and we see here a subtle refinement of expression which quite bears out what an ancient critic has said of Praxiteles, that his distinguishing excellence was the infusing into

marble the emotions of the soul—in other words, that he developed the pathetic tendency of Greek sculpture.

The mantle which hangs from the left arm of this figure over the trunk of the tree has an easy natural flow and a richness of effect which remind us of the drapery of the so-called *Artemesia* from the Mausoleum. In both these figures the perfect mastery over the marble which the sculptor possessed is shown without any needless ostentation. The hair of the *Hermes* seems rather roughly and sketchily treated, in comparison with the elaborate finish of the body generally; and this has led more than one German archæologist to suggest that the group was not by *Praxiteles* himself, but by a later sculptor of the same name. We are of the opinion, however, that there is no sufficient ground for such a theory. The value of this discovery in reference to the history of Greek art can hardly be over-rated. Scattered about in the museums of Europe are a certain number of statues, in which have been recognized, with more or less of probability, copies of celebrated works of *Praxiteles*, either on account of the correspondence of their subject as in the case of the *Apollo* slaying the lizard, which seems clearly a replica of the *Apollo Sauroctonos*, mentioned by *Pliny*, or from their presenting certain characteristics of type and style which ancient critics would lead us to look for in works executed in the school of *Praxiteles*.

It is obvious that the discovery of one undoubted work by a great sculptor must supply, as far as it goes, a test

how far our preconceived notions of his style were well grounded. Such a test we consider to have been obtained in the case of Praxiteles by this discovery of one of his works in the Heraion at Olympia. Such a discovery renders our notions of his style much more distinct and real than they were before, and at the same time may aid us to detect echoes and replicas of his work still latent in Græco-Roman art.

THE MARBLE FAUN

(*Praxiteles*, B. C. 364-340)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE Faun¹ is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree ; one hand hangs carelessly by his side ; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of

¹ Nibby (*Descrizione della Villa Adriana*) records that this statue was found in Hadrian's Villa, near Tivoli. It was formerly kept in the Villa d'Este and was incorporated in the Capitoline collections by Benedict XIV. in 753. The restorations include the nose, the right forearm and flute, the left arm (except the upper part and the thumb and forefinger on the panther-skin), parts of the panther-skin, the right foot, fragments of the toes of the left foot and of the plinth. In placing a flute in the right hand, the restorer seems justified by other replicas.

The Satyr, who has just ceased playing the flute, now resigns himself to the dreamy mood awakened by the music. His attitude is full of grace and charm. He leans with his right arm on the stump of a tree ; his right leg, thus freed from the weight of the body, is drawn back so that its toe touches his left heel. His left hand rests lightly on his hip, pushing back the panther-skin that falls over his breast. Like most of the Satyr-types created in the Fourth Century B. C., the figure before us is of a somewhat elevated character, revealing the animal nature almost solely



THE MARBLE FAUN, CAPITOLINE, ROME

masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high in the pointed ears. The mischievous and sensual nature popularly attributed to the Satyrs is not, indeed, entirely effaced. The fine, rather flat nose, the hair pushed back from the forehead and the roguish expression that plays round the parted lips show that our Satyr could be mischievous when it suited him, while the languishing glance indicates that the sensual instinct might be awakened without difficulty. The delicate forms of the body show no trace of assiduous activity or gymnastic exercises, but seem to have attained their striking perfection "by the free grace of nature" (Brünn). As no ancient statue is extant in so many replicas as this one, it used to be assumed that its original was the famous *Periboëtos* of *Praxiteles*. . . . It is very probable that the original of this work was, not the *Periboëtos*, but another Satyr, by *Praxiteles*. The Capitoline example is executed in the decorative style of the time of Hadrian. Traces of brown colouring still remain on the outside of the panther-skin.—*Wolfgang Helbig*.

and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful to the human eye and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such ; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect of him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause ; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble ; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition ; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs ; these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures, there is another

token of brute kindred,—a certain caudal appendage ; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground ! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell ; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer and unsophisticated man ! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear.

THE EROS OF CENTOCELLE

(Probably after Praxiteles, B. C. 364-340)

WALTER COPLAND PERRY

EROS, as an independent deity, appears somewhat late in art, and even Phidias is not known to have executed any statue of him, although he appears, perhaps, in the Parthenon frieze in attendance on his mother. It is remarkable that no mention is made of him in either Homer or Æschylus, and although he appears in the Cosmogony of Hesiod as one of the first and oldest of the gods, it is only as the principle of union among the discordant elements from which the universe was formed. The God of Love in the ordinary acceptation of the word is a creation of the later poets, and the full and complete embodiment of this conception in sculpture must be chiefly attributed to Praxiteles. He executed a *statue of Eros*, as the artistic expression of his own love for Phryne, "drawing the archetype from his own heart," and he regarded it as his happiest effort. Phryne having gained possession of it by stratagem, or received it as a free gift of love, offered it in the Temple at Thespiæ in Bœotia, where it stood between a statue of Aphrodite and of Phryne herself. The celebrity of this marvel of plastic art almost equalled that of the Cnidian Aphrodite herself. Cicero uses almost exactly the



EROS OF CENTOCELLE, VATICAN

same words respecting these two statues. Thespiæ, he says, was visited solely for the sake of the Eros of Praxiteles, "there being no other reason for going there." Notwithstanding its formal consecration as an object of worship, Caius Cæsar (Caligula) sacrilegiously removed it to Rome. It was restored to the Thespians by Claudius, but was again carried off to Rome by Nero, where it perished in a conflagration in the reign of Titus. As some consolation for their irreparable loss, the Thespians set up a copy of the lost Eros of Praxiteles, by the hand of the Athenian Menodorus.

We know no particulars of the *motif* of this statue. We are only told that it was winged and that some foolish admirer, probably an emperor, had covered its pinions with gold, "by which," says the Emperor Julian, "the accuracy and finish of the work were destroyed." We may even doubt whether he was represented with his usual attributes, the bow and quiver, for, according to the epigram, "he infused his love charms not by his arrows but his eyes."

The Eros of Praxiteles, like that of Scopas, was not the pert, mischievous and merry little boy of later art, who could know nothing of the passion he so wantonly inspired; but the tender youth, just rising into manhood, who broods over the new sensations which pervade his heart but whose timid inexperience and self-distrust lead him to pine and dream rather than to woo or seize the object of his affections.

The exquisite *torso of Eros*, discovered by Gavin Hamil-

ton in Centocelle, near the Via Labicana, and now in the Vatican, may help us to realize the conception of Praxiteles. We have indeed no external grounds for assuming that it is a copy of the Thespian statue. Yet there is much in the Vatican torso, of which we give the head, which reminds us of the style of Praxiteles—the full rich locks of the hair, the dreamy, melancholy inclination of the head, and the glance of the eye, from which the first rays of love seem to break through a cloud of sadness. That it is a copy of some great type is the more probable because the inferiority of the execution to the design forbids us to regard it as an original work. Traces of wings are found on the back, and attempts have been made to restore it by the aid of better preserved copies in the Vatican and in the Naples Museum. The left hand, we are to suppose, held a bow, and the right hand a torch which Eros is in the act of lowering on to a small altar, in performance of his functions as the *Genius of Death*. The design is familiar to us in the reliefs of Roman sarcophagi; and the Centocelle figure, as well as others similar to it, may have formed the ornament of a sepulchre.

The Neapolitan statue, just mentioned, is also a single figure, but may very likely have formed part of a group, like the corresponding one in the Louvre, where Psyche is kneeling by his side. There is a pretty statue of *Eros* in the Villa Borghese at Rome, also without wings, in which he is represented *in chains*, and crying.

A very warm controversy has been carried on respecting

the characteristics of the style of Praxiteles and the place which should be assigned to him in the Pantheon of artists. Many eminent writers, and amongst them Brünn, regard him as eminently a sensual artist ; and he is often spoken of with contempt as "the sentimental adorer and sculptor of Hetairai." Respecting the majority of works the design or execution of which is ascribed to him, the imputation of sensuality cannot be maintained. In some of the most celebrated—the Hermes and Dionysus, the Apollo Sauroctonos, and the Eros—there is everything to gratify and nothing to offend the purest taste ; and if the Niobe group or the Demeter of Cnidos be ascribed to him, our estimate of him will be high indeed. The unfavourable judgment of his character then must be founded on the effect which, according to writers of erotic tendencies like Lucian, and turgid rhetoricians and epigrammatists, his Cnidian Aphrodite produced on the beholder. This is evidently the chief reason for Brünn's disparaging estimate of his genius and character. The weight of such testimony may easily be exaggerated. "To the impure, all things are impure." A Comus sees nothing in "the Lady" but

"The vermeil-tinctured lip,
Love-darting eyes and tresses like the moon."

The "angel's face" of Una, "the flower of faith and chastity," only roused to greater violence the wild passion of the foul Paynim Sansloi :

“ Can it be (asks Angelo)
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman’s lightness ? ”

The insanity of Pisciculus, the suicide of the Athenian youth, are proofs of the beauty but not of the sensuality of Praxiteles’s works ; and it would be hard indeed if we must exclude from the range of art “ the last best work ” of God, because base natures can see nothing in the most ideal form of loveliness but the toy of passion.

It is true, indeed, that the whole spirit and tendency of his works are too exclusively dominated and determined by his love of beauty. But the beauty which he aimed at was not merely corporeal ; it was the beauty of tender, loving, or pathetic emotions, expressed in graceful forms and lovely features. He must, therefore, be classed among ideal artists, because he did not rest in beauty as a sufficient end in itself, but employed it for the representation of thought and feeling. As a lover of beauty and artist of the emotions, he naturally chose the female form as the principal vehicle for the expression of his ideas ; and even the majority of his male figures have something of the grace and delicacy of woman. Now, it is this exclusive attachment to the beautiful which forms the chief difference between him and Scopas, and confined him within a narrower range of subjects. Scopas delighted in expression of the wildest excitement and passion, while Praxiteles confined himself to the representation of the gentler feelings which can be expressed without those contortions of limb

or face which disturb the lines of perfect beauty. In daring flights of original genius he could not follow Scopas ; but in the beauty, grace and tenderness, in the exquisite refinement and winning charm, with which he endows the creations of his genius, he has no equal.

THE APOXYOMENOS¹

(*Lysippus*, fl. 330 B. C.)

A. S. MURRAY

IT would be interesting to know what in general were the advantages of pupillage under a great master in antiquity—whether the workshop was a sort of school in which the peculiarities of older masters were shown and demonstrated to the pupils, or whether it was not more usual for the master merely to let the pupils see him working regularly, and to leave them free to choose for themselves, as did Lysippus according to an ancient record. The probability is that this method of instruction adopted by Lysippus was exceptional, and was in part justified by his own experience as a self-taught artist. The story runs that he was not only self-

¹ Found in April, 1849, among the ruins of a large private house in the Vicolo delle Palme in Trastevere. The fingers of the right hand and the die, the tip of the left thumb, parts of the strigil and all the toes were restored by Tenerani. The attribute of the die was due to a misapprehension of a passage in Pliny (*Nat. His.*, pp. 34, 55).

Before engaging in the exercises of the *palæstra*, the Greek youths anointed their bodies with oil and besprinkled themselves with fine sand, so as to afford a firm grip in wrestling. At the end of the exercises they used a metal scraper (*strigil*) to remove the oil-soaked sand. The statue before us represents a youth in the act of thus cleaning the lower side of his right arm, which is stretched out for the convenience of the operation. The right hand should be empty. This is a marble copy of a bronze statue by Lysippus, which stood in Rome at the beginning of the Empire, and there enjoyed great popularity. Agrippa placed it in front of his Thermæ, and Tiberius, who had removed it to his palace, restored it to its



THE APOXYOMENOS, VATICAN

taught, but had begun life as an ordinary worker in bronze. While so occupied in his youth we are led to imagine him rapidly acquiring the facilities of a sculptor in technical matters, and when once in confident possession of these facilities he chose, as he is reported to have said, nature to be his instructor. That he did not, however, always follow her instructions pure and simple, may be gathered from another observation attributed to him that he had made the Doryphorus¹ of Polyclitus his master. Not that he sought to imitate it. On the contrary, the proportions of that statue were typical to him of what should not be. But then they were carried out on a strict system, and in this respect the Doryphorus was well qualified to teach even Lysippus that whatever innovations he might make in the proportions of the human figure must be made on a rigid system. Still more at variance, it would seem, with his original desire to follow nature is his remark that while his predecessors had sculptured men as they were, he sculptured them

previous site, at the request of the people expressed in the theatre. We recognize in this copy all the peculiarities traditionally ascribed to the works of Lysippus. That artist was said to make the figure sligher and the head smaller than his predecessors. Even a comparatively unpractised eye will detect the differences of the proportions observed in the Apoxyomenos and in earlier types. . . . The type of head is a variation of the Polyclitan type, dictated by the altered spirit of the age. In harmony with the more advanced culture the face expresses a richer intellectual life. The line crossing the brow lends a pensive, almost nervous, air to the refined countenance. Both flesh and hair are very freely treated.—*Wolfgang Helbig*.

¹ A copy of the Doryphorus (the spear-bearer) is in the National Museum, Naples.—*E. S.*

as they seemed. The remark is unjust to earlier artists, unless it was meant to apply chiefly to Polyclitus and his school, who were, in reality, his true predecessors, and then it would apply in this sense that while they imitated the human form mainly as a physical object presented to their view, he imitated it as the residence and embodiment of a spiritual being, no less than as a physical organization, obedient in all things to that being. With this interpretation he may be said to have followed nature in a wide sense, as indeed had Praxiteles, Scopas, and others, but with this difference, that they selected carefully such types of beings as most readily lent themselves to the expression of spiritual moods, while the effort of Lysippus was rather to import a lower and more general degree of the spiritual element into beings of an average muscular and physical form. In attaining this end he was unquestionably indebted to Praxiteles for having shown what was to be gained by placing the balance of a figure in the middle of the body, and thus allowing freedom and grace for the attitude and movement of the legs and arms.¹ With this and the strictly organized proportions of Polyclitus to start from, he proceeded to develop a new system of proportions in which men of athletic mould should be made to express the mobility and freedom of action natural to them at all times, in contrast

¹ Brönn in his very fine criticism of Lysippus (*Gr. Künstler*, Vol. I., p. 373), says that he followed the path which Praxiteles had opened up by relieving the feet of the weight of the body and utilizing the arm or shoulder for the support of the upper part of the body.

to the mobility and freedom which older sculptors had expressed only under the influence of special occasions. His statues were mainly of a masculine and athletic type.

The number of his works is indeed estimated at 1,500; but in that there may be exaggeration, since it hangs together with a statement that at his death he left for his heir a sum of 1,500 gold denarii, which had been set aside by him, each piece when a work was finished, or rather, as may be supposed, was paid for. It is a fable to illustrate the frugal habits of a self-taught man. As, however, he lived to a considerable age, and since from the uniform character of his work there is no reason why he may not have been unusually prolific, we may fairly allow him a much larger number of works than appears in the recorded list.

It was, however, as the list of his works amply testifies, in powerful muscular forms that he excelled. In seeking a new system of proportions for them he arrived at this conclusion,—that the legs must in all cases be made longer than had been usual before, and the heads smaller in youthful figures at least. He chose, in fact, as the basis of his system, the type of the boxer, as we see him occasionally on vases as early as the end of the Fifth Century B. C., and more frequently afterwards. Especially noticeable is a prize amphora in the British Museum, with a design of two boxers and dated B. C. 336, so that there is no question of its representing the type of boxer in the time of Lysippus. The head is small and accustomed to alertness; the body

short but powerful, the legs long and massive. We cannot however suppose that in his statues of Zeus or Poseidon, there was any sensible diminution of the heads, and accordingly we accept as a fair representation of his style in deities of this order a bronze statuette of Poseidon, now in the British Museum. It was found at Paramythia in Epirus, and, whoever the sculptor may have been, it is a most beautiful piece of Greek workmanship, large in style and faithful in every detail. In youthful athletic figures like the Apoxyomenos of the Vatican, and perhaps also in his statues of Hercules, the small head would be appropriate. As yet, however, almost the only undoubted copy of a sculpture by him is the Apoxyomenos just mentioned, a marble statue copied from a bronze original, representing an athlete nude and scraping himself with a strigil. With it the literary records of his style challenge an obvious comparison. The long limbs, the small head, the diminished squareness of body, are all readily recognizable. On the other hand it is to be remembered that this statue was a popular favourite in ancient Rome, and that the Roman writers to whom we owe all that is known of the style of Lysippus may have formulated some of their notions from it, to the exclusion of the colossal Zeus from Tarentum, and other works by him to be seen also in Rome.

Otherwise the coincidence would be too remarkable; and indeed it is shown to be so from the failure which ensues when it is sought to demonstrate on the Apoxyomenos the application of certain other remarks that they have handed

down in regard to his style. They speak of minute finish of detail, of improvement in the rendering of the hair, of animation in the expression. These are qualities which speak irresistibly in the bronze lately mentioned. But they are not possessed in any unusual degree, if at all, by the Apoxyomenos. The hair of that statue does not differ from the hair of the Hermes by Praxiteles. Even the form of the head may be compared with that of the Hermes. There is no special finish of details. We must assume that his success in these matters was known from other statues such as the Zeus. Without them it is impossible to tell what may have been meant by his "symmetry" and his truthfulness to nature, the more so when in this latter quality he is compared with Praxiteles, for whom, as we have seen, nature presented herself in a peculiar aspect. So far as animated expression is truthfulness to nature we may well allow that Lysippus took rank with Praxiteles, and that was probably enough for a Roman writer to found a comparison on.

THE SLEEPING ARIADNE

(Fourth Century B. C.)

WOLFGANG HELBIG

AS early as the Pontificate of Julius II. this figure adorned a fountain in the Belvedere Garden (*Jahrbuch des Arch. Inst.* v. 1890). The nose and lips are restorations, also the right hand, the third and fourth fingers of the left hand, the rock on which the figure reclines, the end of the robe hanging down over the rock below the left elbow, and the horizontal section of this garment between the rocky projection and the vertical fold hanging from the thigh.

As we gather from a comparison with other monuments, Ariadne is here represented sunk in the sleep during which Theseus abandoned her. Her slumbers are far from tranquil; the somewhat constrained attitude and the confused folds of her robe clearly indicate that she has restlessly changed her position, visited by dreams prophetic of her coming distress. Various defects in the execution prevent us from regarding this figure as a genuine original. The sculptor has failed to distinguish with the necessary clearness between the chiton immediately above the feet and the mantle spread over it. But the writer is not inclined to attach too much weight to this circumstance, as it is possible



THE SLEEPING ARIADNE, VATICAN

and even probable that the indistinctness of the plastic work was rectified by the original painting of the figure. On the other hand it would be difficult to discover any such excuse for the treatment of the face, which, as Winckelmann pointed out, is somewhat one-sided.

How we are to imagine the original of this figure is one of the hardest problems of archæology. We know several mural paintings, and several sarcophagus-reliefs influenced by paintings, representing Dionysus and his thyrsus approaching the sleeping Ariadne, whose figure in these exhibits a close relation to that of the Vatican sculpture. We are thus faced by the following alternatives: either these mural paintings and reliefs have been influenced by works of statuary, among which was the original of the Vatican Ariadne, or we must look for the original of this figure in some painting, which has also exercised an influence on the Campanian mural paintings and the Roman sarcophagus-reliefs. On the whole, the latter seems the more probable supposition. That the original of the figure before us belonged to a plastic group of the finding of Ariadne by Dionysus seems highly improbable, for no satisfactory arrangement of such a group can be suggested. If we suppose that the group consisted of only two figures, viz., Ariadne herself and Dionysus contemplating the beautiful sleeper, where must we suppose the latter to have been placed? Certainly not in front of the Ariadne, for his back in that case would be turned towards the spectator. If we suppose him to have been behind Ariadne, then the

lower portion of the god would be concealed by the figure in front ; while if Dionysus were placed on one side, the constituents of the group would be deprived of their due equilibrium.

Since, however, we know that towards the end of the Fourth Century B. C. sculpture had already begun to borrow motives from painting, and that the practice became more and more frequent as time went on, it is easily conceivable that some sculptor detached the figure of the sleeping Ariadne from its surroundings in some painting, and reproduced it plastically. Separate motives from the same painting may have been utilized by the mural painters of Campania and the sarcophagus-carvers of Rome, whose pattern-books are well known to have contained more designs from paintings than from sculptures. In this connection we naturally recall the painting in the Temple of Dionysus at Athens, which, according to Pausanias, represented the sleeping Ariadne, with Theseus abandoning her and Dionysus approaching to bear her off as his wife.

The forms of the Vatican statue are of a dignified character, recalling the plastic types of the Fourth Century B. C., whereas the allied figures in the mural paintings and sarcophagus-reliefs exhibit the tender, sensuously charming forms that are characteristic of Hellenic art. So that it appears that the sculptor of this figure has reproduced the original type more faithfully than the mural painters or the carvers of the sarcophagi.

This statue is placed upon Sarcophagus with Giganto-

machia, formerly in possession of the sculptor Cavaceppi. The giants, whose legs end in serpents, are here warring against the gods, whom we must imagine as on the top of Olympus, above their antagonists. The giants hurl masses of rock aloft, and endeavour to ward off the missiles of the gods with huge tree-trunks and with the skins of animals wrapped round their left arms. But it is clearly shown that their furious onslaught is in vain. One young giant is stretched lifeless on the ground, a second is writhing in the death-agony, while two others, one struck in the back by a thunderbolt, are collapsing in death. The composition is simple and full of dramatic life. But at the same time it displays distinctly characteristics appropriate to a painting and has several separate motives that accord ill with the conditions of relief, though their expression would present no difficulty to a pencil. This is especially evident in the foreshortening of the head and back of the dying giant falling forwards. It thus appears that the sculptor was influenced by a painting of the Gigantomachia; and we are warranted in referring this painting to the Hellenistic epoch from the close relationship the sarcophagus reveals to the frieze of the giants from Pergamum.

On the left lateral field of the Sarcophagus are two giants, whose action shows them to be too exhausted to take an energetic part in the fight. On the right field are two dead giants.

THE DEMETER OF CNIDOS

(*Fourth Century B. C.*)

J. E. HARRISON

IN the British Museum, in passing from the Archaic Greek Sculpture Room to the room of the Mausoleum Marbles, the visitor enters a small antechamber. Here, on his right, he sees the statue of a seated woman whose beauty can scarce pass unnoted by the most careless. There is a softness, there is a pathos in the face, a look of tempered sadness about the mouth and eyes that make us say instinctively, as we might of some human acquaintance: "That face has had a history." The woman has passed the first bloom of youth; it would be sad indeed if such pathos were imprinted on the features of a young girl. Her figure too is full and matronly; she wears the veil that has been her bridal attire; ample drapery is cast about her in beautiful, simple, almost careless folds; her hair is long and abundant. She is very calm for all her sorrow, and very gracious.

Hers is a famous history. She is Demeter, the holy goddess. Herself most beautiful, she had a daughter lovely as herself, Persephone by name, a maid with "slender ankles," the poet tells us. One day in Enna, Persephone was playing in a soft meadow, gathering flowers—crocus and violet, and flowering-reed and hyacinth and narcissus—



DEMETER OF CNIDOS, BRITISH MUSEUM

when of a sudden the earth yawned, and forth there burst a golden chariot, and Aides, the dread king of the lower world, seized the maiden and bore her weeping and wailing away to be his queen in the shades below. The incident was known to the ancients as the *Kathodos*, or *Going-Down*—as the descent of Persephone into Aides's kingdom, whence she was to return in her *Anados*, or *Rising-Up*.

So the daughter was ravished away, and seen no more of men, nor of gods. In her great despair the Mother fared forth blindly across the whole wide earth for nine days long, tasting nor ambrosia nor nectar, neither refreshing her weary limbs with fair water; till on the tenth day Hekatè, the torch-bearer of the realms of death, encountered her, asked of her sorrow, and together they betook them to the sun god, Helios, who sees all things. He, and he only, knew; and he told her the fate of her lost child. And he bade her be of good cheer, for she had for her son-in-law the great King Aidoneus, and King Zeus had given command that so it should be.

But the mother cared little for the royalty of the underworld, and in bitterness of heart she wandered forth anew. At length she came to Eleusis, to the land of King Keleos. Here Demeter disguised herself as an ancient serving woman and was hired by the queen Metaneira to take charge of her infant son Demophoon. By the divine nurture of the goddess the child grew as a young god, for by day the wondrous Nurse anointed him with ambrosia, and at night, when his parents saw not, she laid him in

the living fire. But one night the fear-girdled Metaneira, in her foolish fondness, kept watch; and she cried aloud to see the peril of her boy. And Demeter heard her, and was wroth that a mortal should gainsay her when she would have given her nurseling immortality. She spake and revealed herself, and bade them build her a fair temple wherein she might teach them to do worship. The fair temple was upreared; but Demeter still sat apart in bitterness and grief for her daughter. And she sent trouble upon the world, and for the full circle of a year withheld the fruits of the earth, so that men ploughed and sowed in vain, nor would she know pity nor relent till Zeus made promise that her daughter should be given her again.

Then Hermes went down into the house of Aides, and found him by Persephone; and Aides, when he had heard the bidding of Zeus and the sore anger of Demeter, smiled, for he was no ungentle husband, and bade Persephone go forth and comfort her mother once more. But first, he craftily gave her the honey-sweet seed of a pomegranate to eat, that she might return to him again. In the Homeric hymn we hear that King Aides sent forth his queen with all the pomp and pride and circumstance befitting her august destiny, in a golden car, with swift deathless horses. The poet tells us that the longing mother rushed forth to meet her child like a wild Mænad flying amid the mountains; how, united at last, they comforted their hearts; and how the compact was made that for two-thirds of the year Persephone should dwell with her mother in Olympus, and

for the other third (because she had eaten of the pomegranate seed) she should abide with Aides, the grim yet kindly king, in the shades below. Then at last Demeter relaxed from her sore displeasure and again she let the fields bear their crops, that men might have food, and the gods their sacrifice; and there was gladness over the whole earth. And, moreover, she revealed her mysteries to the just king of the country, to Triptolemos, to Diokles, to Eumolpos and to Keleos, who had sway over the people. These rites and mysteries it was lawful for no man to utter, but blessed be he who might behold them.

As the goddess of corn and plenty, the patron of the fruitful earth, she was linked in a special manner with Triptolemos who became a central figure in Attic mythology, and is represented with endless variety on vase-paintings. As signified by his name he is the "thrice-plougher"; and as such he is the counterpart of Demeter, the Earth-Mother. Tradition varies as to his birth. Sometimes he is a local king, sometimes he is the child Demeter nursed, but always he is the messenger she sends forth to bear the seed of corn over the wide earth. His connection with Demeter marks for the most part the primary and simplest aspects of the goddess of the bounteous fruit-bearing Earth. The Greeks knew of other earth goddesses than Demeter, but these were rather personifications of the earth uncultivated, barren and terrible, not of the earth as a fruitful mother. Of these primeval and dreadful earth goddesses—of Ge and Rhea—it is never told that they had

a fair daughter who sported in the Maytime meadow-land. Demeter, then, is the goddess of the cultivated earth, the goddess who bade man cease from his wandering ways and build him houses and sow seed and gather of her fruits. It follows naturally that she is the great giver of laws, the bringer of fixed ordinances and of settled customs. She is the goddess of marriage, the patron deity of civilized woman, worshipped by her with ceremonies, for the most part unknown, at the great festival of the Thesmaphoria, upon which no man might look and live.

So far our vision of the Demeter cycle is clear; her aspect is full of peace and prosperity; but there is a sadder, a more mysterious side to the character of the Mighty Mother. The fair daughter, Persephone, in whom are figured the kindly fruits of the earth, gladdens the world in the springtide. But in the autumn and winter the mother is reft of her child; the fruits die down and are seen no more; Persephone is the bride of Aides. Not one year, but always is enacted the great parable of the Kathodos—the Going-Down. Still the spring time returns; the flowers arise; again the earth-mother rejoices, for, in the gladness of this Resurrection, this Anados, Persephone leaves the dark dwelling of Aides to bring light and joy to mankind. This dying, this uprising, this Resurrection after death, is it for men as well as flowers?

With all these complicated associations present to our minds with the thought of Demeter as the kindly goddess of the fertile earth, as the stricken mother, as the mistress

of the sacred love of an after-life, let us look once more at her face as it is presented in the statue so happily transferred from Cnidos. It was found by Mr. C. T. Newton, on a rocky platform below the Acropolis at Cnidos, at the base of a limestone cliff of extraordinary steepness. This platform is known, from inscriptions found near the statue, to have been dedicated to Aides and Hermes, in conjunction with Demeter and Persephone, and other kindred divinities. It is thought to have been the enclosure to a private chapel; and from the character of the letters of the inscription Mr. Newton dates the dedication at about 350 B. C. This beautiful statue was therefore in all probability the work of a sculptor of the time of Praxiteles. The master's greatest work, the incomparable "Aphrodite," was executed for this very city of Cnidos, whose citizens refused to barter their statue for the payment of their whole civic debt. I have spoken of the great expressiveness of the face. It is just this quality of expressiveness which is characteristic of Praxiteles and his contemporaries. After the ideal beauty, the abstract perfection of Phidias, as we know it in the Parthenon marbles, there came a tendency to the utterance of individual emotion, of pathos, touching with earthly unrest the faces even of Olympian gods. This is no conjecture; we have now a criterion by which to judge of the style of Praxiteles, an actual original undoubtedly from the master's hand, the famous "Hermes" of Olympia. Far higher, because far calmer, is the beauty of our "Demeter," though the world knows less of her fame,

and though the name of her sculptor is uncertain. It may have been Praxiteles himself at a time of riper skill, maturer inspiration, when the fever of youth had calmed itself. Still there is in her face that quality of personal feeling for which, so far as we know it, we look in vain among the sculptures of the time of Phidias. Professor Brünn, in an elaborate criticism of the head, notes that the skin of the brow is drawn at both sides, as with protracted weeping; that the outside corners of the mouth sink sadly; that the parted lips seem to sigh; that in the curiously small face, in the lifted far-off eyes, there is a general expression of weary yet patient expectation. She is the mother who, year by year, must long for her daughter—the goddess who knows of the dimness of the world below as well as of the brightness of the world above. We do not worship her in the simple fashion of the Lady Chrysina (who dedicated the shrine at the bidding of Hermes in a dream) with votive offerings of tiny marble pigs and lighted lamps, nor do we in our gloomier moments devote to her avenging might the neighbours who have stolen a garment, or a bracelet, or a husband. But we may give a thought sometimes to the higher physical and spiritual conceptions which found their embodiment in the myth she personifies; and, if we enter the little *temenos* in which she is now enshrined anew, we may give at least one reverent upward look at the changeless beauty of her immortal face.

“Open to all emotions and saturated with a deep stream of humanity the art of the Fourth Century B. C. was strong

in its expression of the sentiments of the soul. The anonymous masterpiece *Demeter* found at Cnidos is an example of this. In the complex character of Demeter, the artist has chosen the facial expression that brings it closest to humanity—maternal love—and he has created the most noble image that could be imagined of the goddess mother vowed to eternal grief for her vanished daughter. There is a kind of weariness in the attitude. The *himation* thrown across the bust and brought over the head like a mourning veil is negligently disposed, and under its loose folds the form of a matron is revealed. But the whole of the expression is concentrated in the face. Carved out of a block of Parian marble different from that of the rest of the statue, the head has a strangely intense expression. The work is neither dated nor signed, but the breadth of style, and depth of feeling betray the influence of the great Attic masters, and we should make no mistake in giving the honour of the statue of Cnidos to one of the contemporaries of Praxiteles” (*Maxime Collignon*).

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

(*Græco-Roman Period*)

WALTER COPLAND PERRY

THIS most universally known and most popular of ancient statues was discovered towards the end of the Fifteenth Century at Capo d' Anzo (Antium),¹ the birthplace of Caligula and Nero, the latter of whom loved to *pose* as the representative of the "fair-haired" and "musical" god. The missing left hand and fingers of the right hand, with the all important attributes which they bore, were restored in 1532 by Montorsoli, a pupil of Michael Angelo. It is still a matter of dispute whether the marble of this statue is Greek or Italian.

The "radiant Pythian" is represented marching along with his left arm raised, as if holding aloft some object.

¹ "In all probability this statue was not found at Antium (Porto d'Anzio), as is usually stated, but in a '*tenuta*' (estate) of Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere near Grotta Ferrata (*Fahrbuch des Arch. Inst.* v. 1890; *Arch. Anzeiger*, pp. 48-50). Giuliano, after he had become Pope Julius II., placed this statue in the Belvedere Montorsoli (d. 1546) restored the top of the quiver, the left hand, the right forearm, the upper part of the stem and various small fragments on the drapery and legs. . . . The fact that the way in which the statue should be restored is problematical will not detract from the impression it makes on the visitor to the Museum. The Apollo Belvedere may lack the quiet and simple dignity that we admire in the creations of the best Greek period; but it makes up for this by the effective force of the representation. It incorporates in the most striking manner, what the Greeks call a *theophany*, i. e., the sudden ap-



APOLLO BELVEDERE, VATICAN

His face is turned in the direction of the hand, and he is gazing with a bold, proud and triumphant expression into the far distance.

The first appearance of this beautiful and striking work of art was greeted with enthusiastic joy, and in all succeeding ages its praises have been sung in every clime and language of the civilized world. No man, however cold, has viewed it without emotion, and it excited to the highest pitch the glowing artistic feelings of the illustrious Winckelmann—feelings which found vent in the loftiest strains of ecstatic eulogy.

“The statue of Apollo,” he says, “is the highest ideal of art among all the works of antiquity which have escaped destruction. The artist has based his work entirely on the Ideal, and has employed only just so much of matter in its construction as was necessary to carry out his design and make it visible. The Apollo surpasses all other images of the god, as far as the Apollo of Homer transcends that of succeeding poets. He is exalted above humanity, and his bearing speaks of the grandeur with which he is filled. An eternal spring, like that of the blessed Elysian Fields, em-

pearance in the material universe of a hitherto invisible deity. The inner life is most clearly expressed in the face, while we feel at the same time that the excitement is held in check by the conscious possession of divine strength. That the Vatican statue is not an original Greek work, but a copy made about the beginning of the Empire, is conclusively proved on comparing it with a marble head, discovered at Rome and now in the Museum at Basle. This head essentially agrees with the statue in point of type, but in point of execution reveals the principles of genuine Greek art to a much higher degree.”—*Wolfgang Helbig*.

bathes his charming manhood of ripe maturity combined with the loveliness of youth, and plays with soft tenderness over the proud structure of his limbs. Enter in spirit into the realm of incorporeal beauty, and seek to be the creator of a heavenly nature, to invest the spirit with supernatural charms ! For there is nothing mortal here, nothing which human necessities and weaknesses require. No veins or sinews heat or excite this form ; but a heavenly spirit, poured out like a gentle stream, has filled the sphere in which this figure lives and moves.

“ I forget all else as I gaze on this miracle of art, and myself assume a lofty attitude to contemplate it with becoming dignity. My bosom seems to expand like that of one who is filled with the spirit of prophecy. I feel myself transported to Delos and the Lycian groves graced by the presence of Apollo ; for his image seems endowed with life like that of Pygmalion’s beauty. Art herself must give me counsel and guide my hand in filling up this first sketch which I have here traced. I lay the idea of this statue, which I have endeavoured to clothe in words, at Apollo’s feet, like those who lay their garlands at the feet of the Divinities whom they fain would crown, but whose heads they cannot reach.”

It is well for us to learn from the foregoing rhapsody the utmost influence which a work of art can exercise upon a mind at the same time sensitive, sympathetic and instructed. And if his eulogy—for we cannot call it criticism—now seems to us unjustified and overstrained, we should remem-

ber that it was not granted to Winckelmann to see what we see—that *le mieux est toujours l'ennemi du bon*—that if he had seen the full and perfect exemplification of his own prophetic definition of the essential characteristic of Greek art, “simple grandeur and sublime repose,” his admiration would not have been chilled but moderated, and he would have relegated the Vatican Apollo to a somewhat lower rank.

This beautiful and famous work of art has been for ages, and still remains, one of the greatest riddles of Archæology; and in discussing it we have to make our way through a whole thicket of difficult and thorny questions. It is not mentioned in ancient literature, and we know neither its author nor its age. Is it an original or a copy? If a copy, was the original of bronze or marble? Is the work before us of Greek or Italian marble? And above all, what is the *motif* (*concetto*)? What is the action in which the god is engaged?

To all these questions different answers are still given by equally competent authorities.

The opinion of those who held that it was not an original work of the Roman period was sufficiently justified by the grandeur of the design, and has been amply confirmed by the discovery of another head of Apollo, of Greek marble, identical in design, and even in measurement with that of the Vatican statue. This work, called the Steinhäuser head after the discoverer, was found a few years ago in a magazine at Rome, and is now at Basle. It is of an earlier and simpler style than the *Vatican copy*, is far more Greek

in tone, and shows a fresher and purer feeling for organic structure. It may, therefore, fairly be regarded as standing nearer to the common original of both. With regard to the material of that original we have the concurrent opinions of an illustrious artist and an illustrious archæologist—Canova and Brunn—that it was certainly bronze and not marble. “The Vatican head,” says Brunn, “is a bronze work even in marble, and the artist, even in order to make it resemble bronze as much as possible, changes the nature of marble by giving it an artificial polish, and making it produce its effect as metal does by a glancing surface and reflected and refracted lights.”

But by far the greatest interest attaches itself to the question as to the *motif* of the statue. It is quite evident that the god is engaged in some action which would be clear to us if the hands had not been mutilated. According to the earlier opinion which is petrified in the restoration of Montorsi, the great “God of the silver bow” has just discharged an arrow at the Python (Tityos? or the Niobids?) and is watching the effect with satisfaction. Others see in him “the Bringer of the Plague,” shooting at the Greeks before Troy who had dishonoured his holy prophet. Preller first suggested that the Apollo Belvedere might be brought into connexion with the defeat of the Gauls at Delphi in 279 B. C., on which occasion several statues—two Apollos, an Athene, and an Artemis—were offered in the Temple of Apollo at that place.

The reader will remember that in this year a body of

Gauls who had settled in Pannonia (Hungary) broke into Greece under Brennus. After ravaging Macedonia they marched through Thessaly to Thermopylæ, which once more became the scene of heroic patriotism and infamous treachery. Some Heracleots played the part of the foul villain Ephialtes in the old Persian days and led the Gauls into the country by the mountain pass of Anopæa. In this emergency, says Pausanias, using almost the very words of Herodotus, "the Delphians applied to the Oracle for counsel, and asked whether they should carry away the property of the temple." "I myself," the God replied, "and the *White Maidens* (Athene and Artemis) will take care of that." Encouraged by this promise of assistance 4,000 Greeks stood ready to defend the temple, but their presence was superfluous. During the battle which ensued the God came through the roof of his temple in supernatural youthful beauty, and the White Maidens came forth from their respective sanctuaries at Delphi to drive back the sacrilegious barbarians. A mighty heaven-sent tempest arose and rocks from the heights of Parnassus fell on the heads of the bewildered Gauls. The twanging bow of Artemis, the clashing shield and spear of Athene were heard above the din of storm and battle, and the grim flash of the awful Gorgoneion on the *ægis* of Apollo was seen through the mists and clouds. The spectres of departed heroes appeared and mingled in the fray; the earth shook beneath the feet of the astonished Gauls, who fled in dismay and fell an easy prey to the pursuing Greeks.

The Apollo Belvedere, therefore, *may* represent the God, as with the proud consciousness of invincibility he holds up the *ægis*, and marks with a mingled expression of scorn and satisfaction its terrible effect on the ranks of the Gauls. It will naturally be asked how Apollo came by the *ægis*, which is not his proper attribute? There is a precedent even for this in a passage in the *Iliad*, which records how Zeus entrusted his son with the dreaded instrument of his wrath:

“Take thou and wave on high the tasselled shield,
The Grecian warriors daunting.”

And again,

“When he (Phœbus) turned its flash
Full on the faces of the astonished Greeks,
And shouted loud, their spirits within them quailed.”

It was therefore quite open to the artist to represent Apollo in his character of *Boedromios* (the helper) with the *ægis* of Zeus; and the aspect of the Vatican statue, the self-reliant, serenely-contemptuous look, suits well the bearer of an irresistible weapon.

The indiscriminating and extravagant praise of its earlier admirers has led in recent times to an equally unwarranted depreciation of this splendid work of art. In such a case it is, indeed, difficult to be just. In trying to be so we must remember that the design and the style are of different periods. It is the work of one of those genial eclectic

copyists of the renaissance of Greek art in Rome, who, having chosen his model from among the older types, was not satisfied with merely reproducing it. He has evidently tried to invest it with the charm of novelty by substituting for its grand simplicity—which is partly preserved in the Steinhäuser head—the ultra-refinement and polished elegance which suited the taste of his own times.

The technical execution of the Belvedere Apollo shows a master's hand. The artist was evidently in possession of all the knowledge and all the skill which had been accumulated in past ages. We see Lysippus in the form and Praxiteles in the face. The noble limbs are modelled with the ease and freedom which are the result of perfect mastery, and the proud and beautiful face from which the Muses drew their inspiration, gleams with expression as he moves along in graceful majesty, bathed in the purple light of eternal youth. And yet the dainty beauty of the Apollo Belvedere does not stir the deepest springs of emotion in those who have the finest feeling for the highest forms of Greek Art. Like that of some startling theatrical representation, the first effect of the Vatican Apollo is the strongest; whereas it is characteristic of the greatest works,—the Theseus of the Parthenon—the Niobe—the Demeter of Cnidos—that the oftener and longer we gaze, the greater the attraction which they exercise upon us, the purer and more exalted the feelings which they rouse within our breasts. We find a difficulty in regarding the Vatican Apollo as the object of worship; for *that* it is too ornate. It

is rather like the embodiment of the day-dreams of a powerful, bright, but somewhat luxurious, imagination, which is not satisfied with the majesty of nature, the awful dignity of the Godhead, but must invest its idol with the external trappings of some Prince of a fairy tale. Such an image, if worshipped at all, could only be the favourite divinity of an elegant and sumptuous court.

THE DIANA OF VERSAILLES

(*Diana à la Biche*)

(*Leochares (?)*, *Fourth Century B. C.*)

CHARLES OTHON FRÉDÉRIC JEAN BAPTISTE
DE CLARAC

DIANA, called by the Greeks Artemis, was probably the goddess of hunting among the Palasgi, the goddess who watched over the fields and flocks. It was in this character that she continued to be worshipped in Arcadia, a country where the Pelagic traditions were long preserved. This character of a goddess of hunting has always remained with Diana, even after it had ceased to belong to her exclusively ; and it gave rise to several of the epithets characteristic of the goddess. Her ancient type, however, seems originally to have borrowed some of its traits from the personification of the moon, whose attributes she later reflected in a clearer form when she received the name of Phœbe. Her quality as the daughter of Latona and sister of Apollo, already given to her by Homer and the tragic poets, supports this idea. As the sister of Apollo, Artemis is a sort of female reproduction of that god, representing her brother's character and power under an analogous form. Like him terrible, she aids him in his vengeance, strikes men and flocks with cruel epidemics, and takes particular pleasure in piercing women with her sharp arrows. Like Apollo, she also presents herself under beneficent and

restorative guise. Then she appeases, and turns aside the calamities that are withering mankind, and offers herself to their adoration as the divinity who blesses and who relieves suffering. It is in this case particularly that she receives the name of Artemis, which signifies one who saves.

In the images of Diana, art has always preserved the primitive type that made her a sort of female Apollo. Like the god of day, she was endowed with strength, youth and beauty. It is particularly with the attributes of the goddess of hunting that she appears in the works of the ancient chisel. The images that present her with the attributes of the lunar divinity are of a more modern age, or at least were conceived after less ancient models. The more the attributes that allude to her character as a luminous goddess are multiplied, the more closely the date of the work approaches our own day. Thus the torch held in her hand denotes a work of more modern date than one with the crescent which is seen shining on the brow of the goddess quite early.

As for those monuments in which beauty, elegance and naturalness are sacrificed to a symbolical idea, such as the panthean and fantastic figures of Diana of Ephesus and the Triple Hecate, they belong to those ages when art had ceased to seek in the ennobling of our forms the type of divine perfection; they have wandered far from the golden age of Hellenic art in which anthropomorphism cultivated in the human mind the love of the beautiful and the idealization of the human body.



DIANA OF VERSAILLES, LOUVRE

Diana, dressed as a huntress, and on the march, reaches for an arrow in her quiver which is attached to her shoulder by a strap; she holds the bow in her left hand lowered; her legs are bare, and she wears rich sandals on her feet. A hind runs at her side and seems to be seeking refuge under the protection of her bow. The sister of Apollo with a quick movement turns her head towards her quiver; anger is in her face; her hair, surmounted by a little diadem in front and tied at the back of the head, leaves a high and severe brow uncovered.

It appears that this *Diana* has been in France since the reign of Henry IV.; and even, according to Sauval, it arrived under Francis I.¹ It was formerly to be seen in the gallery of Versailles; but it had first been at Meudon, and afterwards at Fontainebleau in the queen's garden. It was restored by Barthélemy Prieur, who was reproached with having altered the beauty of the legs and feet by imprudent chiselling. One might, in fact, be tempted to believe this; the feet, although very beautiful, are more pointed than those of antique statues generally are, and there is something in them of the school of Germain Pilon and Prieur.

¹ Francis I., an enlightened protector of the Fine Arts, sent Francisco Primaticcio, a pupil of Giulio Romano, whom he had attached to his service, to Italy with the order to buy antique statues. Primaticcio sent back one hundred and eighty-four, and a large number of busts, some of which were placed at Fontainebleau. Vasari says, consequently, that that royal residence had become a new Rome. Henry IV. increased this collection. Cardinal Richelieu and the Constable Montmorency also procured from Italy a large number of antique works.

The only modern parts of the figure of Diana are the left arm below the deltoid and the big toe of the right foot. The modern parts of the deer are the lower half of the head, the horns a little above their roots, the lower half of the fore legs, the ham and the right hind leg ; the left hind leg has been similarly restored, but the lower half of the foot is antique and belongs to the base.

We have in this statue not only the most beautiful of all the images of Diana that have come down to us from antiquity, but also one of the most beautiful statues of antiquity, being inferior to very few other masterpieces. The style and the workmanship of this great piece of sculpture are closely related to what people admire in the *Apollo Belvedere* ; the two heads possess the same nobility and a family resemblance that might make one believe they were produced by the same hand. The costume is of the greatest elegance : the spartiate tunic, of very light material with little pleats, hemmed at the bottom does not in the least conceal the beauty of the form of the goddess, and her mantle, tied in the fashion of a girdle, serves even to accentuate the contours. Her rich footwear is a kind of sandals or *crepida* which was given to this goddess and to Apollo. Her hair, raised behind and tied *en corymbe*, befits a huntress, as does the diadem the goddess of the woods.

The antlers with which the head of the hind is furnished would seem to show that the intention here was not to represent a natural hind as a simple symbol of the chase, since the female deer has no antlers. By this mark we are meant

to recognize the Cerynian hind, that prodigious deer, with golden horns and brazen hoofs that was consecrated to Diana. Hercules, forced by the Fates to obey Eurystheus, received from his tyrant the order to bring that animal alive to him at Mycene. The demigod, after having pursued it through twenty different countries, finally found it in Arcadia, at the ford of the Ladon. Hardly had he got it in his power, when Diana, descending from the mount Artemisium, deprived him of his prey which she claimed as her own property, and threatened him with her vengeance. However, being appeased by the prayers of the hero, she granted him possession of the fatal hind.¹

¹ "Between the *Apollo Belvedere* and the *Diana of Versailles* a close relationship of style has long been recognized. The theory that groups it with the *Apollo* and with an *Athena* in the Capitoline Museum for reconstituting the Delphic ex-voto consecrated after the attack of the Galatians has found and still finds defenders. But if the hypothesis must be rejected for the *Apollo* it must be also for the *Diana*; it is difficult to imagine that this figure of a huntress escorted by the stag should have found a place in a battle scene. What remains true is that it appears to have been conceived as a pendant for the *Apollo*, and that it is undoubtedly a creation by the same artist. Moreover there is nothing in this statue to forbid us to attribute it to the Fourth Century B. C.; neither the form of the costume, nor the type of the head, nor the movement of rapid march, already given by Praxiteles to his *Artemis of Anticyra*. We find in it the same characteristics as in the *Apollo*; a somewhat cold correctness, great elegance and remarkable slenderness of form, and very severe style of carriage. These analogies enable us to pronounce the name of Leochares as the sculptor."—*M. Collignon*.

THE NILE

(*Græco-Egyptian*, 323-133 B. C.)

WOLFGANG HELBIG

THIS was found apparently under Leo X. (1513-1522) near the Church of S. Maria sopra Minerva, and was placed by this Pope in the garden of the Belvedere. Its companion piece, the Tiber, now in the Louvre, had previously been found in the same place under Julius II. (January, 1512) and forthwith placed in the Vatican. Both statues seem to have formed part of the decoration of the Temple of Isis that stood in this district. The Nile was restored under Clement XIV. by Gaspare Sibilla. Apart from unimportant patchings, the following portions are restored: the fingers of the right hand, the ears of corn in that hand (the previous existence of which was proved by the stumps on the left calf), the toes, the upper part of nearly all the children, and in some cases still more. As these restorations are easily recognizable from the different quality of the marble and the peculiar treatment of the surface, it is unnecessary to mention them in greater detail.

The Nile shows the flowing hair and beard and the wistful expression usually assigned by Greek artists to water-gods, but there is also an air of benevolent mildness ap-



THE NILE, VATICAN

propriate to the boon-conferring stream. The left elbow rests upon a sphinx, the symbol of Egypt. The wreath of lotus-flowers, reeds and ears of wheat, the sheaf of corn in the right hand, and the horn filled with flowers and fruits in the left hand, all refer to the fertility bestowed by the Nile on the valley through which it flows. The pyramidal object projecting from the cornucopia, of frequent occurrence in sculptures of sacrificial offerings, apparently represents a cake or a cheese. The manner in which the water wells forth near the small end of the horn, beneath the robe, is, perhaps, a reference to the mystery veiling the sources of the Nile. The boys typify the cubits which the river rises at the inundation, and their number (sixteen) indicates the maximum rise by which the largest portion of the country is inundated and so fertilized. At the feet of the god three boys are grouped round a crocodile, and by his left knee two others beside an ichneumon. The latter appears to be crawling, obviously bent on war, towards its natural enemy, the crocodile. The gradual rise of the stream is typified by four boys climbing up on the right leg and arm of the god, a fifth standing on his right thigh, and two more who have attained the culminating height, one sitting on the god's right shoulder, the other standing in the cornucopia. Sibilla's restoration of the child projecting from the cornucopia is open to doubt. Perhaps this boy expressed by look and gesture his delight at reaching the desired eminence. The arrangement of the children seems to have been most carefully calculated. They are grouped

most closely together beside the right arm and at the feet of the god, where empty space was most abundant, and where the addition of accessories would least interfere with the effect of the main figure ; beside the legs and trunk, on the other hand, they are more scattered. By this disposition, the massive figure of the god is thrown into most effective contrast with the smaller figures of the children, and his tranquil majesty with the lively motion around him.

The reliefs on the base illustrate life in the river and on its banks. Here we see fights between crocodiles and hippopotami ; a fight between a crocodile and an ichneumon ; waterfowl, in which some recognize the trochilus, believed by the ancients to befriend the crocodile by removing the leeches that fastened on its jaws ; boats rowed by deformed pygmies, who are threatened by crocodiles or hippopotami ; and browsing oxen. The flora of the Nile is represented by reeds and lotus-plants.

The association of the Nile and the Tiber in the precincts of the Roman temple of Isis indicates, on the one hand, the source of the cult of Isis, and on the other, the new home which that cult found in Latium. The statue of the Tiber is markedly inferior to that of the Nile, both in poetic conception and in composition ; even the decoration on its base is bald and prosaic beside that of the companion piece. This contrast seems to prove that the two statues were created at different periods. The Nile, in fact, seems to be the product of an older and more richly endowed art, which can only be that which flourished un-

der the Ptolemies at Alexandria. When the Temple of Isis came to require decoration, the Alexandrian original was reproduced, and the copy received as its companion a Tiber prepared by some Græco-Roman artist.

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

(Third Century B. C.)

LUCY M. MITCHELL

TAKING it all in all, Greece itself is exceedingly poor in large existing monuments from the late stage of its history; although we know that the rulers of the Hellenistic age remembered its ancient shrines at Olympia, Delphi and Athens. There is one shrine on a neighbouring island, however, which, during this age, came to enjoy a great significance, and has, fortunately, been so admirably explored by the Austrians that we may form a very vivid picture of its artistic *ensemble*, and of the part that sculpture now played. This is the sacred island of Samothrace, its rocky cliffs facing the shores of Thrace and separated from them by a stormy sea, swept by the north winds which rush up the island valley in the midst of these cliffs. Cyclopean walls, in admirable preservation, testify to the antiquity of these revered seats; and fragments of a small Doric temple in stone, with very archaic painted forms and bronze ornaments, show the existence of a humble shrine in the depths of the sacred valley in the Fifth Century B. C. Although, in the following age, this ancient temple seems to have been supplanted by a more luxurious marble structure of the Ionic order, for which Scopas doubtless worked, it was not until the Third Century B. C.,



THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE, LOUVRE

when the island had sheltered royal refugees, that it enjoyed greatest prosperity by reason of its right of asylum. Crowds gathered from different points of the ancient world, to its sacred mysteries ; numerous temples were built to its gods by grateful princes and princesses ; and sculptured monuments were put up in thanks for victory. Could we picture to ourselves the valley as it then appeared to the stranger approaching from the sea, with its wealth of architecture and sculpture glistening among the verdure, how different the spectacle from its now bare ruins, scattered marbles, and destructive lime-kilns, clinging like parasites to every site of classic ruins !

Overlooking the whole peaceful valley, and towering above its complex of temples, would have been seen, standing out gloriously against the regular columns of the neighbouring *stoa*, one imposing monument, with stormy lines and tempestuous action. Although much mutilated, this monument, in Parian marble, shows us the colossal figure of a fully-draped female, alighted on the prow of a ship, and represents a winged Nikè, who sweeps down with lightning speed ; the powerful form, with its rushing drapery, seeming to force a way for the imposing goddess of victory. The commanding position of this statue, standing of old at the end of the valley, reveals to us with what consummate taste charms of natural landscape were enhanced by the imposing art of this Hellenistic age. The statue itself, in an exceedingly fragmentary condition, was discovered on the ancient site in 1867, by the French con-

sul Champoisseau, who sent it, with other minor marbles, to the Louvre. It was not until 1875, however, that the massive pedestal, in the shape of a ship's prow, was discovered, during the thorough excavations of the Austrian expedition on the same site. Although consisting of twenty-three fragments, many of which weigh more than two thousand kilogrammes, the whole was safely removed to the Louvre, and there built up again, the statue standing, as of yore, upon its stony prow, below which the sea-waves are indicated by sculpture. The colossal form of the winged goddess towers up, more than double life-size, above this massive and lofty hulk. Not only the costly material from abroad—no marble being found in Samothrace—but also the colossal size and marine character of the monument show that it was a thank-offering from some royal donor to the shrines of Samothrace for a great naval victory. As shown by Benndorf, comparison with coins of Demetrios Poliorketes struck, probably, between 294 and 288 B. C., makes it probable that he it was who erected this superb gift in honour of his signal successes off Salamis in Cyprus, in 306 B. C., after which he took the title of king, and long controlled the archipelago. The approximate date, the first half of the Third Century B. C., is fixed for the statue, not only by this coincidence with the coins, but also by its magnificent style, very like to that of the pedimental sculptures of the new temple at Samothrace, proved by the architectural form of the building to date from this age. But this statue is grander than they,

and combines intensified realism with powerful ideal form and action, as will be seen most forcibly by placing its representation alongside of those of the preceding centuries. Comparing form and details of these wings with those of the sculptured columns of Ephesus, how much more feathery and downy the marble here has become! In like manner, comparison with the dawning realism of the Mausoleum folds, or even with the carefully studied, quiet lines of the Hermes' mantle, to say nothing of the plain folds of Paionios' Nikè, shows how much nearer nature are the texture and surface of these rushing, swelling folds. How complicated also the pose of this goddess! The upper part of the grand body swings to the left, while the motion of the whole sweeps forward in a direct line. Especially do these more advanced features appear when compared with the simpler pose of the old Nikè by Paionios. Excavations have shown that the numerous new temples and other structures of Samothrace were built in the first part of the Third Century B. C., about the older, less sumptuous sanctuary of the preceding age; and the commanding position of this great statue, towering above all the other monuments of the valley, is clearly chosen with reference to them. This seems another evidence that its date may be fixed in the first part of the Third Century. Besides, the technique of this colossal figure is no longer that of old, but resembles that of the later marbles from Pergamon. Instead of the solid blocks which in the olden time were used for single figures, here pieces of marble are

joined together with almost incredible skill and pains. By this marvellous handling of the marble, the ponderous material was naturally robbed of its impression of weight; and far greater boldness was permitted the sculptor, tempting him, we must believe, to rival even painting or bronze in his obdurate stone, as seems evident in the fragments of the swelling mantle, still preserved. Viewing the tremendous action in this imposing ruin, and catching the grand lines of the noble form, how strong becomes our desire to see the goddess complete once again, as she stormed down on her swift errand in the palmy days of Samothrace! From the fragments, it appears that both arms were raised, perhaps with the sounding trumpet, while the head, following the motion of the body, was turned momentarily to the left, facing, doubtless, those approaching from the *stoa*. This side of the statue, moreover, from which it would usually be seen, is its only highly finished part, and shows that freedom and bold skill so much to be admired in most original works of later Greek art. But the back, which could not appear, having been in front of a cyclopean wall across the end of the valley, is left entirely in the rough; and the farther side is but hastily sketched out. The composition, moreover, is such that the lines seen from the side which looked down upon the *stoa* appear to greatest advantage. This shows that the statue was conceived directly in connection with its surroundings, and that its lines were intended to be set off by the neighbouring architecture, and perhaps by a background of colour,—bits of

painted stucco having been found among the ruins. The creators of this powerful work are unknown.¹ The name of Eutychides, scholar of Lysippus, and painter as well as sculptor, has been mentioned in connection with it, on account of a kinship of spirit between this work and the miniature copy of his Tyche for Antioch. In both statues a regard for landscape decoration and pictorial elements is thought to prevail, and there is evident a peculiar bravour in the treatment of the drapery. The latter feature is scarcely to be detected in the details of the feeble Roman copy of the Tyche, but may be traced in its general composition. Further excavations, and light from other quarters, may, we hope, in time, give us the names of masters of the Hellenistic age, of whom we know so little, but whose influence we feel in works pulsating with such tremendous life as the Nikè of Samothrace.

¹ "The Louvre has an exact date : it belongs to the end of the Fourth or the early years of the Third Century B. C. Now this epoch in which people are too hasty in seeing the beginning of a decadence produced this pure masterpiece. In the Victory of Samothrace, invention and style rise to the same level and the sculptor has produced an original work, after generations of artists had treated the type created by Paionios. Did he have the Nikè of the Parthenon in mind, as some have thought? As a matter of fact, the analogies are purely superficial. By an entirely personal inspiration, the artist has caught that beautiful movement of the torso which inflates the chest and gives a harmonious swing to the hips. Less simple in arrangement than the work of Phidias, the drapery is a marvel of execution. . . . The author of the Victory is a master of his art. Therefore we see no reason to mention here a pupil of Lysippus and pronounce the name Eutychides, a worker in bronze. We would rather think of a disciple of Scopas, preserving the traditions of the grand style and allying with it the virtuosity of execution which was to remain one of the qualities of Hellenistic art."—*Maxime Collignon*.

THE DYING GAUL

(School of Pergamus, between 280-159 B. C.)

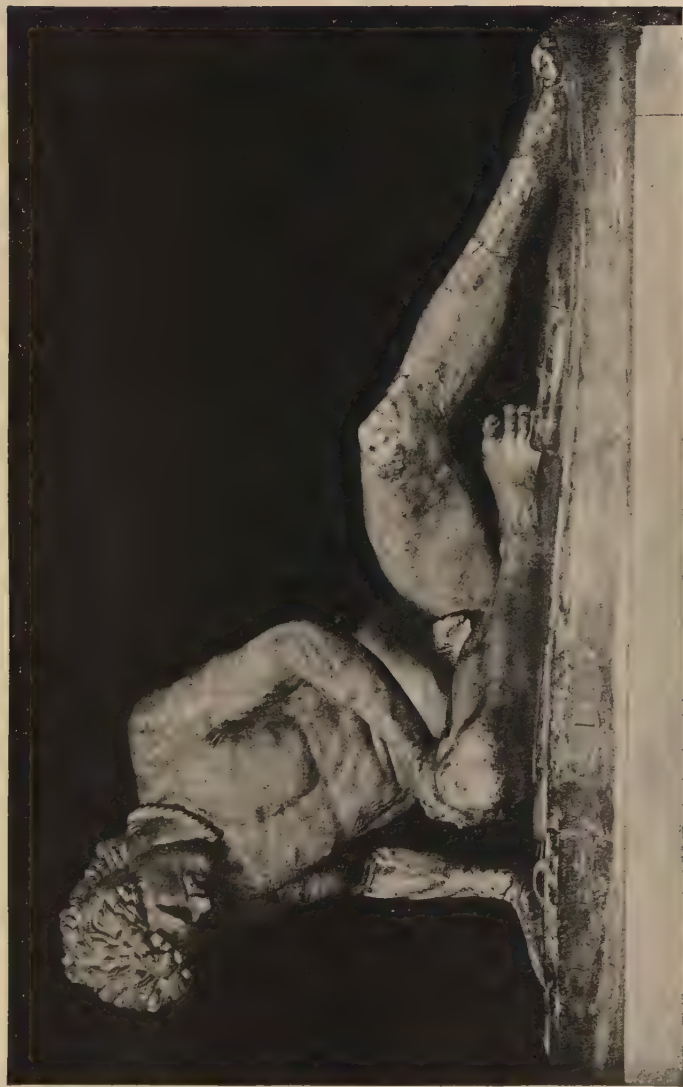
ERNEST H. SHORT

THE course of Pergamene history led to one of those emotional outbursts which always find an outlet in national action and often in art. In consequence, evidence remains of a far greater body of sculptural achievement in Pergamus than we find in the Empire of the Seleucidæ. Indeed the force and originality of Pergamene sculpture raises it far above any artistic effort of its age. This will be granted directly we recall *The Dying Gaul* of the Capitoline Museum, Rome, is a work in the finest Pergamene style. When Byron wrote the two cantos in *Childe Harold* the statue was known as the *Dying Gladiator* :

“ I see before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow.

* * * * *

“ He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.”



THE DYING GAUL, CAPITOLINE, ROME

We now know that the Pergamene sculptor sought to show one of his country's Gaulish enemies in the agony of death. The barbarian sinks back on to the narrow shield of his race. At his side is his battle-horn. Round his neck the Gallic torques. The shaggy eyebrows and the matted hair all identify the figure with one of the rude savages whom the Latin and Greek historians describe as fighting naked and ignorant of the elements of military science.

Another work that undoubtedly belongs to the school of Pergamus is the well-known group in the Villa Ludovisi, often called *Paltus and Arria*. A more correct title is *The Gaul killing his Wife*. The warrior realizes his defeat and has just plunged his sword into his breast. He still supports the woman who sinks in death at his side. The matted hair of the wife and the dress edged with fur are sufficient proof of her race. But there is other evidence that *The Dying Gaul* and the *Gaul killing his Wife* have a similar origin. Both appear together in an inventory of Cardinal Ludovisi, dated 1633. Both are made from a marble found on the island of Furni near Samos. It is evident that the two sculptures are copies of Pergamene bronzes which stood in the open square surrounding the temple of Athena Polias on the Acropolis of Pergamus.

The two works represent a large number of smaller originals scattered through the galleries of Europe. They lead us at once to inquire into the historical events they clearly incarnate.

The story of the foundation of Pergamus is full of interest. During the years following Alexander's death, Lysimachus had accumulated a vast treasure in the impregnable Acropolis of Pergamus. He placed his lieutenant Philetairus in charge, occupying himself with schemes of conquest. But Lysimachus was human and late in life took to himself a young wife. To humour her he assented to the murder of a son by a former marriage. The atrocity finally alienated Philetairus. He headed a rebellion, seized the treasure under his charge and founded the kingdom of Pergamus in 283 B. C.

The dynasty founded in this dramatic fashion was destined to a stormy history. As early as 280 B. C. fresh danger threatened from the hordes of Gauls who began to pour across the passes of the Balkans. Some of these barbarians marched upon Greece. Others crossed the Bosphorus at Byzantium, and eventually founded the Gallo-Greek kingdom of Galatia in the heart of Phrygia. But the King of Pergamus felt that his safety depended upon checking the victorious career of the Gauls. Allying himself with the ruling Seleucus, Attalus I. of Pergamus inflicted a signal defeat. This was about 241 B. C. The victory was not the only one gained by the kingdom of Pergamus. Early in the Second Century, Eumenes II. (197-159 B. C.) gained fresh laurels for his countrymen.

The effect of these brilliant victories upon the imagination of the people of Pergamus can only be realized by comparing it with that of Marathon and Salamis upon the Fifth

Century Athenians. All around them the Pergamenes saw civilized communities acknowledging defeat at the hands of the Gauls. As the Athenians stemmed the tide of Persian invasion at Marathon, so the Princes of Pergamus saved the Greeks in Asia Minor from the barbarian Gauls, who seemed destined to sweep away the newly planted Hellenic civilization. The victories made Pergamus the rival of Alexandria and Antioch. As had been the case after Salamis, a long series of public buildings and temples were erected, until the Acropolis of Pergamus threatened to outshine even that at Athens. Among the statues, as we have said, was the bronze original of *The Dying Gaul*.

It was the second defeat of the Gauls, at the hands of Eumenes II., which led to the building of the great altar of Zeus on the Acropolis of Pergamus. It is worth while to reconstruct a picture of the huge edifice with the aid of our memory of the sister Acropolis at Athens. The altar stood a little below the Temple of Athena, on the southwest terrace, and was surmounted by an Ionic colonnade, which enclosed the actual place of sacrifice. The worshippers approached by a broad staircase cut from the west side of the great pile. Around the whole structure ran the frieze with its multitude of figures in the highest relief—the carvings, of course, being interrupted by the staircase. The whole work serves to carry the history of Pergamene sculpture beyond the stage when such a statue as *The Dying Gaul* was produced.

THE LAOCOON

(*Agessander, Polydorus and Athenodorus*,¹ about 125 B. C.)

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

THE group of Laocoon, in addition to its other acknowledged merits, is at once a model of symmetry and variety, of repose and action, of contrast and gradation, which produce an impression partly sensible, partly spiritual, agreeably stimulate the imagination by the high pathos of the representation, and by their grace and beauty temper the storm of passion and suffering.

Sculpture is justly entitled to the high rank it holds because it can and must carry expression to its highest point of perfection, from the fact that it leaves man only the absolutely essential. Thus, in the present group, Laocoon is a bare name; the artists have stripped him of his priesthood, his Trojan nationality, of every poetical or mythological attribute; there remains nothing of all that fable

¹ According to Pliny "these very excellent artists of Rhodes, Agessander, Polydorus and Athenodorus, made *de consilii sententia* of one stone, Laocoon himself, his children, and the wonderful folds of the serpents." He considered it "preferable to all other works of pictorial or plastic art," and described it as standing in the Palace of Titus.

This group was found near the Baths of Titus in the time of Pope Julius II. in 1506. The right arm of Laocoon is a restoration of the Seventeenth Century, also the right arm of his younger and right hand of his elder son.



THE LAOCOÖN, VATICAN

had clothed him with ; he is a father with his two sons, in danger of destruction from two fierce animals. In like manner, we see no messenger of the gods, but two plain, natural serpents, powerful enough to overcome a man, but, by no means, either in form or treatment, supernatural and avenging ministers of wrath. They glide in, as it is their nature to do, twine around, knot together, and one, being irritated, bites. If I had to describe this work without knowing the further intent of it, I should say it were a Tragic Idyl. A father was sleeping, with his two sons beside him ; two serpents twined about them, and now, waking, they struggle to free themselves from the living net.

The expression of the moment is, in this work, of the highest importance. When it is intended that a work of art shall move before the eye, a passing moment must, of course, be chosen ; but a moment ago, not a single part of the whole was to be found in the position it now holds, and in another instant all will be changed again ; so that it presents a fresh, living image to a million beholders.

In order to conceive rightly the intention of the Laocoon, let a man place himself before it at a proper distance, with his eyes shut ; then let him open his eyes, and shut them again instantly. By this means, he will see the whole marble in motion ; he will fear lest he find the whole group changed when he opens his eyes again. It might be said that, as it stands, it is a flash of lightning fixed, a wave petrified in the moment it rushes towards the shore. The

same effect is produced by the contemplation of the group by torch-light.

The situations of the three figures are represented with a wise gradation. In the oldest son, only the extremities are entangled; the second is encumbered with more folds, and especially by the knot around his breast; he endeavours to get breath by the motion of his right arm; with the left, he gently holds back the serpent's head, to prevent him from taking another turn around his breast. The serpent is in the act of slipping under the hand, but does not bite. The father, on the other hand, tries to set himself and the children free by force; he grasps the other serpent, which, exasperated, bites him in the hip.

The best way to understand the position of the father, both in the whole and detail, seems to me to be to take the sudden anguish of the wound as the moving cause of the whole action. The serpent has not bitten, but is just now biting, and in a sensitive part, above and just behind the hip. The serpent inflicts a wound upon the unhappy man, in a part where we are excessively sensitive to any irritation, where even a little tickling is able to produce the action which in this case is caused by the wound. The figure starts away towards the opposite side, the body is drawn in, the shoulder forced down, the breast thrust out, the head sinks towards the wounded side; the secondary portion of the situation or treatment appears in the imprisoned feet and the struggling arms; and thus from the contrast of struggle and flight, of action and suffering, of energy and failing

strength, results an harmonious action that would perhaps be impossible under other conditions. We are lost in astonishment at the sagacity of the artist; if we try to place the bite in some different position the whole action is changed, and we find it impossible to conceive one more fitting. It is, moreover, important to remark, that as the artist exhibits a sensible effect, he also gives a sensible cause. The situation of the bite renders necessary the present action of the limbs. The movement of the lower part of the figure, as if to fly, the drawing in of the body, the downward action of the shoulders and the head, the breast forced out, nay, the expression of each feature of the face, all are determined by this instant, sharp, unlooked for irritation.

Far be it from me to destroy the unity of human nature, to deny the sympathetic action of the spiritual powers of this nobly complete man, to misconceive the action and suffering of a great nature. I see also anguish, fear, horror, a father's anxiety pervading those veins, swelling that breast, furrowing that brow. I freely admit that the highest state of mental as well as bodily anguish is here represented; only let us not transfer the effect the work produces on us too hastily to the piece itself; and, above all, let us not be looking for the effect of poison in a body which the serpent's fang has but just reached. Let us not fancy we see a death-struggle in a noble, resisting, uninjured, or but slightly wounded frame. The highest pathetic expression that can be given by art hovers in the

transition from one state to another. If during the transition there still remain evident traces of a previous state, the result is the noblest subject for plastic art, as in the case of the Laocoon, where action and suffering are shown in the same instant.

The choice of subject is one of the happiest that can be imagined. Men struggling with dangerous animals, and animals that do not act as a mass or concentrated force, but with divided powers; that do not rush in at one side, nor offer a combined resistance, but capable by their prolonged organization of paralyzing three men without injuring them, or more or less. From the action of this numbing force, results, consistently with the most violent action, a pervading unity and repose throughout the whole. The different action of the serpents is exhibited in gradation. The one is simply twined around its victims, the other becomes irritated and bites its antagonist. The three figures are in like manner most wisely selected—a strong well-developed man, but evidently past the age of greatest energy, and therefore less able to endure pain and suffering. Substitute in his place a robust young man, and the charm of the group vanishes. Joined with him in his suffering are two boys, small in proportion to his figure, but still two natures, susceptible of pain.

The struggles of the youngest are powerless; he is tortured, but uninjured. The father struggles powerfully, but ineffectually; his efforts have rather the effect to exasperate the opposed force. His opponent, becoming

irritated, wounds him. The eldest son is least encumbered. He suffers neither pressure nor pain; he is terrified by the sudden wounding of his father, and his movement thereupon; he cries out, at the same moment endeavouring to free his foot from the serpent's fold: here then is spectator, witness, and accessory to the fact; and thus the work is completed.

All three figures exhibit a twofold treatment, and thus the greatest variety of interest is produced. The youngest son strives to get breath by raising his right arm, and with his left hand keeps back the serpent's head; he is striving to alleviate the present, and avert the impending evil: the highest degree of action he can attain in his present imprisoned condition. The father is striving to shake off the serpent, while he endeavours instinctively to fly from the bite. The oldest son is terrified by his father's starting, and seeks at the same time to free himself from the lightly-twined serpent.

Man has for his own and others' sufferings, only three sorts of sensations,—apprehension, terror, and compassion; the anxious foreseeing of an approaching evil, the unexpected realization of present pain, and sympathy with existing or past suffering; all three are excited by and exhibited in the present work, and in the truest gradation.

Plastic art, labouring always for a single point of time, in choosing a pathetic subject, seizes one that awakens terror; while on the other hand, Poetry prefers such as excite apprehension and compassion. In the group of

Laocoon, the suffering of the father awakens terror, and that in the highest degree. Sculpture has done her utmost for him, but, partly to run through the circle of human sensations, partly to soften the effect of so much of the terrible, it excites pity for the younger son, and apprehension for the elder, through the hope that still exists for him. Thus, by means of variety, the artists have introduced a certain balance into their work, have softened and heightened action by other action, and completed at once a spiritual and sensible whole.

In a word, we dare strongly affirm that this work exhausts its subject, and happily fulfils all the conditions of art. It teaches us that if the master can infuse his feeling of beauty into reposing and simple subjects, the same can also be exhibited in the highest energy and worth, when it manifests itself in the creation of varied character, and knows how, by artistic imitation, to temper and control the passionate outbreak of human feeling.

Finally, a word concerning this subject in its connection with poetry.

It is doing Virgil and the poetic art a great injustice to compare even for a moment this completest achievement of Sculpture with the episodical treatment of the subject in the *Æneid*. As soon as the unhappy wanderer, *Æneas*, has to account how he and his fellow citizens were guilty of the unpardonable folly of bringing the famous horse into their city, the Poet must hit upon some way to provide a motive for his treatment. This is the origin of the whole, and the

story of Laocoon stands here as a rhetorical argument, to justify an exaggeration which is essential to the design. Two monstrous serpents are brought out of the sea with crested heads; they rush upon the children of the priest who had injured the horse, encircle them, bite them, slaver them, twist and twine about the breast and head of the father as he hastens to their assistance, and hold up their heads high in triumph, while the victims, enclosed in their folds, scream in vain for help. The people are horror-struck, and fly at once; no one dares to be a patriot longer, and the hearer, satiated with the horror of the strange and dreadful story, is willing to let the horse be brought into the city.

Thus in Virgil, the story of Laocoon serves only as a step to a higher aim, and it is a great question whether the occurrence be in itself a poetic subject.

THE FARNESE BULL

(Apollonius and Tauriscus of Tralles, Second Century B. C.)

WALTER COPLAND PERRY

OF the same Rhodian school as the sculptors of the Laocoon group are the artists, probably brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Tralles, in Caria (southeast of Ephesus), which in the middle of the Second Century B. C. was incorporated into his kingdom by Attalus II. of Pergamon, and may have been the channel through which Rhodian art found its way into Mysia. These artists were sons of Artemidorus, and adopted sons of Menecrates, who was, perhaps, their teacher. Their great work, which represented "Zethus, Amphion and Dirce, also the Bull and the rope of the same stone" was brought from Rhodes (to which great centre the artists had probably sent it) to Rome, where it was in the possession of Asinius Pollo. A magnificent group, probably the original work mentioned by Pliny, was found in the Baths of Caracalla in 1546, and was transferred from the Palazzo Farnese in Rome to Naples in 1786, where it forms one of the principal ornaments of the Museo Nazionale under the name of the Farnesian Bull (Toro Farnese). This famous work was discovered in a very mutilated condition, and seems to have been restored in the time of Caracalla. In the Sixteenth Century, it was again restored by Guglielmo della Porta,



THE FARNESE BULL, NAPLES MUSEUM

who appears to have taken the bust of Caracalla as a model for the new head of Zethus. Did we not know that the upper part of Dirce's figure and her arms were restorations, we should wonder at her isolated position, since her only material connection with the other figures is formed by her left hand, with which she clasps the leg of Amphion. The proper situation is probably indicated by the onyx cameo at Naples, in which Zethus is represented dragging her towards himself by the hair while she seizes the knee of Amphion with one hand and holds up the other in piteous deprecation. In the cameo the rope is already round the body of Dirce and the horns of the bull, and nothing remains but to tear her away from Amphion and let loose the furious monster, which the two powerful youths can scarcely hold. As far as we know, the myth of Dirce's fate was not treated in any epic poem; and no other plastic representation of it has been found except this group and a relief (sculptured pillar) in a temple at Cyzicus founded by Attalus II. in memory of his mother Apollonis. Which of these works is the older we have no means of deciding, but they are both founded on the legend in the shape given to it by Euripides in his tragedy "Antiope"—of which some fragments have been preserved. Antiope, daughter of Nycteus, King of Thebes, having become a mother by that universal parent Zeus, fled from the wrath of her father to Eleutheræ, on Mount Cithæron, where she brought forth Zethus and Amphion. The sons of Zeus were committed to the care of shepherds of the neighbouring mountain

while the mother went to Sicyon and lived under the protection of King Epopeus. Meanwhile Lycus had succeeded his brother Nycteus at Thebes, and taken on himself the task of punishing Antiope for her frailty. He makes war on Epopeus, destroys Sicyon, and gives Antiope as a slave to his wife Dirce. Unable to endure the cruelties inflicted on her by her jealous mistress, Antiope once more flies to Mount Cithæron, and begs the protection of her as yet unrecognized sons Zethus and Amphion. The fugitive is, however, soon discovered by Dirce, a devoted worshipper of Bacchus, whom the celebration of a Bacchic festival brings to the wilds of Cithæron, and Antiope is condemned by the implacable queen to be bound to a wild bull. The supposed shepherds, Zethus and Amphion, are ordered to carry the sentence into execution, and are on the point of unconsciously committing matricide when the mystery of their birth is revealed to them by the shepherds who had reared them. Dirce is then substituted by the infuriated sons for Antiope, and after suffering horrible tortures, is changed by Dionysus into a fountain.

The subject has in some respects a close analogy with that of the Laocoon, inasmuch as in both the horrible and pathetic are carried to the highest pitch, and are entirely divorced from any moral significance. In both, too, the execution of the dread purpose is left to blind brute agents from whom no mercy can be looked for.

In one respect, however, the Farnesian Bull is more in accordance with the Greek spirit than the Laocoon, in that

it represents the moment *before* the catastrophe, and does not harrow us with the sight of Dirce's crushed and tortured frame. Yet we are brought so near to the terrible *dénouement* that imagination presents to us in a glaring light the horrors which the next moment will bring forth. There is something revolting in the idea that two strong men and an impetuous bull unite their utmost efforts to destroy a helpless supplicating woman; and no remembrance of her intended crime can altogether reconcile us to her fate.

Unlike the Laocoon, which can only be seen to advantage from one point, the Farnesian Bull was intended for a central position, in which it could be looked at from all sides. The principal action is best seen from a point opposite to Dirce, but the figures are so arranged that each side presents a complete picture. Besides the three principal actors, we see a motionless female form which stands isolated behind Dirce and Amphion, and in which we immediately recognize Antiope. Her head is restored, so that we are left to guess what her feelings were on seeing her enemy undergo the punishment destined for herself, and may hope that it is pity, though "Revenge is sweet, especially to women." At her right hand is a boy with a syrinx and a garland on his head, seated or rather fixed to the ground, in his character of mountain god; and near him is a dog, of which all but the paws is restored.

One of the chief peculiarities of the group, in which it differs very widely from the Laocoon, is the abundance of pictorial detail designed to mark the occasion and the local-

ity of the action. The rocky ground represents the heights of Mount Cithæron, and the presence of various wild animals indicates, in a manner hitherto unknown to sculpture, the remoteness and wildness of the scene. We are reminded of a religious festival which attracted Dirce to the spot by the woven *cista*, or basket, from which the Dionysiac Snake has crept forth, and the broken Thyrsus, the Ivy, and the Hide of some feline animal, which Dirce has just thrown off.

Some writers, and especially Ottfried Miller, have endeavoured to import a more tender element into the dreadful scene by crediting Amphion with a sentiment of pity for his victim. Dirce, they say, appeals to him alone, as the less cruel of the two, and his attribute, the lyre, by his side is supposed to indicate the gentler feelings of the poet and minstrel. It is the harsher Zethus, they point out, who drags the unhappy queen by the hair, and is about to bind her to the bull. Amphion is, as it were, the half-reluctant co-operator, carried away by the implacable fury of his sterner brother. This idea of the difference of character between the twin brothers is familiar to literature, and the well-known lines of Horace illustrate very aptly O. Miller's interpretation of the Farnesian Bull.

The generality of observers will hardly rise to the point of view from which these subtle distinctions are perceptible, and will see in Amphion only a powerful young hero with difficulty controlling the impetuous efforts of a furious bull to free itself from his grasp.

If we would do justice to this striking production of the Rhodian school we must take into account the period to which it belongs. We must acknowledge that the subject is destitute of all ethical meaning; that it is chosen as best calculated to goad the imagination into a waking dream of horror; that with the sole effect of giving full expression to his ideas, the artist has employed all the means within his reach, whether suitable or unsuitable to the nature of his art; that, in fine, he has grievously "o'erstepped the modesty" of sculpture. Yet if, forgetting for a moment the lessons we have learned in the school of Phidias, we take it for what it is, the product of the same period as the sometimes grand, impetuous, and glowing, but often turgid, tawdry, and bombastic grandiloquence of Rhodian Oratory, it is impossible to deny it our meed of admiration. It would be difficult to mention any work of plastic art which tells its own story so completely as this; and the skill with which all the persons and incidents of the terrible drama are brought into the focus of one pregnant moment is worthy of great praise. The form and attitude of the powerful youths are grand and imposing, and stand out in very effective contrast to the wild plunging of the maddened bull, on the one hand, and the blooming luxurious beauty of the queenly Dirce, on the other. The whole conception and character of the work smacks of a Bacchic frenzy, which suits well with the myth from which it springs, and the spirit and colour of Rhodian art.

It must always remain doubtful whether the "Toro Far-

nese" is the very work of the Trallesian artists, as we are inclined to think that it is. The composition is wonderfully good, considering the extraordinary complication and difficulty of the subject, and the circumstance that the group was intended to be seen from all sides. The chief fault in it is that the upper part of the group is rather overloaded, thus giving it the air of being somewhat top-heavy.

We find the *motif* of the Farnesian Bull on a bronze coin of Thyateira in Lydia, struck in the reign of Alexander Severus, and on a gem, as well as on the Neapolitan cameo noticed above.

THE VENUS OF MILO

(*Alexandros of Antiocheia, First Century, B. C.*)

WALTER COPLAND PERRY

VENUS OF MELOS is probably the work of Alexandros, son of Menides of Antiocheia.

It is with no little reluctance that we place this noblest conception of the female form among the works of this late period. But the evidence, both external and internal, constrains us to refer it to that age of genial eclecticism and imitation to which we owe such marvels of art as the Belvedere Torso and the Borghese Warrior. We must regard this grandest and noblest representation of the mighty Goddess with the same feelings as are inspired by the rare golden days of autumn, which rival in beauty and surpass in charm and interest the uniform brightness of the height of summer.

The Venus of Melos was discovered in 1820 by a peasant in a niche of the buried walls of the old town of Melos in the island of the same name. It was purchased by the French Ambassador at Constantinople, the Marquis de Rivière and presented by him to Louis XVIII., who placed it in the Louvre. It is composed of two blocks of marble, which unite just above the garment which envelops her legs.¹ Of the arms, which are both unfortunately lost, the

¹ Statues (not colossal) are seldom composed of more than one block.

left was made separately and fixed to the body. The tip of the nose has been added in modern times; and at an earlier period that part of the left foot which projects from the drapery was restored, but so badly that it was removed again. The ears are pierced for rings.

Two years later (1822) *part of a left arm and a left hand grasping an apple* were discovered which many persons still consider to belong to the statue. They certainly *look* like the results of a clumsy attempt to restore the missing parts.

M. de Longpérier, in a letter to Friederichs, declares that the plinth inscribed with the name of Alexandros was found at the same time as the statue and brought to Paris and there purposely destroyed: "*On avait dit au Roi Louis XVIII. que la statue était l'œuvre du célèbre sculpteur de Phryné (Praxiteles), et je crois que ce fut la cause de la perte de l'inscription.*"

The attitude of the Goddess is a very peculiar one, not easy to be accounted for. She stands proudly erect, inclining from the waist upwards to the right, but facing slightly round to the left. She rests the whole weight of her stately form on the right leg while the left foot, which is lost, was raised and rested on some object—a helmet or tortoise. Her *pose* affords an example of that pleasing undulation of the human form, which, according to Winckelmann, was first introduced by Lysippus. The beautiful rhythm, however, is obscured by the loss of the fine arms which must have belonged to so majestic and superb a figure. The lower limbs of the statue, which is nude to



VENUS OF MILO, LOUVRE

the hips, are draped rather than clothed in a mantle, which is arranged solely with a view to artistic effect. The too small head is supported by a too long neck, and the oval of the haughty face is shorter than in most of the statues of the preceding period. The upper eyelid extends farther than usual beyond the lower, which is slightly raised in the manner characteristic of Aphrodite. It is this formation which makes the eye itself look longer than it really is, and imparts somewhat of the winning, languishing expression, which assures us that, after all, this stern, disdainful woman *is* the Goddess of Love. The ears are partly covered by the hair, which is simply and elegantly tied into a knot at the back of the head, like that of the Medicean Venus. The nude forms are moulded with admirable power on the grandest scale, with a clearness and purity of outline worthy of the best period of Grecian art. The figure is ideal in the highest sense of the word; it is a form which transcends all our experience, which has no prototype or equal in the actual world, and beyond which no effort of the imagination can rise. As we contemplate with something like awe this *beau-idéal* of proud, majestic womanhood, our thoughts naturally recur to the very different form under which the Goddess is represented to us in the Florentine statue. In the latter we see the tender, delicate form of a young girl in the first flush of youth, who feels the influence of the love which she inspires, and whose charming face expresses at once her bashful timidity and half-conscious coquetry. The former, whose grand form is that of

a fully developed woman, stands before us in quiet majesty—proud, cold and self-sufficing; lovable, indeed, but seeking no love from us (*nihil indiga nostri*). It is no longer the ideal of a lovely woman, it is the *Goddess* who does not condescend to ask or try to win our homage, but demands it by her mere presence as of right divine.

The peculiarity of the attitude of the Venus de Melos and the loss of her arms, which might explain it, have given rise to countless theories respecting the action in which she is engaged. Everything about her, except her lustrous beauty, even the material from which she is carved, is a matter of dispute. If the hand with the apple were genuine, we should have the Cyprian queen in the act of holding up the prize. According to another interpretation, she is contemplating her own victorious charms in the polished surface of Mars's shield. If she was satisfied with the reflection, her pleasure is very ill expressed, and the direction of her gaze is far too high. It is inconceivable, too, that the artist would choose to conceal the greater portion of her glorious form by the interposition of a large shield. The most extraordinary explanation is that broached by M. Geskel Salomons, who thinks that the Venus of Melos once adorned a gymnasium, and stood on one side of Heracles as Pleasure, as a pendant to Virtue on the other, in a group representing the famous Choice of Heracles!

If we choose to regard her as a single and independent figure, the most plausible explanation of her attitude is suggested by the beautiful statue called the *Victory of Brescia*,

which is really a Venus restored as a Nike with wings and buckler, probably in the time of Vespasian, who founded the temple where it was discovered. She is there represented as holding a buckler in her left hand, on which she is inscribing the names of fallen heroes. The Aphrodite of Melos may also be compared with the Venus Falerone (from Valeria in Picenum), to which it bears a very striking resemblance, except that the latter is clothed, while the former is nude.

The difficulty of explaining her attitude satisfactorily as a single figure appears to most observers insuperable. De Quincey was the first to suggest that she formed part of a group with Ares, whose anger she is endeavouring to appease by her caresses; and he refers to a medal of Faustina the younger in support of this view. The expression of her face gives no countenance to this hypothesis. Millingen also thinks that she is standing by the side of Mars, but he regards the pair in the more serious light of a *couple conjugal*. This is, perhaps, the best explanation which has as yet been brought forward. M. Ravaisson, of the Louvre, agrees with him to a considerable extent, and has greatly facilitated the formation of a sound opinion by placing several similar figures in the room adjoining that which the Venus de Melos occupies alone as becomes her rank.

The "group theory" derives confirmation from the well-known statue of Hadrian and Sabina in the Louvre, in which the latter is evidently copied from the Melian Aphrodite and Hadrian from Mars Borghese in the same museum. The action of Venus-Sabina, who lays her hand

on the breast of Mars-Hadrian, would very well suit the position of our statue. Similar groups may be seen in the Capitoline Museum at Rome and at Florence, and the *motif* was evidently a favourite one. This view of the case, which seems the best, does not necessitate a love scene, in which the Goddess is evidently not in a mood to take a part. She is grave and stately, as becomes her character as an object of worship in a temple, and as consort of the powerful God of War.

The Venus de Milo is justly admired, not only for the grandeur of its design, the perfection of its proportion, and the exquisite moulding of the superb and luxuriant form, but for the vivid freshness of the flesh and the velvet softness of the skin, in which it stands unrivalled in ancient and modern art. The extraordinary skill with which minute details, such as the folds of skin in the neck, are harmonized with the ideal beauty of the whole is beyond all imitation and all praise. The lifelike effect of this wonderful masterpiece is greatly enhanced by the rare and perfect preservation of the epidermis and by the beautiful warm yellowish tinge which the lapse of centuries has given to the marble.

In the drapery it is rather the execution, which is very meritorious, than the design, which we admire. It is not in accordance with the practice of the best period to use the dress as a mere ornament to heighten the effect of the nude. This is too evidently done in the case before us; for the drapery—which is gracefully arranged round the lower limbs, and out of which the beautiful nude form rises like a

flower from its calix—could not possibly remain where it is for a single moment. Such a want of truth, such an *artifice de toilette*, is a strong argument against the claim of this statue to belong to the age of Phidias, or even Scopas.

THE VENUS DE' MEDICI¹
(*Cleomenes, First or Second Century, A. D.*)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I WENT this morning to the Uffizi gallery. I chiefly paid attention to the sculpture. There were many beautiful specimens of antique, ideal sculpture all along the gallery,—Apollons, Bacchuses, Venuses, Mercurys, Fauns,—with the general character of all of which I was familiar enough to recognize them at a glance. The mystery and wonder of the gallery, however, the Venus de' Medici, I could nowhere see, and indeed was almost afraid to see it; for I somewhat apprehended the extinction of another of those lights that shine along a man's pathway, and go out in a snuff the instant he comes within eyesight of the fulfillment of his hopes. As I passed from one room to another my breath rose and fell a little, with the half-hope, half-

¹The Venus de' Medici, by Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus, a Greek artist living in Rome in the First or Second Century of the Christian Era. This universally celebrated statue was found in eleven fragments in the Portico of Octavia at Rome, for the adornment of which it was in all probability originally executed. The whole of the right and left arms from the elbow downwards are restored. Traces of gilding were visible on her hair on its first discovery; her ears are pierced for rings, and she wears an armlet on her left arm. A comparison of the Venus de' Medici with the extant copies of the Cnidian Aphrodite leaves no room for doubt that Cleomenes drew his inspiration from that lovely darling of the Grecian world. Whether this Medici Venus was discovered in the gardens of Nero on the Tiber, or in the Portico of Octavia, as was long supposed, is



VENUS DE' MEDICI, UFFIZI GALLERY

By Cleomenes

fear, that she might stand before me. Really, I did not know that I cared so much about Venus, or any possible woman of marble. At last, I caught a glimpse of her through the door of the next room. It is the best room of the series, octagonal in shape and hung with red damask, and the light comes down from a row of windows, passing quite round, beneath an octagonal dome. The Venus stands somewhat aside from the centre of the room, and is surrounded by an iron railing, a pace or two from her pedestal in front, and less behind. I think she might safely be left to the reverence her womanhood would win, without any other protection. She is very beautiful, very satisfactory; and has a fresh and new charm about her un-reached by any cast or copy. The hue of the marble is just so much mellowed by time as to do all for her that Gibson tries or ought to try to do for his statues by colour, softening her, warming her almost imperceptibly, making her an inmate of the heart, as well as a spiritual existence. I felt a kind of tenderness for her, an affection, not as if she

uncertain; but its inscription stating it to be by Cleomenes, son of Apollonios, is proved by Michaelis to be a falsification of the Seventeenth Century, A. D. On the removal of the statue to Florence, it was seriously broken; and its restoration was undertaken, after 1677, by Ercole Ferrata, to whom are due the lean fingers, so out of keeping with the dainty and soft feet. Venus here, in variation from the original by Praxiteles, is not represented as engaged with the bath, all intimations of which are wanting; but we simply see a nude female looking out into the world, and covering herself with both hands. Associated with her is a dolphin referring perhaps to her connection with the sea. The dolphin is ridden by a child, who serves to support her, and may be Venus's son Cupid.—
L. M. Mitchell.

were one woman, but all womanhood in one. Her modest attitude, which, before I saw her I had not liked, deeming that it might be an artificial shame, is partly what unmakes her as the heathen goddess, and softens her into a woman. There is a slight degree of alarm, too, in her face; not that she really thinks anybody is looking at her, yet the idea has flitted through her mind, and startled her a little. Her face is so beautiful and intellectual, that it is not dazzled out of sight by her form. Methinks this was a triumph for the sculptor to achieve. I may as well stop here. It is of no use to throw heaps of words upon her; for they all fall away, and leave her standing in chaste and naked grace, as untouched as when I began.

She has suffered terribly by the mishaps of her long existence in the marble. Each of her legs has been broken into two or three fragments, her arms have been severed, her body has been broken quite across at the waist, her head has been snapped off at the neck. Furthermore, there have been grievous wounds and losses of substance in various tender parts of her person. But on account of the skill with which the statue has been restored, and also because the idea is perfect and indestructible, all these injuries do not in the least impair the effect, even when you see where the dissevered fragments have been re-united. She is just as whole as when she left the hands of the sculptor. I am glad to have seen this Venus and to have found her so tender and so chaste. . . .

I paid another visit to the Uffizi gallery this morning,

and found that the Venus is one of the things the charm of which does not diminish on better acquaintance. The world has not grown weary of her in all these ages; and mortal man may look on her with new delight from infancy to old age, and keep the memory of her, I should imagine, as one of the treasures of spiritual existence hereafter. Surely, it makes me more ready to believe in the high destiny of the human race, to think that this beautiful form is but nature's plan for all womankind, and that the nearer the actual woman approaches it, the more natural she is. I do not, and cannot think of her as a senseless image, but as a being that lives to gladden the world, incapable of decay and death; as young and fair to-day as she was three thousand years ago, and still to be young and fair as long as a beautiful thought shall require beautiful embodiment. I wonder how any sculptor has had the impertinence to aim at any other presentation of female beauty. I mean no disrespect to Gibson or Powers, or a hundred other men who people the world with nudities, all of which are abortions as compared with her; but I think the world would be all the richer if their Venuses, their Greek Slaves, their Eves were burnt into quicklime, leaving us only this statue as our image of the beautiful. I observed to-day that the eyes of the statue are slightly hollowed out, in a peculiar way, so as to give them a look of depth and intelligence. She is a miracle. The sculptor must have wrought religiously, and have felt that something far beyond his own skill was working through his hands. . . .

We called at the Powers's yesterday. He was very cordial and pleasant, as I have always found him, and began immediately to be communicative about his own works, or any other subject that came up. There were two casts of the Venus de' Medici in the rooms, which he said were valuable in a commercial point of view, being genuine casts from the mould taken from the statue. He then gave us a quite unexpected but most interesting lecture on the Venus, demonstrating it, as he proceeded, by reference to the points which he criticised. The figure, he seemed to allow, was admirable, though I think he hardly classes it so high as his own Greek Slave or Eva; but the face, he began with saying, was that of an idiot. Then, leaning on the pedestal of the cast, he continued: "It is rather a bold thing to say, isn't it, that the sculptor of the Venus de' Medici did not know what he was about?"

Truly it appeared to me so; but Powers went on remorselessly, and showed, in the first place, that the eye was not like any eye that Nature ever made; and, indeed, being examined closely, and abstracted from the rest of the face, it has a very queer look,—less like a human eye than a half-worn buttonhole! Then he attacked the ear, which, he affirmed and demonstrated, was placed a great deal too low on the head, thereby giving an artificial and monstrous height to the portion of the head above it. The forehead met with no better treatment in his hands, and as to the mouth, it was altogether wrong, as well in its general make as in such niceties as the junction of the skin of the

lips to the common skin around them. In a word, the poor face was battered all to pieces and utterly demolished; nor was it possible to doubt or question that it fell by its own demerits. All that could be urged in its defence—and even *that* I did not urge—being that this very face had affected me, only the day before, with a sense of higher beauty and intelligence than I had ever then received from sculpture, and that its expression seemed to accord with that of the whole figure, as if it were the sweetest note of the same music. There must be something in this; the sculptor disregarded technicalities, and the imitation of actual nature the better to produce the effect which he really does produce, in somewhat the same way as a painter works his magical illusions by touches that have no relation to the truth if looked at from the wrong point of view. But Powers considers it certain that the antique sculptor had bestowed all his care on the study of the human figure, and really did not know how to make a face. I myself used to think that the face was a much less important thing with the Greeks, among whom the entire beauty of the form was familiarly seen, than with ourselves who allow no other nudity.

After annihilating the poor visage, Powers showed us his two busts of Proserpine and Psyche, and continued his lecture by showing the truth to nature with which these are modelled. Still insisting upon the eye, and hitting the poor Venus another and another and still another blow on that unhappy feature, Mr. Powers turned up and turned inward

and turned outward his own Titanic orb,—the biggest, by far, that ever I saw in mortal head,—and made us see and confess that there was nothing right in the Venus and everything right in Psyche and Proserpine. Powers has had many difficulties on professional grounds, and with his brother artists. No wonder! He has said enough in my hearing to put him at swords' points with sculptors of every epoch and every degree between the two inclusive extremes of Phidias and Clark Mills. . . .

Yesterday we went to the Uffizi gallery, and, of course, I took the opportunity to look again at the Venus di Medici after Powers's attack upon her face. Some of the defects he attributed to her I could not see in the statue; for instance, the ear appeared to be in accordance with his own rule, the lowest part of it being about in a straight line with the upper lip. The eyes must be given up, as not, when closely viewed, having the shape, the curve outwards, the formation of the lids that eyes ought to have; but still, at a proper distance, they seemed to have intelligence in them beneath the shadow cast by the brow. I cannot help thinking that the sculptor intentionally made every feature what it is, and calculated them all with a view to the desired effect. Whatever rules may be transgressed, it is a noble and beautiful face,—more so, perhaps, than if all rules had been obeyed. I wish Powers would do his best to fit the Venus's figure (which he does not deny to be admirable) with a face which he would deem equally admirable and in accordance with the sentiment of the form.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS

(Probably a portrait with a favourite battle horse, 160-180 A. D.)

EDWARD HUTTON

TO climb up to the Capitol to-day past the Trophies of Marius, between the statues of the Dioscuri into the Piazza built at the suggestion of Michelangelo, as a great and splendid chamber, one might think, for the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, is to come into a world of ghosts, of ghosts which have always ruled the world. In spite of its fame, perhaps even because of it, the Capitol has kept nothing of its antiquity, save the Gemonian steps and a few ruined boulders of the Tabularium. Before you is the Palazzo del Senatore, a foundation of Boniface in 1389, which in the hands of Michelangelo and Sixtus V. became the modern building we now see. To the left is the Capitoline Museum built for the most part under Innocent X., after a design by Michelangelo, while to the right is the Palazzo dei Conservatori, a foundation of Nicholas V., rebuilt, again in the manner of Michelangelo, under Pius IV. in 1564. Nothing at all remains of the time of the Republic or the Empire; only in the midst of the Piazza formed by these three palaces rides the philosophic Emperor as though in stoic contemplation, a ghost in the midst of ghosts, as it were an exile in his own city.

The most famous spot in the world you might think has become nothing but a vast museum.

It is the same with the hills that on either hand tower over the Piazza, the true *Capitolium* to the right, the dwelling-place of Jupiter Capitolinus, which has returned to something of its primitive wildness of which Virgil speaks : *Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis* and to the left the Arx, the sacred citadel of Rome beside which stood the temple of Juno Moneta—Juno of warning, where Christianity has built a shrine to Madonna. And yet in spite of the absence of any building of the Rome of antiquity, it is chiefly of her you think amid the work of the Middle Age, of the Renaissance, of the world of to-day, that so strangely, it seems, at first at any rate, everywhere confronts you there on the caput and citadel of the world. Little by little, however, as you linger there you come to understand that as everywhere in Rome, you cannot divide the old from the new, nor Antiquity from the Middle Age, nor either from the modern world. In her immortal life the one has proceeded from the other, and was not made nor created anew. They were moods, as it were, of the City : nor can we say of anything eternal that it was young and grows old. For as a melody is lost in a melody so in her ever-living soul antiquity passed into mediævalism, into modernity, each following other in perfect and lovely sequence ; and the last is there because of the first, the new because of the old.

And since this is the life of Rome, we shall find it perfectly expressed on the Capitol, which has always, as it



MARCUS AURELIUS, ROME

were, summed up the City and served for the whole world as a symbol of it. Because it was here that Curtius died for the people, that Tiberius Gracchus fell in their cause, and Marcus Brutus, after the death of Cæsar, spoke in defence of the Republic and his crime, therefore in the Middle Age it was on the Capitol that Arnold of Brescia, Stefaneschi of Trastevere, Cola di Rienzo and Stefano Porcari would have proclaimed the Republic; and because of all these things it is there Italy has to-day set up her monument to him in whom, when all is said, she found again both unity and freedom.

It is true that the mere material continuity in brass and stone is not so manifest. Yet the bare fact that over and over again everything that has been built here has been swept away is indicative at least of the passionate love that has always surged around this hill. If in the Middle Age the home of the Senator was set here, it was not by chance; for the Capitol has always been the citadel of the Republicanism of the people, that, smouldering all through the Middle Age and the Renaissance, is even yet by no means extinguished. In some sort the Senator may still be said to dwell here on the Capitol, and the Palazzo dei Conservatori is even yet the meeting-place of the ancients of Rome. While in the Capitoline Museum opposite to it, the Romans have for ages placed their most precious possessions, those statues in marble and bronze carved or cast by their ancestors which of old adorned the Forum or the Palaces of the Cæsars.

It was Michelangelo, himself a passionate Republican and always so unwillingly the servant of princes, who brought hither the most priceless treasure of the City, that equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in gilded bronze, creating for it a magnificent chamber, fairer far, we may believe, than that we see, which was contrived out of his design by his disciples.

The statue is indeed a stranger here where it seems so perfectly in place, for of old it stood before the Arch of Septimus Severus in the Forum, till Sergius III., struck by its beauty perhaps, and looking for a champion, thinking it was Constantine, placed it in front of the Lateran Palace. That was in the first years of the Tenth Century. Then towards the end of the same century, when there seemed to all but a reprieve of less than forty years before the Day of Judgment, the end of the world, the Emperor Otho the Great set John XIII. on the Throne of the Fisherman against the popular will. The Barons, as always ready for any excuse, roused the City, the Captains of the Regions, led by the Prior Peter the Prefect, followed them, and seizing Pope John out of the Lateran threw him into Castel S. Angelo, driving him at last to exile in Campania, till Conte Goffredo, the head and front of the mischief, being murdered, they set the Pope at liberty, who returned to Rome. Then came the Emperor at Christmas time to do justice on the Roman people. And he took the Captains of the Regions and hanged twelve of them, and Peter the Prefect he bound naked on an ass and set an earthen jar on his

head and had him flogged through the City. And when he was dead he hung his body—what was left of it—by the hair to the head of the great bronze horse, on which, as he thought, Constantine rode before the Lateran that all might see his justice on his enemies.

Called by the pilgrims Theodoric, by the people Quintus Curtius, and by the clergy Constantine, it stood for more than five hundred years before the Lateran after it had served Otho for a gallows. It was ever held in veneration by all, and in the wild joy of the Tribune of Rienzo the people filled the bronze belly of the horse with wine and water, so that water flowed from one of its nostrils and wine from the other. So greatly was it held in honour that though Michelangelo and the Pope had long wished to remove it from the Lateran to its present position here on the Capitol, the Canons in whose care it was were only won to consent in 1536, demanding in acknowledgment of their rights payment from the Senators. So every year a bunch of flowers was and is still presented by the City to the Chapter: a custodian "Custode del Cavallo" being appointed with a salary of ten scudi annually to guard it. And so well did Michelangelo understand the ever-living City, that he was not ashamed to make the pedestal out of one of the pillars of the Temple of the Dioscuri.

THE ROCK CARVINGS OF ELEPHANTA

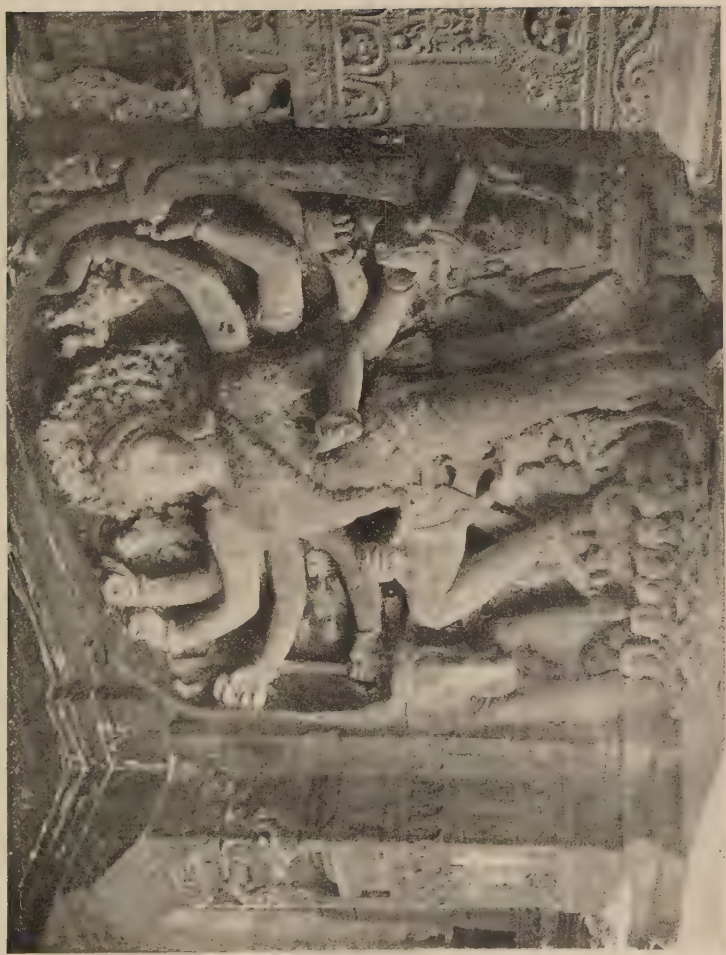
(About 800, A. D.)

JAMES FERGUSON AND JAMES BURGESS

THE island of Elephanta, or Gharapuri, as it is called by the Hindus, is about six miles from Bombay, and four from the shore of the mainland. It was named Elephanta by the Portuguese from a large stone elephant thirteen feet two inches in length and about seven feet four inches high, that stood near the old landing-place on the south side of the island.

The great cave is in the western hill of the island, and at an elevation of about 250 feet above high-water level. It is hewn out of a hard compact trap rock, which has also been cut away on either side, leaving open areas affording entrances from its east and west sides. The principal entrance faces the north. We may consider the body of the cave as a square of about ninety-one feet each way. It is supported by six rows of columns, six in each row, except at the corners and where the uniformity is broken on the west side to make room for the shrine, or Sacellum, which occupies a space equal to that enclosed by four of the columns.

The pillars closely resemble those of the Dherwara Buddhist caves and of several of the Brahmanical caves at Elura, with a thick projecting cushion-shaped member as



SIVA, CAVES OF ELEPHANTA

the principal feature of the capital. Imitations of wooden beams over the pillars run across the cave.

It is a matter of some difficulty to fix the age of this temple and the only record that could have helped us to its solution has long been lost. Architecturally we may regard it as probably belonging to the latter part of the Eighth or beginning of the Ninth Century of our era.

The most striking of the sculptures is the famous colossal three-faced bust, at the back of the cave facing the entrance, called a Trimurti, or tri-form figure. It occupies a recess ten and a half feet deep and twenty-one feet, six inches in width, rising from a base about two feet, nine inches in height. In the corners of the opening, both in the floor and lintel, are holes as if to receive door posts, and in the floor is a groove, as if a screen had been used for occasionally concealing the sculpture, or perhaps there was a railing here to keep back the crowd.

The central face has a mild and tranquil appearance; the lower lip is thick; the breast is ornamented with a necklace of large stones or pearls, and below it a rich jewel breast ornament; in the left hand he holds what may represent a gourd, as the *kamandala* or drinking-vessel of an ascetic Brahman or Yogi. The right hand, like the nose, has been mutilated, but, when it was entire, it perhaps held the snake, the head of which still remains behind the right ear. The head-dress or *mukuta* is fastened by the folds or bands that encompass the neck; it is richly wrought, and high up on the right side it bears a crescent, a peculiar emblem of

Siva.¹ The jewel in front "is certainly," as Mr. Erskine remarks, "both for elegance and beauty one of the finest specimens of Hindu taste anywhere to be met with."

The face to the spectator's left is that of Rudra, or Siva as the Destroyer. His right hand comes up before his breast, and the cobra, one of his favourite symbols, is twisted round the wrist, and with its hood expanded looks him in the face, while he appears to contemplate it with a grim smile. His tongue appears between his slightly parted lips, and at a corner of the mouth a tusk projects downwards. The brow has an oval prominence in the centre, representing the third eye which Siva has in his forehead—always represented on his images vertically as opening up the forehead.

The third face of the Trimurti, that to the spectator's right, has always been regarded, and perhaps correctly, as Siva in the character of Vishnu the Preserver, holding in

¹ "His first or destructive character is sometimes intensified, and he becomes Bhairava, 'the terrible destroyer,' who takes a pleasure in destruction. He is also Bhuteswara, the lord of ghosts and goblins. In these characters he haunts cemeteries and places of cremation, wearing serpents round his head and skulls for a necklace, attended by troops of imps and trampling on rebellious demons. He sometimes indulges in revelry, and, heated with drink, dances furiously with his wife Devi the dance called Tandava, while troops of drunken imps caper round them. Possessed of so many powers and attributes, he has a great number of names, and is represented under a variety of forms. One authority enumerates a thousand and eight names, but most of these are descriptive epithets, as Trilochana, the three-eyed; Nila-Kantha, the blue-throated, and Panchanana, the five-faced. Siva is a fair man with five faces and four arms. He is commonly represented seated in profound thought, with a third eye

his right hand one of his emblems, a lotus flower. It is very tastefully sculptured with festoons of pearl pendants on the head-dress.

On each side of the Trimurti recess is a pilaster in front of which stand gigantic *dwarpalas*, or doorkeepers. The one to the right is twelve feet, nine inches high, and is now the most entire of the two. The cap, like most of those on the larger figures, is high and has round it a sort of double coronal of plates. The left arm leans on the head of a *Pisacha*, or dwarf demon, who is about seven feet high, and has on his head a wig with a smooth surface; he wears a necklace and a folded belt across his stomach.

The *dwarpala* on the east side is thirteen feet, six inches high, and is similarly attended by a dwarf *Pisacha* standing in a half crouching attitude, with prominent eyes, and thick lips, between which his tongue hangs out.

The compartment to the east of the Trimurti contains

in the middle of his forehead, contained in or surmounted by the moon's crescent; his matted locks are gathered up into a coil like a horn, which bears upon it the symbol of the river Ganges, which he caught as it fell from heaven; a necklace of skulls hangs round his neck and serpents twine about his neck as a collar; his neck is blue from drinking the deadly poison which would have destroyed the world, and in his hand he holds a trident called *Pinaka*. His garment is the skin of a tiger, a deer or an elephant; sometimes he is clothed in a skin and seated upon a tiger skin, and he holds a deer in his hand. He is generally accompanied by his bull *Nandi*. He also carries the bow *Ajagava*, a drum in the shape of an hour-glass, the *Khatwanga*, or club with a skull at the end or a cord for binding refractory offenders. His *Pramathas*, or attendants, are numerous, and are imps and demons of various kinds. His third eye has been very destructive."—*James Dowson*.

many figures grouped about a gigantic Arddhanari not unnaturally mistaken by European visitors ignorant of Hindu mythology for an Amazon. This figure is sixteen feet, nine inches in height; it leans to the right, which, as usual in the representations of Arddhanari, is the male side, and with one of its four arms rests on the bull Nandi. The head-dress is the usual high one, with two heavy folds descending on the left or female side of it and reaching the shoulder, while the right side differs in ornamentation and bears a crescent. On the left side the hair falls down along the brow in a series of small ringlets, while on the right there is a line of knobs at the under edge of the cap. The back pair of hands is in fair preservation, the right holds up the *naga*, or cobra, the left a metallic mirror, and has rings on the middle and little fingers. Opposite to the upturned back left arm Vishnu is represented riding upon Garuda. Vishnu has here four arms, the front left arm seems to have rested on his knee, the other is raised and holds his *chakra*, or discus.

On the right or male side of Arddhanari, and on a level with Vishnu and Garuda, are Indra and Brahma, the latter seated on a lotus throne supported by five wild geese which are his *vahana*.

In a recess between Brahma and the uplifted right arm of Arddhanari is Indra the king of the Vaidik gods, the Jupiter Pluvius of the old Hindus, the god of the firmament, riding on the celestial elephant Airavati who sends the rain from his trunk. He holds the *vagra*, or thunder-

bolt, in his left hand, and in his right what may have been the *ankus*, or goad, for driving the elephant. Numerous other figures fill up the remainder of the compartment.

The compartment to the west of the Trimurti is thirteen feet wide by seventeen feet in height, with a base rising two feet, six inches from the floor. The two principal figures are Siva and, at his left hand, his *sakti*—Parvati or Uma.

The figure of Siva is sixteen feet high and has four arms; the two left ones are now broken off. As elsewhere, he has a high cap with three pointed plates rising out of the band of it, and a smaller one in front of that on the forehead. Between these is a crescent over each temple. From the crown rises a sort of cup or shell in which is a singular three-headed female figure of which the arms are broken off. It probably represents the three principal streams, which, according to Hindu geography, form the main stream of their sacred river, namely, the Ganga, Yamuna, or Jamna, and the Saraswati.

On Siva's left stands Parvati, about twelve feet, four inches high, wearing a circlet round the brow, from under which the hair is represented in small curls round the brow. The head-dress rises in tiers, and has a pointed plate in front, and behind the neck on the right side is a sort of cushion, perhaps of the back hair. Her dress comes over the right leg, the corner falling to the ankle, and then passes over the left leg, and a loose robe hangs over her right arm.

On Siva's right are Brahma and Indra. On Parvati's left we find Vishnu on Garuda.

Passing to the west porch, we come to the fourth compartment which represents the marriage of Siva and Parvati, in which she stands at his right hand, a position which the wife rarely occupies except on the day of her marriage. At Siva's left, crouching on his hams, is a three-faced Brahma who is acting the part of priest in the ceremony.

In the fifth compartment, Siva and Parvati are represented seated together on a raised floor and both adorned as in the other sculptures. Behind Parvati's right shoulder stands a female figure with a child astraddle on her left side. This is probably intended to represent a nurse bearing Karttikeya, called also Skanda and Mahasena, the war-god, the son of Siva, born to destroy the power of Tarak, a giant demon, who by penance secured such power that he troubled earth, hell, and heaven, deprived the gods of their sacrifices, and drove them in pitiable fright to seek the aid of Brahma. Other figures of attendants fill up the rest of the compartment.

On the north side of the east portico is a compartment facing the last and similar to it in which Siva and Parvati again appear seated together in the upper half of the recess attended by Bhringi, Ganesa and others. Under them is the ten-faced Ravana, King of Lanka or Ceylon, the grandson of Pulastya. According to the legend, Ravana got under Kailasa, or the Silver Mountain, that he might carry it off to Lanka, and so have Siva all to himself and make sure of his aid against Rama. Parvati perceiving the move-

ment, called in fright to Siva, on which he, raising his foot, pressed down the mount on Ravana's head, and fixed him where he was for ten thousand years, until his grandfather Pulastya taught him to propitiate Siva and perform austerities, after which he was released, and became a devoted Saiva. Ravana's back is turned to the spectator, and a sword is stuck in his waistband; his faces are entirely obliterated, and only a few of his twenty arms are now traceable.

Passing again to the west end of the cave, the principal figure—Kapalabhrīt—has been a standing one, about eleven and one-half feet in height. The head-dress is high and has much carving upon it, with a skull and cobra over the forehead and the crescent on the right. The face is indicative of rage, the lips set with tusks projecting downwards from the corners of the mouth, and the eyes large as if swollen. Over the left shoulder and across the thighs hangs the *mundamala*, or rosary of human skulls. A weapon seems to have been stuck into the waist cloth, of which some folds hang over the right hip. His arms were eight, but five of them with both the legs are now broken. The small human body on his left was transfixed by the short spear held in the front left hand. The second right hand wields a long sword, without guard, with which he seems about to slay his victim, the third left hand holds a bell as if to intimate the moment to strike the fatal blow, and the second presents a bowl under the victim to receive its blood while a cobra twists round the arm. The third right hand held up a human form by the legs. This is

Bhiarava or Kapalabhrit, a form of Rudra or Siva, and one of the most common objects of worship among the Maratha people.

The eighth compartment is that on the right side when entering the north portico. The figure of Siva in the centre is about ten feet, eight inches in height. It has had eight arms, nearly all broken. The head-dress secured by a band, passing under the chin, is the usual high one.

To the left of Siva is a female figure six feet, nine inches high, probably Parvati. She wears large ear-rings, rich bracelets, and a girdle with carefully carved drapery, but her face and breasts are defaced. Brahma, Vishnu, Indra, Bhringi, Ganesa and others attend on Mahadeva as he dances the Tandava, or great dance, which he performs over the destruction of the world.

Facing the last is a compartment containing Siva as Mahayogi, or the Great Ascetic. Not only in the position given to the ascetic does this figure resemble that of Buddha, but many of the minor accessories are scarcely disguised copies. Siva has only two arms, both of them now broken off at the shoulder; he is seated cross-legged on a *padmasana*, or lotus seat, and the palms of his hands probably rested in his lap between the upturned soles of the feet. The stalk of the lotus forming the seat is upheld by two figures shown only down to the middle, corresponding to the Naga-canopied supporters of the *padmasana* of Buddha. The attendants of course are different, one of them being Uma or Parvati.

THE DAIBUTSU

(*Thirteenth Century*)

BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN

IMMEDIATELY behind the temple of Hachiman is a small hill called *Shirabata-yama*, whence Yoritomo is said to have often admired the prospect. The base of the hill has been enclosed and laid out as a garden.

The Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, stands alone among Japanese works of art. No other gives such an impression of majesty, or so truly symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism—the intellectual calm which comes of perfected knowledge and the subjugation of all passion. But to be fully appreciated, the Daibutsu must be visited many times.

There had been a temple in this place since the Eighth Century, but the image is of much later date. Its precise history is involved in obscurity. Tradition, however, says that Yoritomo, when taking part in the dedication of the Daibutsu at Nara, conceived the desire of having a similar object of worship at his own capital, but died before he could put the plan into execution. One of the ladies of his court undertook to collect funds for the purpose, and in the year 1252 the Kamakura Daibutsu was cast by Ono Goroemon. History tells of two such images. The first, a wooden one, was designed by a priest who collected money far and wide amongst all classes, and in 1238 the head of the image,

eighty feet in circumference, was in its place, while the temple in which it stood was completed in 1241 and dedicated in 1243. This image is said to have represented Amida,¹ and to have been destroyed by a tempest. The second is spoken of as a gilt bronze image of Shaka, and the casting is said to have been begun in 1252. The present one represents Amida, and notwithstanding the difference of name, is probably the bronze image spoken of above as dating from 1252. It was enclosed in a large building fifty yards square, whose roof was supported on sixty-three massive wooden pillars. Many of the stone bases on which they stood are still *in situ*. The temple buildings were destroyed by tidal waves in 1369 and 1494, after which they were not rebuilt. Since that time the image has remained exposed to the elements.

The Daibutsu is best seen from about half-way up the approach. Its dimensions are approximately as follows :

Height, forty-nine feet, seven inches ; circumference, ninety-seven feet, two inches ; length of face, eight feet, five inches ; width from ear to ear, seventeen feet, nine inches ; round white boss on forehead, one foot, three inches ; length of eye, three feet, eleven inches ; length of

¹ Amida (Sanskrit *Amitābha*), a powerful deity dwelling in a lovely paradise to the West. Originally Amida was an abstraction, the ideal of boundless light. His image may be recognized by the halo (*gokō*) surrounding not only the head but the entire body, and by the hands lying on the lap, with the thumbs placed end to end. The spot on the forehead is emblematical of wisdom. The great image (*Daibutsu*) at Kamakura represents this deity.



THE DAIRUTSU, KAMAKOURA

eye-brow, four feet, two inches; length of ear, six feet, six inches; length of nose, three feet, nine inches; width of mouth, three feet, two inches; height of bump of wisdom, two feet, four inches; curls (of which there are 830) height, nine inches; diameter of curls, one foot; length from knee to knee, thirty-five feet, eight inches; circumference of thumb, three feet. The eyes are of pure gold and the silver boss weighs thirty pounds avoirdupois. The image is formed of sheets of bronze cast separately, brazed together, and finished off on the outside with the chisel. The hollow interior of the image contains a small shrine, and the visitor may ascend into the head.

THE DAIBUTSU

AIMÉ HUMBERT

WE went to see the Daibutsu, which is the wonder of Kamakura. This statue is dedicated to the Daibutsu, that is to say, to the great Buddha, and may be regarded as the most finished work of Japanese genius, from the double points of view of art and religious sentiment. The Temple of Hatchiman had already given us a remarkable example of the use which native art makes of nature in producing that impression of religious majesty which in our northern climates is effected by Gothic architecture. The shrine of Daibutsu differs considerably from the first which we had seen. Instead of the great dimensions, instead of the illimitable space which seemed to stretch from portal to portal down to the sea, a solitary and mysterious retreat prepares the mind for some supernatural revelation. The road leads far away from every habitation; in the direction of the mountain it winds about between hedges of tall shrubs. Finally, we see nothing before us but the high road, going up and up in the midst of foliage and flowers; then it turns in a totally different direction, and all of a sudden, at the end of the alley, we perceive a gigantic brazen Divinity, squatting with joined hands, and the head slightly bent forward, in an attitude of contemplative ecstasy. The involuntary amazement produced by

the aspect of this great image soon gives place to admiration. There is an irresistible charm in the attitude of the Daibutsu, as well as in the harmony of its proportions. The noble simplicity of its garments and the calm purity of its features are in perfect accord with the sentiment of serenity inspired by its presence. A grove, consisting of some beautiful groups of trees, forms the enclosure of the sacred place, whose silence and solitude are never disturbed. The small cell of the attendant priest can hardly be discerned amongst the foliage. The altar, on which a little incense is burning at the feet of the Divinity, is composed of a small brass table ornamented by two lotus vases of the same metal, and beautifully wrought. The steps of the altar are composed of large slabs forming regular lines. The blue of the sky, the deep shadow of the statue, the sombre colour of the brass, the brilliancy of the flowers, the varied verdure of the hedges and the groves, fill this solemn retreat with the richest effect of light and colour. The idol of the Daibutsu, with the platform which supports it, is twenty yards high; it is far from equal to the statue of St. Charles Borromeo, which may be seen from Arona on the borders of Lake Maggiore, but which affects the spectator no more than a trigonometrical signal-post. The interiors of these two colossal statues have been utilized. The European tourists seat themselves in the nose of the holy cardinal. The Japanese descend by a secret staircase into the foundations of their Daibutsu, and there they find a peaceful oratory, whose altar is lighted by a ray of sunshine

admitted through an opening in the folds of the mantle at the back of the idol's neck. It would be idle to discuss to what extent the Buddha of Kamakura resembles the Buddha of history, but it is important to remark that he is conformable to the Buddha of tradition.

The Buddhists have made one authentic and sacramental image of the founder of their religion, covered with characters carefully numbered, with thirty-two principal signs and eighty secondary marks, so that it may be transmitted to future ages in all its integrity. The Japanese idol conforms in all essential respects to this established type of the great Hindu reformer. It scrupulously reproduces the *pose*, the meditative attitudes; thus it was that the sage joined his hands, the fingers straightened, and thumb resting against thumb; thus he squatted, the legs bent and gathered up one over the other, the right foot lying upon the left knee. The broad, smooth brow is also to be recognized, and the hair forming a multitude of short curls. Even the singular protuberance of the skull, which slightly disfigures the top of the head, exists in this statue, and also a tuft of white hairs between the eyebrows, indicated by a little rounded excrescence in the metal.

All these marks, however, do not constitute the physiognomy, the expression of the personage. In this respect the Daibutsu of Kamakura has nothing in common with the fantastic dolls which are worshipped in China under the name of Buddhas, and the fact appears worthy of notice, because Buddhism was introduced into Japan from China.

In spite of some difference in style, and of its exceptional dimensions, the noble Japanese statue is the fellow of those of which great numbers are to be seen in the islands of Java and Ceylon; those sacred refuges which were opened to Buddhism when it was expelled from India. There the type of the hero of Contemplation is preserved most religiously, and appears under its most exquisite form, in marvellous images of basalt, granite and clay, generally above the human statue. This type, for the most part conventional, although purely authentic in the eyes of faith, is, especially for the Cingalese priests, who are devoted to the art of statuary, the unique subject of the indefatigable labour by which they strive to realize ideal perfection. They have in fact produced work of such purity as has hardly been surpassed by the Madonnas of Raphael.

Japan has inherited somewhat of the lofty tradition of the Buddhist Isles. Apostles from those distant shores have probably visited it. On the other hand, it has suffered to an extreme degree, and under the influence of its nearest neighbours, all the fatal consequences of the doctrine of the master himself, and especially the monstrous vagaries of his disciples. M. Martin Arzelier remarks in his *Chrétien Evangélique* that it would be an unprofitable task to undertake to trace the pure and abstract doctrine of the founder of the "Good Tao" in Japanese Buddhism. The Proteus of Greek fable, he adds, is not less intangible than the Good Tao in its metamorphoses among the various peoples of Asia and the Far East.

THE PORTALS OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

(Thirteenth Century)

WILHELM LÜBKE

IN France we perceive the first appearance of a new style of sculpture with the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. There is no longer any trace of the ascetically severe and constrained style which prevailed there at the end of the last century. The full and vigorous figures with their free and bold attitude and various drapery form in every respect a striking contrast to the earlier works. While in these, awkwardness of bearing and an expression of monastic constraint seem the ideal of the sculptor, the masters of the new epoch boldly and gladly turned their gaze upon the rich life that surrounded them with its varying beauty, and in independent plastic ornament the awakened love of nature declared itself.

We first meet with the style in its complete development in the statues of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris which was built by Peter of Montereau (1245-1248) by order of Louis IX. In the statues of the Apostles, and in the small figures of angels in the interior, every trace of the rudeness of the earlier style has vanished, and the expression of ecclesiastical dignity is blended with free worldly grace; yet in such a manner, that the latter occasionally triumphs over



STATUES ON PORTAL OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

the former. For here for the first time, there appeared that fondness of the new style for giving the figures an elastic swing and a lightness of movement, by drawing in one side of the body and allowing the other correspondingly to bend out, thus placing the figures in a bold diagonal position in contrast to the strictly perpendicular lines of the architecture.

The new style, however, displays its highest beauty and splendour in the façade of Rheims Cathedral, the rich ornament of which belongs to the concluding decades of the century. Not merely are the three mighty portals covered with plastic figures, but the surfaces of the buttresses, the projection above the portals, and the space over the great wheel window in the central aisle are adorned with reliefs, and the baldachin of the splendid gallery crowning the whole, and also the buttresses are ornamented with statues, so that architecture here appears almost lost in the most magnificent sculpture. All the dignity and grace of the style here reaches a truly classical expression. Nevertheless, even here, in one of the master-works of the period, we perceive great variety in the mode of treatment. There are heavy, short statues, with clumsy heads of the most stupid expression, similar to the earlier works at Chartres; others are of the most elegant beauty, full of nobleness and tender grace, slender in proportion, and with their drapery falling in splendid folds; the movements charmingly free, and the heads full of smiling loveliness and mild, sublime dignity; others, again, are exaggeratedly tall, awkward in their pro-

portions, with small, grinning and distorted heads and affected attitudes. If in these we perceive the exaggerated mannerism with which insipid workers endeavoured to imitate the style of their better contemporaries, the more clumsy statues appear as works of artists who had remained behind in the advance of the art, and had not been able fully to extricate themselves from the typical stiffness of the earlier period. It is a matter of course, however, that, with the immense mass of sculptures demanded by the time, the most different artistic powers must have been employed. Yet beauty and successful effort appear to predominate.

The arrangement itself is of the utmost grandeur. The whole surfaces of the three portals and of the buttresses that surround them are treated as an unbroken gallery of statues more than life size amounting in all to four-and-thirty. On the central pillar of the main portal is a Madonna, who has here been accorded the first place, while at Paris and Amiens she was obliged to be satisfied with a side portal. This figure does not belong to the best works of the period, the proportions being too slender, and in the countenance the effort after grace has led to a vacant smile and somewhat pinched features. The drapery, although good in the main idea, is somewhat too ingeniously and affectedly arranged. On the other hand, the other statues of the principal portal are for the most part of great beauty. The artist has adopted an excellent expedient for giving them higher life and greater variety of mutual relation, for

scarcely one of them is standing alone, but they are all combined in groups, in which may be recognized the Annunciation, the Circumcision, and other incidents from the life of the Virgin. The manner in which the figures are turned towards each other has something in it of the graceful action which accompanies the confidential intercourse of intimate persons. The refined habits of worldly society are mirrored in these groups, just as they are subsequently in the so-called *Sante Conversazione* of Italian painting. Thus, in the Annunciation, the angel is turning with extreme grace to the Virgin; the venerable figure of the high priest is stretching out his arms with gentle kindness towards the Infant Christ, to receive Him for circumcision, while the two assisting personages are bending forwards with an air of attention. Side by side with all this splendour of drapery, others again produce an effect from the homely simplicity of the grand folds with which the garment falls. (Two female figures were renewed in the Renaissance period.)

At the south portal the southern row exhibits heavy, awkward figures with large heads, though even these display throughout an effort after life and action. We see Abraham with Isaac kneeling before the altar, Moses with the Tables of the Law, St. John with the Lamb, Simeon with the Infant Christ, and two other saints. On the other hand, the northern row of the same portal, consisting of bishops and kings, is among the most beautiful and perfect works of the whole cathedral; the attitudes are easy and

free, the drapery is treated with distinctness, and is excellent in its variety of character ; the heads alone are at times hard, sharp, and poor.

The most uniform in treatment are the figures of the north portal. We here see a figure of the greatest youthful grace, holding in his right hand a book, and with the left raising the mantle and pressing it against his bosom, so that the folds fall grandly and flowingly down to the feet ; also a St. Stephen, whose deacon's attire, in its simple treatment, no less beautifully reveals the modesty of his whole bearing. Two angels are extremely charming, who are nodding confidently to a simple and noble-looking saint standing between them. All these works breathe the utmost perfection of style. Boundless, however, is the abundance of plastic ornament, which is everywhere introduced on the walls and on the archivolts in graceful reliefs, small figures, and groups, all containing a world of naïve beauty and life. On the three great tympanums above the portals and the two outer buttresses we see in the centre the Crowning of the Virgin ; on the left the Crucifixion ; and on the right Christ enthroned and surrounded by angels with instruments of torture ; and lastly, on the two outermost compartments, the Annunciation is depicted ; all are full of life and energy, and admirably arranged within the space allotted.

An abundance of characteristic touches force themselves upon the eye of the spectator with regard to the artistic feeling and the study of nature that marked the masters of

these grand works. Thus, on the archivolts of the main portal, we find a St. Sebastian displaying accurate anatomical detail and excellent execution. Riders and their horses are repeatedly depicted in true and lifelike attitudes. The figures of mature and old men are, for the most part, treated in a thoroughly characteristic and even individual manner, the wrinkles on the neck and forehead are delineated, and a sharp prominence is given to the features, though the drapery is in the usual style. Others, on the contrary, which are to retain an ideal form, such as angels, youths, women and the Saviour, acquire a more typical and general stamp, and exhibit a softer, fuller, and tenderer treatment. The hair and beard are also employed as means of characterization. While in the sterner figures they are arranged in hard curls, like those of the earlier style, in the more beautiful works they exhibit a freedom and delicacy; and by wavy softness, large flowing curls, or by thick masses, they characterize with great nicety the age and sex.

The prime of the Thirteenth Century has been well compared with the brilliant epoch of Greek art in the time of Phidias. In both there is a similar enthusiasm for highest interests, and a disregard of the material details of life; in short, that *elevated* tone of feeling which can alone produce creations of a purely ideal character. Both start with a store of sacred traditions transmitted from an earlier period, and both find spread out before them a series of typically-established figures, to which, with their finer sense of nature and their deeper feeling, they are able to impart

greater life. For in the one as in the other, it was not the new that was desired, but ever the old and the traditional, the well-known and familiar creations of the myths that lived in the popular mind. Hence in the ever-recurring subjects, the art could work its way to a fixed style, to greater freedom, and lastly, to the utmost grace. To this was added its combination with architecture, a combination so similar, although at the same time so different. One thing above all exhibits great affinity with the antique, namely, that the decoration of a church in the Thirteenth Century presented to the sculptor as great a variety of tasks as the adornment of a Greek temple had formerly done. Every kind of sculpture was employed: the colossal statue, either separate or combined into free groups; graceful statuettes, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, introduced on consoles and archivolts; the most extensive *haut-relief* and the most delicate *bas-relief*, and even these in the most varied architectural framework, either on the sides of pillars, or in fringe-like strips, or in pointed pediments. This rich variety afforded plastic art the opportunity for advancing towards freedom in the most manifold manner.

As regards statues, the essential difference is that the Greek sculptors aimed, above all, at the representation of human beauty, sifting to the utmost the laws of physical organization; and that even the drapery with them was arranged only with respect to the figure, the build and beauty of which it was designed to betray and even to exhibit in every fold. On the other hand, among the sculptors of

the Thirteenth Century, who had to represent Christian subjects, and therefore to render the soul and the spiritual faculties perceptible in the physical form, the body was of less importance ; it was only felt in its general proportions, and it was, moreover, veiled in drapery, which slightly intimated the movements by the grand flow of the folds, just like a melody sustained by accompanying instruments. Thus Christian feeling created a plastic style in harmony with itself, and found suitable expression for everything falling within its range. The charming loveliness of the angels, the calm blessedness of the glorified and the saints, the seriousness of the Apostles, the resigned humility of the martyrs, the gentle purity of the teaching Saviour, and His solemn dignity as Judge—all this has never been more purely and nobly portrayed in plastic art than at this period.

THE BAPTISTERY DOORS, FLORENCE

(*Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti, 1378-1455*)

ERNEST H. SHORT

THE new spiritual atmosphere, with its strong artistic potentialities, which followed the preaching of St. Francis, was much more favourable to the painter's art than to that of the sculptor. Giotto was able to give adequate expression to the dominant ideas of his age with much greater freedom than such an artist as Andrea Pisano. This general tendency unfavourable to the growth of a vigorous school of Italian sculpture continued for a long time. Its effect in turning the budding artist's dreams towards painting or influencing his work in unsculpturesque fashion cannot be doubted. Perhaps this can be most fully illustrated by the subsequent history of the doors of the Florentine Baptistery. Andrea Pisano had erected the first of the three bronze doors seventy years earlier. The political difficulties in the latter part of the Fourteenth Century prevented the Florentine's completing the work. In 1403, however, as a thank-offering after the great plague of 1400, the Guild of Florentine merchants decided to complete the bronze doors of the Baptistery. The commission was offered for public competition and advertised throughout Italy. The account left by Lorenzo Ghiberti,



BRONZE DOORS, BAPTISTERY, FLORENCE

By Ghiberti

the eventual winner, enables us to realize the effect of the news.

Ghiberti had been born in 1381, so that he was barely out of his teens when the announcement of the Florentine Guild was published. He had been educated as a goldsmith, a craft which always flourishes when wealth is accumulating, civil disorders are frequent and banking systems insecure. It provides a ready means of hoarding a small store against a time of stress. But to an artist of ardent imagination and real ambition like the young Ghiberti, the narrow limits set by goldsmithery were cramping. Reading between the lines, we can now see that he was seriously contemplating abandoning his own art for the more expressive art of painting. He had indeed taken the first step. In a passage from his own manuscript he narrates :

“In my youth, anno Christi 1400, moved both by the corrupted air of Florence and the bad state of the country, I fled with a worthy painter who had been sent for by Signor Malatesta of Pesaro, and he gave us a room to paint, which we did with great diligence. My soul was at this time much turned towards painting, partly from the hope of the works in which Signor Malatesta promised to employ us, and partly because my companion was always showing me the honour and utility which would accrue to me. Nevertheless, at this moment, when my friends wrote to me that the governors of the Baptistery were sending for masters whose skill in bronze working they wished to prove,

and that from all Italian lands many *maestri* were coming to place themselves in this strife of talent, I could no longer forbear, and asked leave of Signor Malatesta who let me depart."

Coming to Florence, Ghiberti found himself opposed to six of the best sculptors of Italy. There was Filippo Brunelleschi, who afterwards became famous as the architect of the dome of the Florentine Cathedral. There was also Jacopo della Quercia, the Sienese sculptor. Each competitor received "four tables of brass," and a year was given to prepare a panel representing the "Sacrifice of Isaac." At the end of the time it was evident that the contest had resolved itself into a duel between Ghiberti and Brunelleschi. Nor was there any doubt as to the winner. The panels of both men can still be seen side by side in the National Museum at Florence. They witness to the truth of Ghiberti's boast: "The palm of victory was conceded to me by all the judges and by those who competed with me. Universally the glory was given to me without any exception." The commission was dated November 23, 1403. The Merchants' Guild agreed to pay all expenses—the sum eventually expended upon the pair of gates being 22,000 ducats. The wages of his assistants, who included Donatello, Gozzoli and Uccello, were defrayed by the Guild. Lorenzo himself received 200 florins a year, for which he agreed to give all his time. He was bound to design the panels and execute "the nudes, draperies, and all the artistic parts with his own hand."

Upon the completion of the first pair of gates, those executed by Andrea Pisano (1331-1334) were taken down and Ghiberti's gates erected in the place of honour facing the Cathedral. Nor was this all. Twenty-five years had been spent already. Yet he was ordered to furnish another pair—those which Michael Angelo called "The Gates of Paradise." They were unveiled in 1452, when they in their turn displaced the earlier gates of Ghiberti.

The "Gates of Paradise" represent the zenith that sculpture could attain, following the path indicated by the Pisani, who had been compelled to work largely in relief, owing to the necessity laid upon them of being primarily illustrators of the Scriptures. Ghiberti's last pair of gates, therefore, merit a detailed examination. There are ten panels, five on each door. Upon these are pictured scenes from Old Testament history from the Creation to Solomon. In some of the reliefs, Ghiberti put as many as a hundred figures. Yet the panels never appear crowded. Throughout there is a fine appreciation of the story to be depicted. The beauty of the drawing of the nudes and of the soft flow of the drapery is extreme. It is almost impossible to select a panel which will illustrate all the charms of design and beauties of technique with which the "Gates of Paradise" abound. If one must choose, the panel upon which Ghiberti depicts the Creation of Adam and Eve, the Temptation and the Expulsion from Eden seems to suggest itself. From it we can judge Ghiberti's treatment of the

male and female nude. We can see how marvellously the sense of aerial perspective is rendered by the gradual diminution of relief. The figures nearest the eye are in high relief, the more distant forms being raised to a less and less degree, until the multitude of the heavenly host melt imperceptibly into the bronze background.

Technically—judged from the standpoint of workmanship in bronze—"The Creation Panel" is beyond criticism. Comparing it with a painting by Giotto, or, to take an artist of a later date, by Fra Angelico, we feel, however, that something is lacking. Though the subjects depicted are biblical, Ghiberti's work lacks the spirituality which an artist working under the influence of Giotto, consciously or unconsciously, infused into his work. Italy in the Fifteenth Century had realized the fallacies that underlay the narrow creed of the Church and the too rigid philosophy of the Scholastics.

Ghiberti, like many another Italian artist, could not accept the judgment of the extreme ascetics who saw in the beauties of the human form only snares set by the devil to catch the souls of men. Whatever may have been Ghiberti's personal religious belief, as an artist he knew that such a creed was impossible. He saw that the beauties which the eye could see were his raw material. The mystical artists of the Giottesque school would have cried with Watts, "I paint ideas, not things." Ghiberti worked upon the principle that an artist holding such a creed only

approaches success when he forgets his predilection for ideas in the interest aroused by the beauties of the natural world and particularly by the beauties of the human form.

These broader and human views are traceable to the growing influence of the democracy in the Italian cities. It must never be forgotten that such a work as the "Gates of Paradise" was in every sense a public work. Its general design and its detailed progress were continually supervised by the hard-headed burghers of Florence. When, for instance, Ghiberti was instructed on January 2, 1425, by the consuls of the Guild of Merchants to commence the third pair of gates, he was not free to choose his own subjects. Here is an extract from the letter of Leonardo Bruni d'Arezzo, the Chancellor of the Republic, who actually drew up the general scheme. After detailing the subjects he added :

"It is necessary that he who has to design them should be well instructed in every story, so that he may dispose the characters and scenes to the best effect. I have no doubt that the work as I have designed it will succeed well, but I should like to be near the artist that I may interpret to him the many meanings of the scenes."

It was no small task which the good Chancellor set Ghiberti. Imagine the feelings of a Twentieth-Century sculptor suddenly faced with a demand to give expression to the following subjects in ten panels, within the limits set by a single door :

I.

Creation of Adam.
Creation of Eve.
Temptation.
Expulsion from Eden.

II.

Adam, Eve, and children.
The two sacrifices.
Death of Abel.
Curse of Cain.

III.

Noah leaving Ark.
Noah's sacrifice.
Noah's drunkenness.

IV.

Abraham and the Angels.
The sacrifice of Isaac.

V.

Isaac.
Esau hunting.
The blessing of Jacob.

VI.

Sale of Joseph.
Pharaoh's dream.
Joseph's brethren in Egypt.

VII.

Moses on Sinai.

VIII.

Joshua marching round Jericho.
The Fall of Jericho.

IX.

David and Goliath.
Defeat of Philistines.

X.

Queen of Sheba at Solomon's Court.

Yet Ghiberti's ingenuity was sufficient not only to make the designs but to overcome the immense technical difficulties incidental to carrying them out in bronze. Truth to tell, the commission should never have been given to a sculptor. In addition to the difficulties connected with his own art, Ghiberti was faced with the necessity of adding architectural and landscape backgrounds to his reliefs. He strove to solve problems of perspective which even the painters of his day had not mastered. Indeed, for the designer of the Baptistery gates, sculptural relief was rather a branch of the graphic arts, governed by the rules and subject to the limitations of sculpture. Ghiberti's life's work landed his art in a blind alley. For further progress it was necessary that sculpture should be once more informed with its own definite spirit. Ghiberti, or rather his patrons, had failed to realize that sculpture as a descriptive medium has its limitations. It cannot hope to rival painting in the multiplicity of subjects which it can depict with success. It must, therefore, confine itself to subjects which it can express clearly and vigorously.

ST. GEORGE

(*Donatello, 1383-1466*)

ALFRED GOTTHOLD MEYER

THE first-born among the great masters of Italy was a sculptor: Niccolò Pisano lived a generation before Giotto.

In the Fifteenth Century, too, Italian art again first attains to its full development in sculpture. In painting it commences with Masaccio's frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence, but Donatello was the centre of the new race that now appears in Florentine art.

His statue of St. George stands at the gates of the early Renaissance. This youthful hero is such an advance towards artistic freedom that the entire world of Florentine art at that period is suddenly relegated to the past. With freshness and strength he materializes the most absolute balance of forces: a first act of deliverance.

Heroical, like this St. George, Donatello himself enters the arena of art. He breaks the fetters of mediævalism; he opens a new era. But he does not linger on the threshold. The victor becomes conqueror. He measures the whole domain of his art, taking in and harmonizing the most contradictory ideas. With equal right Donatello is referred to by those who try to find in the early Renaissance a triumph of Northern realism, and by those who under-



ST. GEORGE, FLORENCE

By Donatello

stand it as the first manifestation of the regenerated antique. A Prometheus of his time, he forms human beings of every type. He reflects physical life, exuberant with muscular strength and hot blood, and tottering to the grave in its decrepitude. He listens to the most subtle emotions of the soul, and follows the wildest burst of passion. He promotes the individual in its quiet "existence" to a characteristic type, and dissects the meteor-like "occurrence" into personally effective forces. His fancy gives an entirely new value to every task. Sometimes he borders on absurdity in his one-sidedness, sometimes he employs simultaneously all the means of artistic effect. The harmony of his work melts as in a fiery glow, and his personality—clearly outlined at first—grows demon-like into gigantic proportions out of the sturdy workshop-tradition of the Middle Ages.

One can understand that criticism followed him but with a painful gait. The late Renaissance still admired Donatello. Raphael paid him the greatest homage with which a master can honour his precursor: he learnt from him, he took from him figures and groups and breathed a higher life into them. Michelangelo, through his own work, professed himself his follower. Surely Vasari spoke the mind of these two, when he praised Donatello as the first sculptor since the days of antiquity. But then his image begins to fade. In the Seventeenth Century, we hear but little about him; in the Eighteenth, almost nothing. Cicognara, the first historian of Italian sculpture, resents that Donatello is

not nearly as highly esteemed as he deserves. He has reinstated him in his right place, but he sees only an aberration in his realism, and excuses it in these terms: "If Donatello had already achieved everything, what would have remained for—Canova?" Not much later Ruhmor wrote that Donatello's "spirit is as poor as it is crude."

At that period "spirit" stood for the "spiritual";—a generation later a new art taught that it is the individually conceived element of "life": *that* force which seizes nature in a powerful grasp and places it before us in full freedom. Thus Manet became the leader of modern painting, and Rembrandt and Velasquez were placed at the head of the great masters of the past.

It was then that Donatello came into his own again. The celebration of his fifth centenary became his red letter day in the history of art. The work of his life, which Florence then saw in rare completeness, came as a revelation. The impression was that Donatello had not been properly recognized before. For the future the largest hall of the Museo Nazionale in Florence was to be consecrated to him,—a greater homage than has hitherto been paid to any one among the masters of the Renaissance in Italy.

This enthusiasm is still alive to-day, and international effort has endeavoured to give it a scientific basis. His latest biographer calls Donatello "*il maestro di chi sanno*," the master of those who know.

Donatello was born in Florence, probably in 1386. His Christian name is Donato. His father Niccolò di Betto

Bardi was domiciled near the present Porta Romana in the quarter of S. Pietro in Gattolino. We know no more about his life than about the youth of his famous son. The first documentary reference to his son Donatello occurs in 1406, when he receives payment as independent sculptor. Accounts of his earlier life can only be gathered from indirect and not always reliable sources. Some doubt is already attached to Vasari's statement that Donatello was educated in the house of the Martelli, since this family belonged to the faction against which his father had fought. In accordance with the custom of the time, he received his first instruction in the goldsmith's workshop, which was the training-school for the "*Arte del disegno*," the fine arts in all their forms and techniques.

It was, doubtless, his statues for Or San Michele that made Donatello's name popular. The plan of decorating each outer pilaster of this building with one of the patron saints of the Florentine guilds, a plan that was of the greatest importance for the history of Florentine plastic art, had at first been but slowly realized. Within nearly seventy years (1339-1406) only four marble statues had been erected, when the Signory issued an urgent warning to the backward guilds, and now the niches filled rapidly. Perhaps Donatello participated already as assistant in the St. Philip (1408) and the Four Saints by Nanni di Banco. The St. Peter statue of the butcher's guild is considered his own first work for Or San Michele, but the entirely independent impress of his art first appears in his St. Mark

completed in 1412. In the following years (about 1415) he created for the armourers (*corazzai*) his first famous masterpiece—the St. George, and probably at the same time the predella for its niche—the relief of The Fight with the Dragon. For the sake of better protection the St. George was, in 1886, removed to the National Museum, a copy being placed in the niche of Or San Michele.

The statuettes of Prophets for the cathedral porch, the David at the Bargello, the St. John in the Duomo, the St. Mark and the St. George for Or San Michele represent the first group of Donatello's authenticated works of known date.

All of them are single figures. They placed the young sculptor immediately face to face with the problems of statuesque art. The *trecento* treated the forms of the body only summarily. It was not often called upon to mould the naked human body; in the clothed body it only beheld heavy, or "gothically" broken masses of folds. The artistic perception of the functions of the limbs remained dim, more especially in plastic art. *Trecento* sculpture, in contrast to Hellenic art, proceeded from the relief, not from the statuesque single figure which retained longest of all the fetters of Mediævalism. Even the Pisani lacked the feeling for correct proportions: their statues show mighty heads placed upon dwarfish, short bodies. And when this disproportion gradually disappeared, the statues still retained the lack of organic connection in the whole construction of the body, partly caused by the concern about static

stability. Nobody dared freely to detach the limbs of a marble figure, and again the drapery had to serve as a makeshift. The folds touch the ground in broad masses; the figures certainly appear firm in the static sense, but they do not "stand" like living people. Even at the very end of the *trecento* when Andrea Pisano's reliefs had already adorned the Florence Baptistery for a generation, the Gothic folds of the statues flow over the body so completely that its chief structural forms do not tell. It is true when Donatello commenced to work, Florentine sculpture had already embarked in a new direction.

This direction was pointed out by the antique, and its first decided follower was Nanni di Banco. His four statues in the niche of the stone-cutters and carpenters at Or San Michele have the deportment of, and stand like, good ancient Roman-draped figures. But only just like *draped figures*. Drapery is as yet more important than the body.

Vasari relates that these statues of saints by Nanni would not fit into their niche, and that they had to be cut into shape by Donatello. This sounds very improbable, for Nanni di Banco was certainly at that time a more experienced sculptor than young Donatello. But this anecdote points already to a talent which above all procured Donatello his first successes as a maker of statues: his consideration of the position.

His own statue of St. Mark pleased so little in his workshop that it was only reluctantly accepted, but in its niche at Or San Michele it immediately produced an unsurpassa-

ble effect. This side of Donatello's art has been laid stress upon again and again, and with good reason, for this pleasing quality covers a main secret of his whole power; the great master's gift of seeing his work at any moment in its entirety, as a complete whole. But in the case of a single figure, this signifies at the same time the correct perception and expression of the plastic function of the limbs, within this entirety. This is the great discovery which already makes the young Donatello of Or San Michele superior as statuarist to all his fellow-workers.

The warlike patron saint of the armourers could not be enveloped in flowing folds but in a suit of armour which should cling to the forms as protectingly and yet as pliantly, as their customers might expect from a masterpiece of the craft. They felt proud of their work, if the movable steel plates clung firmly to the body and if the greaves "fitted like a glove." A well-worked coat-of-mail, with its practical division between the parts which have only to act as support, and those which can be freely moved is in itself a work of plastic art. The sculptors in all the great periods of plastic art, from Aristocles, the ancient Greek stone-cutter and master of the Aristion stelé, down to the creators of the Colleoni monument in Venice and the Great Elector in Berlin,—they all knew how to utilize its power of hardening and steeling the limbs.

So did Donatello. It is true, even here he would not entirely abandon the cloak over the shoulder, but he only uses it as a welcome contrast to the armour. His precursors,

following the example of the Pisani, beheld in armour but a basis for rich ornamentation. To Donatello it serves as another means for stiffening and strengthening the forms and organically shaping the silhouettes.

But the question was not alone that of producing an armed warrior, but a youthful hero; not a boy, like David, whose strength is only due to divine help, but a full-blown youth, muscular and sinewy like the champion of the Greek *palæstra*. For the sculptor who was about to discover the most effective statuesque aspect of the human body, this must have been a similar task, as Polycletus in the past found in his athletes. He was now free to materialize his ideal of plastic beauty. And his living model was splendid indeed: strong, elastic, and pleasing to behold, if one excepts the excessively large "heavy" hands. Compare the shoulder, neck and head, with the obtrusive weightiness of the Doryphoros, and then again with the sinewy slenderness of the Apoxyomenos. But models thus favoured are not rare—whilst the St. George is unique! Once more the artistic power which achieved this result rests upon the solving of the statuesque problem: the most masterly feature of this masterpiece is still the *attitude*.

Vasari, better than Francesco Bocchi in his long-winded panegyric, has described the magic spell of this figure: "His attitude gives evidence of a proud and terrible impetuosity . . . and life seems to move within that stone."

The historically trained eye of the present day may in-

deed find another reading. It beholds this youthful champion at the parting of two ages. The Mediæval ideal of chivalry radiates as yet from him—something of that noblest inner strength that sometimes flashed forth in the Crusades. But this hero watches at the same time at the threshold of a new era with unknown joys and perils.

But in this case, as with every great work of art, the appreciation of its purely formal value is alone sufficient. How much the creator of this statue had learnt since his first attempts at statuary,—the little figures of the cathedral-door! It may be well said that this St. George avoids all the faults of his precursors, uniting all their separate qualities: the compactness and weightiness of St. Mark and St. John and the varied movement of David; the greatest wealth of form, tempered by admirable restraint; fascinating charm, natural freshness and a simplicity that is most surprising of all. The whole conception touches the borderland, where the “pose” commences. Remember how puffed-up and obtrusive such an attitude with parted legs appears in Andrea del Castagno’s portrait of Pippo Spano! No trace of it with the St. George! He carries the dignity of genuine art that only works for its own satisfaction, and this is just what makes this statue a masterpiece which has never been surpassed,—not even by its own creator. Donatello’s *statuesque* art has here reached its zenith. With the completion of this first series of figures, he achieves a revolutionary deed which places his art on a new foundation: *the plastic renascence of man in his completeness.*

The fine arts of the Greeks considered body and head of equal importance. That was in keeping with their civilization and disappeared with it, and even more so in Roman art, this balance became shaky; the Christian Middle Ages had destroyed it completely, and neither the Pisani nor the later trecentists were able to recover it. Even Ghiberti had only approached it now and then, as it were, by chance; Quercia had done so with far more energy, without however mastering it as completely as Donatello did in his St. George. Since classic days no human image had been created so entirely "in one piece."

Was Donatello himself conscious of the fact that, by doing so, he was almost directly continuing the work of antique plastics?—To strive after this was certainly in accordance with the spirit of the time, and the ardent desire of becoming once again the peer of the classics could only take one shape in the case of a great sculptor of sure aim: the conception of organic life in the completeness of its appearance. That inner connection really exists between these early works of Donatello's and the ideal of antique plastic art is most clearly evinced by the *heads* of these statues. For they prove that Donatello, notwithstanding his enthusiasm for the "animation" of the accidental model, was, in its selection and rendering, always concerned with the *beauty of youth and manhood*; and through it all gleams, sometimes more and sometimes less, an antique type of ideal.

The "glance" of the St. George has become famous.

The pupils are now wide and sharply outlined, the brows horizontally contracted, but at the same time raised, so that deep furrows appear on the forehead, and a slight bump over the root of the nose. "Full of expectant boldness," Hermann Grimm characterizes the frame of mind; "full of life" is the general praise with which Donatello would probably have contented himself. But his greatest reward would have been the fame which is really his due for this heroic head, that, as Vasari naïvely says, it resembles "the admirable works of the ancient Greeks and Romans more closely than those of any other master had done."

CHILD MUSICIANS: BAS-RELIEFS

(*Luca della Robbia, 1399-1482*)

JACOPO CAVALUCCI AND EMILE MOLINIER

BY the side of the three greatest sculptors of the first half of the Fifteenth Century :—Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello and Jacopo della Quercia, another artist deserves a place to himself ; this artist is Luca della Robbia. Without possessing either their originality or their lofty conception, Luca managed to gain a reputation which he will keep. The head of a family of artists who lasted almost till the end of the Sixteenth Century, carrying on his work, he succeeded, while still remaining a realist, in stamping his sculptures with so profound a feeling of grace and simplicity that very few artists of the early Renaissance so closely approached the Classic style. His works in glazed terra-cotta contributed not a little to his popularity ; but he does not appear in them in completeness ; but much rather in those admirable bas-reliefs that he executed for the organ loft of Santa Maria del Fiore,—still young, but already in the maturity of his talents—must we seek the true character of Luca's work. Nevertheless, it is his sculpture in marble and bronze that is least known, and this fact is readily explained, for his successors produced scarcely anything except in glazed terra-cotta, and so the work of the

head of the school was, so to speak, swamped in the immense mass of their productions.

Others have already done due justice to Della Robbia: M. Barbet de Jouy and Dr. Bode have given us excellent monographs; but the one that seems so far to have best understood the scope of Luca and his successors is the Marquis de Laborde, who has traced a portrait of the elder Luca from which there is nothing to withdraw:

“Luca della Robbia was at the beginning of the Fifteenth Century a sculptor of the first order in Florence. The search for the beautiful by close study of the antique, by persevering imitation of Nature, by purity of form, truthfulness of expression, graceful ingenuity of pose, all these delicate programmes of sculpture were seriously undertaken by Luca; and side by side with the glory of Ghiberti, in competition with Donatello, he had to make the merits of his productions shine in Florence itself, in Santa Maria del Fiore, whether by his chorus of singers, a marvel of nature, or by his religious compositions, which were models of Christian sentiment. In reaching this height, he had done nothing but keep step with the throng of artists who, from the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, were marching frankly and freely along the way opened to all by Niccolò de Pisa. For Luca more than this was needed, for he believed that his genius was capable of expressing more. Worried with the slow work and the monotonous white of the marble, he sought a new, or at least an abandoned mine, and found an unexplored



CHILD MUSICIANS, OPERA DEL DUOMO, FLORENCE

By L. della Robbia

vein, richer than any other. He exploited it alone. Had he already seen the coloured terra-cottas of the ancients which have been discovered for us by modern excavations ? Or had he, a belated traveller, been led alone by the feeling of art along the road followed by the great artists of antiquity ? Nobody knows ; but whatever may have been the first spring of this ingenious development of sculpture, nothing is more interesting in the history of art than the coming of this man who invents alone and works as a family a process which is a whole art and which remained the monopoly of the Della Robbias for two centuries.

Was Luca really the inventor in the exact meaning of the word of the processes of enamel on terra-cotta ? The Marquis de Laborde did not think so : nor do we.

Luca di Simone di Marco della Robbia was born in Florence in 1399 or 1400. "He was carefully brought up till he had learned not only to read and write, but to calculate, according to the custom of the Florentines, so far as might be necessary for him. His father then made him learn the goldsmith's craft under Leonardo di ser Giovanni, regarded as the best master of that art in Florence. Having learned from him to design and model in wax, and becoming more ambitious, Luca began to produce some works in marble and bronze ; and, succeeding with them, he immediately abandoned gold-work and devoted himself to sculpture so intently that he could do nothing but cut marble during the day, and design at night." ¹

¹ Vasari.

There are few of Luca's works of which we have positive evidence. Perhaps some might be found among the bas-reliefs or statues that adorn the exterior of the Florentine Cathedral, and which have not been closely studied hitherto. There would be some chance of finding there some of the works of Luca's youth which would doubtless enable us to determine under what master he studied, and what works chiefly affected his imagination as an artist. For, hitherto, sometimes people have recognized the influence of Donatello upon him, and sometimes an evident imitation of Ghiberti. This, however, is never a servile imitation; Luca has put too much of himself into his works for one to decide which of those great artists he preferred. He seems to have been throughout his life a very laborious artist, of a tranquil nature exempt from those little failings which we are willing to overlook in artists—jealousy, envy, or egotism. He never married, and devoted himself entirely to the education of his relatives, and especially to the artistic instruction of his nephew Andrea. We may be sure that this peaceful, almost austere life, had a powerful influence on the master's work, and that if the sculptures of Luca show a certain calmness of bearing, and a serenity and nobility of expression, they only reflect the state of his soul.

As we have said, the first work confided to Luca by the administrators of Santa Maria del Fiore was the decoration of the organ loft. Begun in 1431, it was not finished till about 1440. Vasari, who wrongly dates this monument

1405, thus describes the masterpiece of the founder of the Della Robbia dynasty:

“In various compartments on the base of this monument, Luca made the choirs of music singing in different ways; and he put into them so much talent and was so successful that though they are at a height of sixteen *brasses* (thirty feet) one can see the swelling of the throats of the singers, the clapping of the hands of those who are reading the music over the shoulders of the singers who are smaller than themselves, and finally, the diverse ways of playing, dancing, singing, and all other movements that are inspired by music.”¹

It was in 1433 that the bas-reliefs for the second tribune were ordered from Donatello; in 1434 Luca competed with him in a clay model of a colossal head destined to be placed over the opening of the cupola of the Duomo. We do not know the issue of this competition, nor whether Luca really modelled the head in question. In fact, that does not matter; what is important is that at that time and afterwards Luca was in constant competition with Donatello.

The ten bas-reliefs sculptured by Luca were long kept in the collections of the Uffizi museum; they were removed to the Museo Nazionale, or Bargello.²

¹ The bas-reliefs were paid for at the rate of thirty-five gold florins for the small ones and sixty for the large. This price was afterwards raised to seventy florins for the second, and proportionately for the first. The gold florin in the Fifteenth Century was equal to ten francs. To-day, it would represent four or five times that sum;—forty-five to fifty francs.

² The South Kensington Museum in London possesses the original de-

We cannot help feeling that Luca succeeded in being quite as much a realist as Donatello, at the same time remaining more amiable. To the fury of the latter, which sometimes is carried beyond all measure, we prefer the suppleness of the former. In the variety of the conception, the harmonious distribution of the groups of singers and dancers, he also shows his superiority ; there are some pieces here that would not be disavowed by antique sculpture. The expressions and the movements, while being quite as varied as in Donatello's work, seem to us more true. Intended for the decoration of a church, we think that Luca formed a more exact idea of what these bas-reliefs should be ; his choirs possess truly something of the divine and the celestial, and surely they are more Christian in character than the bacchic attitudes of Donatello's dancers.

When Luca executed these bas-reliefs, he had veritably reached the apogee of his talent. He possessed all the qualities of a great sculptor : clarity of conception, profound knowledge of design and extraordinary manual dexterity. It was not possible for him to go any higher. If we possessed nothing by him but these ten bas-reliefs, they would suffice to place him among the number of the great artists of the Renaissance.

That is certainly a great merit ; but we think it is sign of one of Luca's groups ; this is the piece that formed the centre of the balustrade, and represents children playing the trumpet. Certain differences between the marble and the terra-cotta seem satisfactory proof that this is really Luca's original sketch.

They are now in the Opere del Duomo.—*E. S.*

going too far to assert that Luca della Robbia, entirely subject to the mystic tendencies of the school of Ghiberti, was very rarely affected by the influence of the naturalistic school of which Donatello was the most glorious representative. Rio, who showed himself the warmest defender of the mysticism in the Italian art of the Renaissance, loudly claims for Luca the merit of having reacted against naturalism. "The glory of having kept sculpture on that course so opposed to contemporary prejudice," he says, "is shared by three men who were already old when Donatello died, but who survived him long enough to change the direction which he had stamped upon his art, particularly in the last years of his long career. These three bold reactionaries, all three born in the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, were Luca della Robbia, Desiderio da Settignano and Mino da Fiesole." That is possible ; but is it not going far to say that the study of the marbles gathered in the gardens of the Medici "ended by occupying only a secondary place in the education of the most popular artists"? Are not the bas-reliefs of the organ loft carved by Luca there to give a striking denial to such a thesis? Is it possible not to recognize in this admirable production the influence which the masterpieces of ancient art must have exercised over the mind of our artist? Luca's naturalism is undoubtedly more tempered than that of Donatello, but none the less it exists in his capital work. In the bas-reliefs of Giotto's Campanile, Luca shows himself no less a naturalist. A little later, it is true, when he

will design the doors of the sacristy of the Duomo, Ghiberti's work will entirely dominate him. In all Luca's works, not only on his sculptures in marble or bronze, but also in his terra-cottas, two contrary influences fight one another without one ever succeeding in completely vanquishing the other ; and the education that Ghiberti had perhaps himself given to our sculptor was never able to efface his profound admiration for Donatello.

BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI

(*Andrea del Verrocchio, 1435-1488, and Alessandro Leopardi, d. 1522*)

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI was born in 1400. . . . He and his mother lived together in great indigence until the lad felt strong enough to enter the service of one of the petty Lombard princes and make himself if possible a captain of adventure. The two great Condottieri, Sforza Attendolo and Braccio divided the military glories of Italy at this period; and any youth who sought to rise in his profession had to enroll himself under the banners of one or the other. Bartolommeo chose Braccio for his master and was enrolled as a simple trooper, with no better prospects than he could make for himself by the help of his talents and his borrowed horse and armour. On which side of a quarrel a Condottiere fought mattered but little: so great was the confusion of Italian politics. Bartolommeo Colleoni early distinguished himself among the ranks of the Bracceschi. But he soon perceived that he could better his position by deserting to another camp. Accordingly he offered his services to Jacopo Caldora, and received from him a commission of twenty men-at-arms.

It is not necessary to follow Colleoni's fortunes in the Regno, at Aquila, Ancona and Bologna. He continued in

the service of Caldora, who was now General of the Church, and had his *Condotta* gradually increased.

At the conclusion of a peace between the Pope and the Bolognese, Bartolommeo found himself without occupation. He now offered himself to the Venetians and began to fight again under the great Carmagnola against Filippo Visconti. His engagement allowed him forty men, which, after the judicial murder of Carmagnola at Venice in 1432, were increased to eighty. Gattamelata was now his general-in-chief,—a man who had risen from the lowest fortunes to one of the most splendid military positions in Italy. Colleoni spent the next years of his life, until 1443, in Lombardy, gradually rising in the Venetian service, until his *Condotta* reached the number of 800 men. Upon Gattamelata's death at Padua in 1440, Colleoni became the most important of the generals who had fought with Caldora in the March. The lordships of Romano in the Bergamasque and of Covo and Antegnate in the Cremonese had been assigned to him,—and he was in a position to make independent engagements with princes. What distinguished him as a general was a combination of caution with audacity. He was a captain who could be relied upon for boldly seizing an advantage, no less than for using a success with discretion. Moreover he had acquired an almost unique reputation for honesty in dealing with his masters, and for justice combined with humane indulgence to his men. His company was popular, and he could always bring capital troops into the field.



STATUE OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI, VENICE

In the year 1443, Colleoni quitted the Venetian service on account of a quarrel with Gherardo Dandolo, the Proveditore of the Republic. He now took a commission from Filippo Maria Visconti, who received him at Milan with great honour, bestowed on him the Castello Adorno at Pavia, and sent him into the March of Ancona upon a military expedition. Of all Italian tyrants this Visconti was the most difficult to serve. While Colleoni was engaged in pacifying the revolted population of Bologna, the Duke yielded to the suggestion of his parasites at Milan, who whispered that the general was becoming dangerously powerful. He recalled him, and threw him without trial into the dungeons of the Forni at Monza. Here Colleoni remained a prisoner more than a year, until the Duke's death, in 1447, when he made his escape, and profited by the disturbance of the Duchy to reacquire his lordships in the Bergamasque territory.

From the year 1447 to the year 1455, it is difficult to follow Colleoni's movements. First, we find him employed by the Milanese Republic, during its brief space of independence; then he is engaged by the Venetians, with a commission for 1,500 horse; next, he is in the service of Francesco Sforza; once more in that of the Venetians, and yet again in that of the Duke of Milan. His biographer relates with pride that, during this period, he was three times successful against French troops in Lombardy and Piedmont. It appears that he made short engagements, and changed his paymasters according to convenience. But all

this time he rose in personal importance, acquired fresh lordships in the Bergamasque, and accumulated wealth. He reached the highest point of his prosperity in 1455, when the Republic of S. Mark elected him General-in-Chief of their armies, with the fullest powers, and with the stipend of 100,000 florins. For nearly twenty-one years, until the day of his death, in 1475, Colleoni held this honourable and lucrative office. In his will, he charged the Signory of Venice that they should never again commit into the hands of a single Captain such unlimited control over their military resources. It was indeed no slight tribute to Colleoni's reputation for integrity, that the jealous Republic, which had signified its sense of Carmagnola's untrustworthiness by capital punishment, should have left him so long in the undisturbed disposal of their army. The Standard and the Bâton of S. Mark were conveyed to Colleoni by two ambassadors, and presented to him at Brescia on June 24, 1455. Three years later he made a triumphal entry into Venice, and received the same ensigns of military authority from the hands of the Doge, Pasquale Malipiero. On this occasion his staff consisted of some two hundred officers, splendidly armed, and followed by a train of serving men. Noblemen from Bergamo, Brescia, and other cities of the Venetian territory, swelled the cortège.

The commandership-in-chief of the Venetian forces was perhaps the highest military post in Italy. It placed Colleoni on the pinnacle of his profession, and made his camp the favourite school of young soldiers. Among his pupils

or lieutenants we read of Ercole d' Este, the future Duke of Ferrara; Alessandro Sforza, lord of Pesaro; Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat; Cicco and Pino Ordelaffi, princes of Forli; Astorre Manfredi, the lord of Faenza; three Counts of Mirandola; two princes of Carpi; Deifobo, the Count of Anguillara; Giovanni Antonio Caldora, lord of Jesi in the March; and many others of less name. Honours came thick upon him. When one of the many ineffectual leagues against the infidel were formed in 1468, during the pontificate of Paul II., he was named Captain-General for the Crusade. Pius II. designed him for the leader of the expedition he had planned against the impious and savage despot, Sigismondo Malatesta. King René of Anjou, by special patent, authorized him to bear his name and arms, and made him a member of his family. The Duke of Burgundy, by a similar heraldic fiction, conferred upon him his name and armorial bearings.

Colleoni had been engaged continually since his earliest boyhood in the trade of war. It was not therefore possible that he should have gained a great degree of literary culture. Yet the fashion of the times made it necessary that a man in his position should seek the society of scholars. Accordingly, his court and camp were crowded with students, in whose wordy disputations he is said to have delighted. Colleoni's court was a model of good manners. As became a soldier, he was temperate in food and moderate in slumber. It was recorded of him that he had never sat more than one hour at meat in his own house, and that he

never overslept the sunrise. After dinner he would converse with his friends, entertaining the company now with stories of adventure, and now with pithy sayings. He was sincerely pious. His principal lordships owed to his munificence their fairest churches and charitable institutions. In Bergamo itself he founded an establishment named "La Pietà" for the good purpose of dowering and marrying poor girls. This house he endowed with a yearly income or 3,000 ducats.

Throughout his life he was distinguished for great physical strength and agility. When he first joined the troop of Braccio, he could race, with his corselet on, against the swiftest runner of the army; and when he was stripped, few horses could beat him in speed. Far on into old age he was in the habit of taking long walks every morning for the sake of exercise, and delighted in feats of arms and jousting matches. "He was tall, straight, and full of flesh, well-proportioned, and excellently made in all his limbs. His complexion inclined somewhat to brown, but was coloured with sanguine and lively carnation. His eyes were black; in look and sharpness of light, they were vivid, piercing, and terrible. The outlines of his nose and all his countenance expressed a certain manly nobleness combined with goodness and prudence." Such is the portrait drawn of Colleoni by his biographer; and it well accords with the famous bronze statue of the general at Venice.

Colleoni died in the year 1475, at the age of seventy-

five. Since he left no male representative, he constituted the Republic of S. Mark his heir in chief, after properly providing for his daughters and his numerous foundations. The Venetians received under this testament the sum of 100,000 ducats, together with all arrears of pay due to him, and 10,000 ducats owed him by the Duke of Ferrara. It set forth the testator's intention that this money should be employed in defence of the Christian against the Turk. One condition was attached to the bequest. The legatees were to erect a statue to Colleoni on the Piazza of S. Mark. This however involved some difficulty; for the proud Republic had never accorded a similar honour, nor did they choose to encumber their splendid square with a monument. They evaded the condition by assigning the Campo in front of the Scuola di S. Marco, where also stands the Church of S. Zanipolo, to the purpose. Here accordingly the finest bronze equestrian statue in Italy, if we except the Marcus Aurelius of the Capitol, was reared upon its marble pedestal by Andrea Verrocchio and Alessandro Leopardi.

Colleoni's liberal expenditure of wealth found its reward in the immortality conferred by art. While the names of Braccio, his master in the art of war, and of Piccinino, his great adversary, are familiar to few but professed students, no one who has visited either Bergamo or Venice can fail to have learned something about the founder of the Chapel of S. John and the original of Leopardi's bronze. The annals of sculpture assign to Verrocchio, of Florence, the principal share in this statue: but Verrocchio died before it was cast;

and even granting that he designed the model, its execution must be attributed to his collaborator, the Venetian Leopardi. For my own part, I am loth to admit that the chief credit of this masterpiece belongs to a man whose undisputed work at Florence shows but little of its living spirit and splendour of suggested motion. That the Tuscan science of Verrocchio secured conscientious modelling for man and horse may be assumed; but I am fain to believe that the concentrated fire which animates them both is due in no small measure to the handling of his northern fellow-craftsman.

While immersed in the dreary records of crimes, treasons, cruelties, and base ambitions, which constitute the bulk of Fifteenth-Century Italian history, it is refreshing to meet with a character so fresh and manly, so simply pious and comparatively free from stain, as Colleoni. The only general of his day who can bear comparison with him for purity of public life and decency in conduct was Federigo di Montefeltro. Even here, the comparison redounds to Colleoni's credit; for he, unlike the Duke of Urbino, rose to eminence by his own exertion in a profession fraught with peril to men of ambition and energy. Federigo started with a principality sufficient to satisfy his just desires for power. Nothing but his own sense of right and prudence restrained Colleoni upon the path which brought Francesco Sforza to a duchy by dishonourable dealings, and Carmagnola to the scaffold by questionable practice against his masters.

TOMB OF ST. SEBALD

(*Peter Vischer, 1460-1529*)

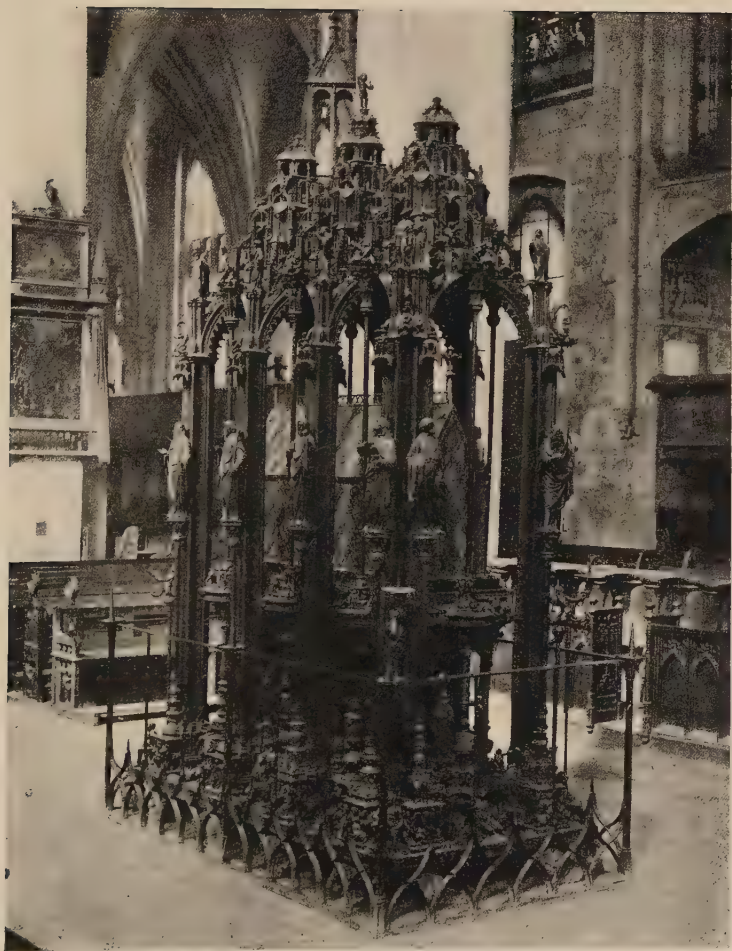
WILHELM LÜBKE

VISCHER'S life presents the spectacle of unceasing artistic progress. In his earliest known work, the monument of Archbishop Ernst, in the Cathedral of Magdeburg, executed in 1495, Vischer has already yielded to the realism of the Nuremberg school, displayed in the works of Wohlgemuth and Adam Krafft. The Gothic style still prevails in the architectural parts, and its forms are treated with the decorative charm of the late period. This grand monument which may be regarded next to the tomb of St. Sebald as Vischer's greatest work is based on thorough realism.

Full ten years elapse without our being able to assign any certain work to the master. This gap is all the more felt as during this interval a change occurred in Peter Vischer's artistic views, which freed him from the one-sidedness of the generally prevailing style and led him to a thoroughly independent and elevated mode of conception. This appears in incomparable beauty in the principal work of his life, in the tomb of St. Sebald at Nuremberg, in which he was engaged from 1508-1519. His task was to erect a worthy monument to the honoured patron saint of his native city, whose bones rested in a sarcophagus executed

during the Middle Ages. All the artistic skill and power of invention that Vischer possessed, he brought to bear in the production of this work, in which he was assisted by his five sons. In richness and beauty, and in delicate perfection of execution, it has only one counterpart in the entire plastic art of the period—namely Ghiberti's great bronze gate at Florence. In the graceful structure, and in the abundance of sculptured ornament which covers every part, the northern fantastic style of the Fifteenth Century again bursts forth; but the whole structure is pervaded by a sense of distinctness, and a feeling of purity ennobles every detail.

The sarcophagus of the saint rests on a substructure, the surfaces of which are adorned with four reliefs from his life. With few touches and distinct arrangement, Vischer here displays the genuine relief style, and this in a purer manner than often appears throughout the entire epoch. With the utmost life he understands how to delineate and render palpable to sculpture even the dim stories of miracles, by allowing the supernatural events to reflect naïve astonishment in the spectators. On one of the narrow sides, the statuette of St. Sebald is introduced, and on the other one the master has placed his own portrait. This arrangement alone characterizes the spirit of the epoch of the well-founded self-confidence of the able master. But still more distinctly does the great difference in the conception of the two statuettes indicate the artist's fine faculty of discrimination. For the saint, advancing in his long



TOMB OF ST. SEBALD, NUREMBERG CATHEDRAL

By Visscher

pilgrim's dress, with the staff in one hand and the model of the church in the other, appears in the simply grand flow of drapery and the venerable head with its long beard, as an ideal portrait statue; while the robust figure of the master, with his broad and genuinely German countenance surrounded by a short crisp beard and covered with a round cap, dressed in the simple leather apron, and with an unassuming character in the whole bearing, presents the appearance of a national realistic type.

This simple centre of the monument is enclosed and surmounted by eight slender pillars, forming graceful pointed arches above, and crowned by a triple dome of the richest construction. Between the pillars graceful candelabra are introduced, which extend up to the point of the arches. We cannot touch upon these features of the architectural structure without pointing out its independent value. For in spite of attacks which would give the preference to an earlier design of the year 1488, in the Gothic style, it is expressly shown that the executed work is undoubtedly superior to the sketch in architectural beauty and originality, as well as in its suitability for the admission of plastic ornament. It is true the master mingles in the spirit of the time rich decorative forms of the Renaissance with the slender structure, the delicate organization, and the pointed arch of the Gothic, and adds at last in the crowning dome various reminiscences of the Romanesque baldachin, enriched with Gothic detail. All this, however, is not merely designed with sparkling mind and rich fancy,

but with wise regard to the artistic object and the material employed, and is executed with such exulting delight in the lavish wealth of idea that every blame must be silenced, and must bend before the superiority of a creation cast as it were out of *one* mould. How ingenious, too, to place the whole on the firm shells of snails! With what variety are the rich bases of the pillars, columns, and candelabra, the numerous capitals and consoles formed! With all this, with what artistic consideration are the main architectural lines preserved, so that the same idea is reflected throughout in all the rainbow colours of the imagination.

And yet the splendour of the whole work culminates really in its rich sculptured ornament. At the principal divisions, on a level with the spectator's eye, there rise from the pillars of the airy structure the ideal pillars of the church—namely, the Apostles. These are slender figures, perfect in the development of physical form, some of them with mild and grand heads, calmly absorbed in reflection, as Judas, Thaddeus, and Thomas; others with a sad expression, as Bartholomew and John, or advancing towards each other with animation, as Philip and Paul, Simon and Andrew. The drapery combines the ideal grace of the best Gothic epoch with the rich variety of the antique and the full life of the modern period. These unsurpassably noble figures possess the closest affinity with the figures of Ghiberti, to whom Vischer approaches most nearly in purity and nobleness of feeling. There is only this difference—that in Ghiberti the antique element is most promi-

ment, and in Vischer that of the Middle Ages. This fact appears all the more apparent as in several of these figures, such as those of Matthew and of James the Less, there is a slight but unmistakable touch of the conventional bearing of Gothic works. The great master has distinctly perceived the defects of the realism of his time, and has perfectly freed himself from the constraint of his earlier works. It can scarcely be doubted that the first stimulant to do this, as well as to the acceptance of Renaissance ideas, reached him from Italy. But he was therefore no imitator, far rather he understood how to blend the national freshness and the warmth of feeling of German art with southern nobleness of form, and at the same time to awaken into renewed life all the grace and ease that belonged to the art of his own ancestors, and to win for German sculpture that importance which was awarded to painting in a similar manner by Holbein.

High above the Apostles, the pillars were crowned by twelve smaller statuettes, partly Prophets, similarly fine in characterization, and four figures in bold attitudes and youthful features, in the dress of the period; one of them even with tucked-up shirt sleeves. These were, perhaps, also Prophets, in whose characterization the master made large concessions to the fantastic tendency of his time. All the other decorative parts are covered with an innumerable abundance of sculptures.

The lower part is especially rich in life. In the corners are the fantastic figures of Nimrod, Samson, Perseus and

Hercules, and between them, at the foot of the central candelabrum, the figures of Strength, Moderation, Prudence and Justice, all charming figures of the utmost grace. On the small connecting arches of the lower structure, on the central cornice, and on the upper capitals of the candelabra, there are groups of nude children, somewhat heavy perhaps in form, but truly enchanting from their wanton sport, charming play and graceful humour. It was in harmony with the whole course of ideas that the Infant Christ should stand as a crowning to the whole on the highest central dome. But even with all this, the inexhaustible fancy of the master was not yet satisfied. He ventured into the antique world of fable, introduced dolphin-like Gothic crockets at the arches, employed harpies as charming light-holders, and spread a whole band of Tritons, Sirens, Satyrs and Fauns over the bases of the columns and candelabra. And from this rich abundance of natural and fantastic life rise above in calm distinctness the tall figures of the Apostles as bearers of the spiritual power of Christianity. Never has a work of German sculpture combined the beauty of the south with the deep feeling of the north more richly, more thoughtfully and more harmoniously.

KING ARTHUR

(*Peter Vischer, 1460-1529*)

CECIL HEADLAM

PETER VISCHER, the great bronze founder whose work and that of his house embodies the complete transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance style in Germany, was born and brought up in his father's house "*Am Sande*." There he lived and he worked as an apprentice with his father in the Town Foundry in the White Tower all the days of his boyhood. So much we may assume, although we know nothing of his youth, and no one of all the men since dead would be more surprised than he to find himself the subject of a monograph, or would be more genuinely astonished to learn that his up-bringing is a source of interest to later generations. For he appears to us in the few historical documents in which he figures as the perfect type of the plain, unspoilt craftsman or Master of a Guild. A man was not an artist in those days, but a mere stone-mason, or smith, or painter. But, lacking the title, he did not necessarily lack the quality. The study of design was never more enthusiastic, the struggle after excellence never more sincere than in the days when Dürer's art was regarded as a mere parasite of other trades, when Hans Sachs was

"*Schuh —
Macher und Poet dazu,*"

and when Peter Vischer laboured in his leather apron at the foundry or turned from the entertaining of Emperors to spend his leisure hours in the endeavour to improve his draughtsmanship. I have said that we know nothing of the latter's boyhood, but if in his case the child was father of the man, he must have been a diligent youth. Johann Neudörffer (1497-1563), an artistic scribe and the man in whom succeeding ages have had to bless the inventor of German type, has left us a charming picture of him in later days. "This Peter Vischer was a man of amiable conversation," he writes in his *Nachrichten über Nürnberger Künstler und Werkleute*, a work which is not indeed free from errors, but to which we owe the earliest accounts we have of most of the Nuremberg artists, "and among natural arts (to speak as a layman) finely skilled in casting and so much renowned among the nobility that when any prince or great potentate came to town he seldom omitted to pay him a visit in his foundry, for he went every day to his casting shop and worked there."

Art has been always, more or less, dependent upon the patronage of the rich and great. And the warm interest evinced in the Arts and Crafts by the Emperor Maximilian, "the last of the Knights," did not a little to provoke that outburst of artistic excellence which distinguished Nuremberg at that time; where the names of Dürer, Vischer and Krafft shine out pre-eminent among the lesser lights. Maximilian was in many ways the epitome of his age, the personification of the Renaissance. Soldier and man of



KING ARTHUR, INNSBRÜCK
By Visscher

letters, administrator and theologian, athlete and scholar, he yet found time to encourage artists and to devise and commission innumerable works of art. He was, in fact, as Albert Dürer found to his cost, more ready to give commissions than to pay for them when performed. At Nuremberg he frequently employed Veit Stoss; he had a considerable share in the production of the *Weisskunig* and the *Theuerdank*, a poem describing allegorically the private life and ideals of the Emperor, which was polished and completed by his Melchior Pfinzing, Provost of St. Sebald's Church. He conceived and commissioned amongst other works Albert Dürer's colossal wood-engraving, the *Triumphal Arch*, which was designed as usual for the glorification of this greatest of princes. Wherever he happened to be, at Augsburg, Innsbrück, Nuremberg or Prague, in the course of the conduct of one of his innumerable wars or of a tourney, whilst administering justice, repressing the chivalrous brigandage of petty lords or bleeding a Bamberg banker, his eye was always quick to perceive the merit of any craftsman. Chroniclers repeatedly record his morning rides in a town, and describe the visits which he would pay to the houses of half-a-dozen craftsmen in a day, buying and ordering costly works of art. He came to visit also the home of that already celebrated yet always modest and unpretending Founder, Peter Vischer, "to whom Princes esteemed it an honour to do honour." Maximilian had before now shown a practical interest in bronze work, and had incidentally displayed his appreciation of Vischer.

For when he was starting a Foundry at Mühlau, near Innsbrück, he had had it in contemplation to appoint "the most skilful and famous coppersmith of Nuremberg," Peter Vischer to wit, to superintend the establishment thereof. But Peter had declined the honour and Stefan Godl from Nuremberg was appointed in his stead.

Now the teeming brain of Maximilian—for whom no plan for his own exaltation was too grandiose, and no project for the advancement of his fame was to be despised—conceived the idea of building for himself a lordly tomb, wherein, after he had been gathered to his forefathers, he might rest, surrounded by the forms of those who had gone to his making. To-day twenty-eight bronze over life-size figures of ancient heroes stand round and guard the Emperor's cenotaph at Innsbrück. Two of these are most markedly superior to the rest as works of art; and these two come from the foundry of Peter Vischer. They are the statues of King Arthur, the very perfect flower of chivalry, and of Theodoric, King of the Goths.

Documentary evidence reveals the fact that in the year 1513 Peter Vischer the elder received from the imperial chest one thousand florins for "*zwei grosse messene Pilder*" (two large bronze figures). But apart from the teaching of the archives their resemblance to the other works of this foundry leaves no doubt as to the origin of these noble figures. In feeling, in poetry, in grace, as well as in the minute and exquisite finish of the detail, they are indeed

worthy of the blossom period of the house of Vischer. Both figures are eloquent of the artist's joy in production, and not of the tradesman's mere delight in a commission. Not that the Vischers were at all to seek on the business side of their craft; they worked, as the modern dealer would express it, with punctuality, cheapness and despatch. In artistic excellence, as well as in these other important qualities, they far surpassed the labours of the Mühlau Founder, who had secured the commission for all, or almost all, the other statues for the tomb of Maximilian. The Emperor himself, it is recorded, recognized this fact; for he remarked (April 16, 1513), "For the 3,000 florins to which the one statue hitherto cast by Sesselschreiber amounts, six statues might have been cast at Nuremberg."

Both the statues that hail from Nuremberg are extremely beautiful, but they are noticeably different in style. They differ so much in that unconscious revelation of the artist's hand, which distinguishes every piece of human work, that I am strongly inclined to accept Dr. Seeger's view, that whilst Peter Vischer the father wrought Theodoric, King of the Goths, it is to his son and namesake, Peter Vischer the younger, that we owe the statue of King Arthur. Theodoric leans on his sword and shield in a pose that is beautiful and imaginative, it is true, but in the execution slightly forced. This figure is weaker and more conventional, less full of life and vigour than that of the King Arthur. Seeger fancies that we can trace in it something of the uneasiness felt by the old craftsman when

essaying a new style, and that there is discernible here the slight hesitation and misgiving of one who fears that he is attempting what is beyond his strength.

Certainly we get no such impression when we turn to the splendid strenuous figure of Arthur. This *is* the Arthur whom we know, in all the splendour of his manhood, bold and free, the noblest flower of chivalry ; Arthur, the very perfect knight, pure, serene in the confidence of his own faith and right, brooking no challenge and no wrong. Here Beauty and Strength have kissed one another ; and the spring of this youthful figure, nimble and light of limb, betrays itself even through the hard, straight lines of the heavy, rich armour it bears. It is the type of the noble Teuton of all time, drawn by an artist who had studied the nude and Italian plastic art, and was full of the vigour and confidence of his own youthful ideal. For this bronze surely conveys that conviction of agility for a moment at rest, which you may derive from the sight of a Greek marble or the lithe figure of a modern athlete. And is there not also here something "of that marvellous gesture of moving himself within the bronze," which Vasari so finely attributed to the St. George of Donatello ?

There may, perhaps, be in this figure a touch of exaggeration which is so splendidly absent from that supreme triumph of the Renaissance ; it is certainly more virile, and it may be more brutal ; but it is enough to claim for Vischer that in this noble creation he challenges comparison with "the Master of those who know." Doubtless,

indeed, both his Arthur and his St. Peter of the Sebaldusgrab owe not a little to the masterpiece of Donatello.

But the beauty of the figure and pose of King Arthur is not all. It need not blind us to the exquisite ornamentation of the armour, which, unlike that of Theodoric, is rich with the richness of the North Italian Renaissance. The dragons thereon are full of life, and the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece and all the other minute details of the decoration, are as notable for the fecundity of invention as for the skill in execution which they display.

These two heroic figures were completed by the Vischer family as early as the year 1513, but they did not reach the place for which they had been destined till some ten years later, for the Emperor kept them at Augsburg. And even after they had arrived at Innsbrück and had been set in position there, they were not left in peace. A great danger threatened Theodoric in 1548, for it did not square with Charles V.'s conception of the order of the Universe that the king of the Goths should be found among the ancestors of the Hapsburgs. He therefore gave orders that his statue should either be recast, or, at least, be renamed. Fortunately neither of these things got itself done.

DAVID

(*Michelangelo, 1475-1564*)

CHARLES HEATH WILSON

IN 1501, Michelangelo returned to Florence, where his early promise had been so cordially recognized by men of brilliant abilities and of the highest cultivation, and where the groundwork of his knowledge of art and literature had been laid with the advice and assistance of the best masters and most learned men of the time; for this great and original genius readily submitted to tuition and carefully followed the path of study then believed to be needful to the training of an artist. He learnt to draw under Domenico Ghirlandaio, acquiring at least a knowledge of first principles, he studied modelling and was taught to chisel marble under the direction of Bertoldo, and whilst his choice of a profession was to be a sculptor, he diligently studied the frescoes of Masaccio and like all other artists of his time, drew inspiration from those great works.

It is remarkable that there should be no record of his pursuit of mathematics, scientific perspective, or of architecture and ornament. Whatever knowledge he acquired of these branches of science and art, it does not appear to have been in early life when his whole attention was ab-



DAVID, ACADEMY, FLORENCE

By Michelangelo

sorbed by the study of the human form, more exclusively, it appears, than was usual with artists of the time. This undoubtedly sprang from his devotion to sculpture.

Michelangelo brought with him to Florence a greatly augmented reputation as the sculptor of the Cupid, the Bacchus and the Pietà, and it might reasonably be supposed, that, whilst commissions would flow in upon him, those who sought the aid of his skill would approach him with respect and confidence.

In the first contract, which was made after his return to Florence from Rome, on the part of Francesco Todeschini Piccolomini, Cardinal Archbishop of Siena, distrust is expressed rather than confidence. It is stipulated amongst other conditions, that the statue should be better executed than was usually the case in Rome, and that, if not satisfactory, it should be done over again.

The next commission in point of date was that of the colossal statue of David, offered to Michelangelo by the officers of the works of the Cathedral of Florence on the sixteenth of August, 1501.

A block of marble, eighteen feet in length, had lain for many years in a court attached to the Office of Works, originally intended to form part of a colossal statue to be executed by Agostino d' Antonio di Duccio, and placed at his disposal in 1464. This artist had successfully completed another colossus the year before, but he was not equally fortunate with his second commission, and not only failed, but made the block so unshapely that sculptors generally

held that nothing could be made of it without the addition of other pieces of marble. It might reasonably be supposed that in offering a commission to Michelangelo, especially for a statue to which was to be assigned a meaning expressive of the maintenance and defence of the national liberties—therefore a national work—marble would be provided, which would give the artist's genius free scope. It was not so. A deformed block was offered presenting many difficulties, by which, however, Michelangelo was not discouraged. He made several models, two of which still exist in the Buonarroti Museum at Florence, neither of them, however, being that from which the statue was sculptured, but they are interesting as showing that the misshapen block admitted of more than one translation.

Michelangelo undertook to complete the colossal statue of David in two years, commencing from September, 1501, and accepted as payment a sum equivalent to two pounds sixteen shillings a month. As it was necessary to build a workshop expressly, a convenient spot was selected near the Cathedral, and a temporary erection, partly of stone, partly of wood, was soon prepared, within which Michelangelo commenced the Colossus. Not as a modern sculptor would, with a full-sized model, an ingenious apparatus to transfer its proportions to the marble, and skilful carvers to block it out and to carry it on till within a few touches of the chisel of completion, but alone in presence of the huge and awkward block, with chisels fashioned and tempered by himself. How he worked, even when age had

overtaken him, is admirably described by Vigenero, who knew him and had seen him at work :

“I have seen Michelangelo, although sixty years of age, and not one of the most robust of men, smite down more scales from a very hard block of marble in a quarter of an hour than three young marble cutters would in three or four times that span, which must seem incredible to those who have not seen it done ! He flung himself upon the marble with such impetuosity and fervour as to induce me to believe that he would break the work into fragments. With a single blow, he brought down scales of marble of three or four fingers' breadth, and with such precision to the line marked on the marble, that if he had broken away a very little more, he risked the ruin of his work.”

In January, 1504, the statue, which Michelangelo commenced in September, 1501, was finished. Such were the difficulties of his task, so unfit had the block been for free action on the part of the great sculptor, that the chiselling of Duccio remains on portions of the back, having penetrated to a depth beyond which it was impossible to cut further without injury to the proportions of the figure. When the David was exhibited for the first time, it struck all those with wonder who had seen the block of marble in the state in which it had been left, and it was said that a dead body had been raised to life. This statue marks the commencement of Michelangelo's second manner, and in it are seen the thoughts which agitated him, as he sculptured the Deliverer. It is far removed from his preceding

works in its vigour and energy ; and it expresses with a force, which can only be felt in its presence, the calm deliberation of a being, totally fearless and deeply conscious of what depends on the deed which he is about to do, as he gazes on his gigantic enemy, without a doubt of the coming end of the battle. In reply to the taunts of the Philistine, he says, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts." This is the moment selected by Michelangelo, and the trust and daring of the youth, who had slain the lion and the bear, and who now said to the enemy of his people, "I will smite thee and take thy head from thee," is expressed in every lineament of this noble statue. David is represented naked ; having cast aside the armour offered him, he rests firmly on his right leg, which is magnificently formed, the left knee is advanced and the left foot touches the ground with an eager movement expressive of readiness for action. The beautiful body, full of life, strong and pliant, is slightly bent round, with the head turned to the enemy. The massive shoulders are thrown back, the right arm is pendent, and the right hand grasps resolutely the stone with which the adversary is to be slain. The left is bent upwards so as to bring the hand almost into contact with the shoulder. The sling is in this hand ready to receive the stone and to be transferred to the right. The noble head, crowned with its mass of tangled locks, turns on a neck like a tower, a neck never to be bent before a foe. The features are magnificent, the brows are knit, under them the resolute eyes measure the enemy, undismayed by his gigantic stature

and brazen armour. The nostrils expand, but the breathing is calm, and the full firmly compressed lips convey the same impression as the other features, of deliberate, inflexible courage. This noble creation, so fraught with patriotic meaning, represents a beautiful youth of strong and active form, but the beauty is subordinated to the expression of force; the hands and feet seem somewhat large, but they are the hands and feet of the shepherd, who defended his flock from wild beasts, and his countrymen from the giant. There is no thought of the ideal of grace or dignity, but of heroic courage, and the forms are in harmony with this, which is the sentiment pervading the whole statue.

In the admiration which this work of art excited, a Committee was appointed to decide where it could most worthily be placed, every one in Florence considered specially capable of giving a sound opinion being included in this Committee selected from every class of citizens. The list of names is singularly interesting, for it contains Andrea della Robbia, sculptor; Benedetto Buglione; Giovanni delle Corniole; Attavante; Messer Francesco, herald of the Signory; Francesco Monciatto, the carpenter; Giovanni Piffero; Lorenzo della Volpaia; Buonaccorso di Bartoluccio—nephew of Lorenzo Ghiberti; Salvestro, jeweller; Cosimo Roselli; Guasparre di Simoni, goldsmith; Lodovico, goldsmith and master founder; Andrea il Riccio, goldsmith; Gallieno, embroiderer; David di Ghirlandaio, mosaicist; Simone del Pollaiuolo, called Cronaca; Filippino Lippi; Sandro Botticelli; Giuliano and Antonio San Gallo;

Andrea del Monte Sansovino; Chimenti del Tasso; Francesco Granacci; Biagio, the painter; Bernardo di Marco; Pier di Cosimo; Leonardo da Vinci; Pietro Perugino; Bernardo della Cecca; and Michelangelo, goldsmith (father of Bandinelli), a remarkable array of men of genius living at that time in Florence, and called together to assist the citizens in selecting a place for a public statue by Michelangelo.

If there be any excuse for not leaving the selection to the sculptor himself it is found in the choice of councillors. But they differed in opinion, some wishing to place the new statue under the arcade of the Loggia dei Lanzi, others on the terrace in front of the Palace of the Signory, and this was finally decided upon, from deference to the opinion of Michelangelo himself. Here it stood from the year 1504, till it was removed in 1873 and taken to the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. It may seem presumptuous to criticise the proposals of such a Committee as that selected in 1504, and containing so many great names, but it appears obvious that if the statue of David had been placed under the Loggia, it would have injured the proportions of that beautiful building, whilst, as may be readily judged by the statues now there, it could only have been seen by cross and reflected lights. It is evident that a proper effect of chiaroscuro is essential to the favourable display of the work of sculpture; the beauties and merits can be brought out by this means only; if the statue is marble and is not placed in what artists call a good light, at even a short distance off it is seen only as a white mass, or as a dark mass

if of bronze. The good old Tuscan sculptors have scant justice done to their productions whether in the open air or in the Churches, and the real merits of these admirable artists cannot be properly appreciated, placed, as their works too frequently are, in bad lights.

On the first of April, 1504, the Office of Works of the Cathedral commissioned Michelangelo, assisted by others of practical skill, to convey the statue of David from the place where it had been executed to the Palace of the Signory, and the Priors issued orders to their officials to give whatever aid was required for its safe transport. Consequently, Simone del Pollaiuolo, Antonio da Sangallo, Bartolommeo, the carpenter, and Bernardo della Cecca, deputies of the Priors, volunteered their services. According to Vasari, Giuliano and Antonio da Sangallo, or, as related by Parenti, Simone del Pollaiuolo invented the frame for its support and the contrivances for its safe removal.

“On the fourteenth of May the giant of marble was dragged from the Office of Works at the hour of twenty-four, part of the wall over the entrance being broken down to allow it to pass. As it rested that evening ready for its further progress next day, malicious people flung stones at it to injure it, so that it was necessary each night to set a guard over it. It went very slowly, being bound in an upright position so that it swung freely. With much ingenuity and trouble it was thus in four days conveyed to the piazza, which it reached at noon on the eighteenth” (Parenti).

The pedestal for the statue was designed by Pollaiuolo and Antonio Sangallo. It is not specified why this was not left to Michelangelo, but at this time it is evident that he was not thought of as an architect; he could not, however untrained, have invented anything more commonplace than the production of the united architects.

The statue being placed, Michelangelo gave it its last touches, and it was whilst so occupied, that, as is asserted, the Gonfaloniere Soderini's famous criticism of the nose, and Michelangelo's equally famous presence of mind occurred. The story is probably untrue, and the malevolent attempt to make Soderini the type of a foolish critic was ungrateful and unjust. He was a fervent and enlightened promoter of fine art, and the respected friend of the greatest artists of the time.

THE TOMBS OF GIULIANO AND LORENZO DE' MEDICI

(*Michelangelo, 1475-1564*)

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

IN 1520, the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici conceived the notion of building a sacristy in S. Lorenzo to receive the monuments of Cosimo, the founder of the house, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Giuliano, Duke of Nemours, Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, Leo X., and himself. To Michelangelo was committed the design, and in 1521 he began to apply himself to the work. As in the case of all his works, except the Sistine, only a small portion of the original project was executed. This new undertaking occupied him at intervals between 1521 and 1534, a space of time decisive for the fortunes of the Medici in Florence. Leo died, and Giulio after a few years succeeded him as Clement VII. The bastards of the house, Ippolito and Alessandro, were expelled from Florence in 1527. Rome was sacked by the Imperial troops; then Michelangelo quitted the statues and helped to defend his native city against the Prince of Orange. After the failure of the Republicans he was recalled to his labours by command of Clement. Sullenly and sadly he quarried marbles for the sacristy. At last in 1534 Clement died. Then Michel-

angelo flung down his mallet. The monuments remained unfinished, and the sculptor set foot in Florence no more.

The sacristy may be looked upon either as the masterpiece of a sculptor who required fit setting for his statues, or of an architect who designed statues to enhance the structure he had planned. Both arts are used with equal ease, nor has the genius of Michelangelo dealt more masterfully with the human frame than with the forms of Roman architecture in this chapel. He seems to have paid no heed to classic precedent, and to have taken no pains to adapt the parts to the structural purpose of the building. It was enough for him to create a wholly novel framework for the modern miracle of sculpture it enshrines, attending to such rules of composition as determine light and shade, and seeking by the relief of mouldings and pilasters to enhance the terrible and massive forms that brood above the Medicean tombs. The result is a product of picturesque and plastic art as true to the Michelangelesque spirit as the Temple of the Wingless Victory to that of Phidias. But where Michelangelo achieved a triumph of boldness, lesser natures were betrayed into bizarrerie ; and this chapel of the Medici, in spite of its grandiose simplicity, proved a stumbling-block to subsequent architects by encouraging them to despise propriety and violate the laws of structure.

We may assume then that the colossal statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo were studied with a view to their light and shadow as much as to their form ; and this is a fact to be remembered by those who visit the chapel where Buonarotti



TOMB OF L. DE'MEDICI, SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE

By Michelangelo

laboured both as architect and sculptor. Of the two Medici it is not fanciful to say that the Duke of Urbino is the most immovable of spectral shapes eternalized in marble ; while the Duke of Nemours, more graceful and elegant, seems to present a contrast to this terrible thought-burdened form. The allegorical figures, stretched on segments of ellipses beneath the pedestals of the two Dukes, indicate phases of darkness and light, of death and life. They are two women and two men ; tradition names them Night and Day, Twilight and Dawning. Thus in the statues themselves and in their attendant genii we have a series of abstractions, symbolizing the sleep and waking of existence, action and thought, the gloom of death, the lustre of life, and the intermediate states of sadness and of hope that form the borderland of both. Life is a dream between two slumbers ; sleep is death's twin-brother ; night is the shadow of death ; death is the gate of life ;—such is the mysterious mythology wrought by the sculptor of the modern world in marble. All these figures, by the intensity of their expression, the vagueness of their symbolism, force us to think and question. What, for example, occupies Lorenzo's brain ? Bending forward, leaning his chin upon his wrist, placing his other hand upon his knee, what does he for ever ponder ?

“The sight,” as Rogers said well, “fascinates and is intolerable.” Michelangelo has shot the beaver of the helmet forward on his forehead, and bowed his head, so as to clothe the face in darkness. But behind the gloom

there lurks no fleshless skull, as Rogers fancied. The whole frame of the powerful man is instinct with some imperious thought. Has he outlived his life and fallen upon everlasting contemplation? Is he brooding, injured and indignant, over his own doom and the extinction of his race? Is he condemned to witness in immortal immobility the woes of Italy he helped to cause? Or has the sculptor symbolized in him the burden of that personality we carry with us in this life, and bear for ever when we wake into another world? Beneath this incarnation of oppressive thought there lie, full length and naked, the figures of Dawn and Twilight, Morn and Evening. So at least they are commonly called, and these names are not inappropriate; for the breaking of the day and the approach of night are metaphors for many transient conditions of the soul. It is only as allegories in a large sense, comprehending both the physical and intellectual order, and capable of various interpretation, that any of these statues can be understood. Even the Dukes do not pretend to be portraits, and hence in part perhaps the uncertainty that has gathered round them. Very tranquil and noble is Twilight; a giant in repose, he meditates, leaning upon his elbow, looking down. But Dawn starts from her couch, as though some painful summons had reached her, sunk in dreamless sleep, and called her forth to suffer. Her waking to consciousness is like that of one who has been drowned, and who finds the return to life agony. Before her eyes, seen even through the mists of slumber, are the ruin and shame of

Italy. Opposite lies Night, so sorrowful, so utterly absorbed in darkness and the shade of death, that to shake off that everlasting lethargy seems impossible. Yet she is not dead. If we raise our voices, she too will stretch her limbs, and, like her sister, shudder into sensibility with sighs. Only we must not wake her; for he who fashioned her has told us that her sleep of stone is great good fortune. Both of these women are large and brawny, unlike the Fates of Phidias. The burden of Michelangelo's thought was too tremendous to be borne by virginal and graceful beings. He had to make women no less capable of suffering, no less world-wearied, than his country.

Standing before these statues, we do not cry, How beautiful! We murmur, How terrible, how grand! Yet, after long gazing, we find them gifted with beauty beyond grace. In each of them there is a palpitating thought, torn from the artist's soul and crystallized in marble. It has been said that architecture is petrified music. In the Sacristy of S. Lorenzo we feel impelled to remember phrases of Beethoven. Each of these statues becomes for us a passion, fit for musical expression, but turned like Niobe to stone. They have the intellectual vagueness, the emotional certainty, that belongs to the motives of a symphony. In their allegories, left without a key, sculpture has passed beyond her old domain of placid concrete form. The anguish of intolerable emotion, the quickening of the consciousness to a sense of suffering, the acceptance of the inevitable, the strife of the soul with destiny, the

burden and the passion of mankind :—that is what they contain in their cold chisel-tortured marble. It is open to critics of the school of Lessing to object that here is the suicide of sculpture. It is easy to remark that those strained postures and writhen limbs may have perverted the taste of lesser craftsmen. Yet if Michelangelo was called to carve Medicean statues after the sack of Rome and the fall of Florence—if he was obliged in sober sadness to make sculpture a fit language for his sorrow-laden heart—how could he have wrought more truthfully than this? To imitate him without sharing his emotions or comprehending his thoughts, as the soulless artists of the decadence attempted, was without all doubt a grievous error. Surely also, we may regret, not without reason, that in the evil days upon which he had fallen, the fair antique *Heiterkeit* and *Allgemeinheit* were beyond his reach.

That this regret is not wholly sentimental may be proved, I think, by an exchange of verses which we owe to Vasari's literary sagacity. He tells us that when the statue of the Night was opened to the public view, it drew forth the following quatrain from an author unknown to himself by name :¹—

The Night thou seest here, posed gracefully
 In act of slumber was by an Angel wrought
 Out of this stone ; sleeping, with life she's fraught :
 Wake her incredulous wight ; she'll speak to thee.

¹ The writer was Giovan Battista Strozzi.

Michelangelo would have none of these academical conceits and compliments. He replied in four verses, which show well enough what thoughts were in his brain when he composed the nightmare-burdened, heavy-sleeping woman: —

Dear is my sleep, but more to be mere stone,
So long as ruin and dishonour reign :
To hear naught, to feel naught, is my great gain ;
Then wake me not ; speak in an undertone.

MOSES

(*Michelangelo, 1475-1564*)

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

JULIUS ordered the sculptor to prepare his mausoleum. Michelangelo asked, "Where am I to place it?" Julius replied, "In S. Peter's." But the old basilica of Christendom was too small for this ambitious pontiff's sepulchre, designed by the audacious artist. It was therefore decreed that a new S. Peter's should be built to hold it. In this way the two great labours of Buonarrotti's life were mapped out for him in a moment. But by a strange contrariety of fate, to Bramante and San Gallo fell respectively the planning and spoiling of S. Peter's. It was only in extreme old age that Michelangelo crowned it with that world's miracle, the dome. The mausoleum to form a canopy for which the building was designed, dwindled down at last to the statue of Moses thrust out of the way in the church of S. Pietro ad Vincula. What we possess of the sculptor's achievement is a *torso* of his huge designs.

Giulio's tomb, as he conceived it, would have been the most stupendous monument of sculpture in the world. That mountain of marble covered with figures wrought in stone and bronze was meant to be the sculptured poem of the thought of Death; no mere apotheosis of Pope Julius, but a pageant of the soul triumphant over the limitations



MOSES, S. PIETRO IN VINCOLI, ROME

By Michelangelo

of mortality. All that dignifies humanity—arts, sciences, and laws; the victory that crowns heroic effort; the majesty of contemplation, and the energy of action—was symbolized upon ascending piers of the great pyramid; while the genii of heaven and earth upheld the open tomb where lay the dead man waiting for the Resurrection. Of this gigantic scheme only one imperfect drawing now remains. The Moses and the Bound Captives are all that Michelangelo accomplished. For forty years the Moses remained in his workshop.

The Tomb of Julius, as it now appears in the Church of S. Pietro ad Vincula in Rome, is a monument composed of two discordant parts, by inspecting which a sympathetic critic is enabled to read the dreary history of its production. As Condivi allows, it was a thing "*rattoppata e rifatta*," patched together and hashed up.

The lower half represents what eventually survived from the grandiose original design for one façade of that vast mount of marble which was to have been erected in the Tribune of S. Peter's.¹ The socles, upon which the captive Arts and Sciences were meant to stand, remain;

¹The different size and scale of the statues on this monument are very striking. Moses, of course, overbalances the whole and suffers greatly from being hardly raised at all above the ground. Michelangelo designed him to be seen at a considerable height above the eye. The Sibyl looks larger and heavier than the Prophet; is certainly bulkier than the Madonna and the two Lives. Michelangelo and his school do not appear to have been particular about keeping relative proportions in their monuments. Leone Leoni's tomb for Gian Giacomo de' Medici at Milan is extravagantly wilful and capricious in this respect.

but instead of statues, inverted consoles take their places and lead lamely up to the heads and busts of terminal old men. The pilasters of these terms have been shortened. There are four of them, enclosing two narrow niches, where beautiful female figures, the Active Life and the Contemplative Life, still testify to the enduring warmth and vigour of the mighty sculptor's genius. As single statues duly worked into a symmetrical scheme these figures would be admirable, since grace of line and symbolical contrast of attitude render both charming. In their present position they are reduced to comparative insignificance by heavy architectural surroundings. The space left free between the niches and the terms is assigned to the seated statue of Moses, which forms the main attraction of the monument.

The architectural plan and the surface decoration of this lower half are conceived in a style belonging to the earlier Italian Renaissance. Arabesques and masks and foliated patterns adorn the flat slabs. The recess of each niche is arched with a concave shell. The terminal busts are boldly modelled, and impose upon the eye. The whole is rich in detail, and though somewhat arid in fanciful invention, it carries us back to the tradition of Florentine work by Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignano.

When we ascend to the upper portion, we seem to have passed, as indeed we do pass, into the region of the new manner created by Michelangelo at S. Lorenzo. The orders of the pilasters are immensely tall in proportion to

the spaces they enclose. Two of these spaces, those on the left and right side, are filled in above with meaningless rectangular recesses, while seated statues occupy less than a whole half in altitude of the niches. The architectural design is nondescript, corresponding to no recognized style, unless it be a bastard Roman Doric. There is absolutely no decorative element except four shallow masks beneath the abaci of the pilasters. All is cold and broad and dry, contrasting strangely with the accumulated details of the lower portion. In the central niche, immediately above the Moses, stands a Madonna of fine sculptural quality, beneath a shallow arch, which repeats the shell-pattern. At her feet lies the extended figure of Pope Julius II., crowned with the tiara, raising himself in a half-recumbent attitude upon his right arm.¹

Of the statues in the upper portion, by far the finest in artistic merit is the Madonna. This dignified and gracious lady, holding the Divine Child in her arms, must be reckoned among Buonarotti's triumphs in dealing with the female form. There is more of softness and sweetness here than in the Madonna of the Medicean sacristy, while the infant playing with the captured bird is full of grace.

¹ It has occurred to me that this awkward pose of Julius—"with his hand under his cheek, as if he died of the toothache"—may have been intentionally so ordered by the family, in reminiscence of the two fine monuments by the hand of Andrea Sansovino, which the Pope himself erected in S. Maria del Popolo to the memories of the Cardinals Ascanio Sforza and Hieronymo Basso. These are remarkable for the adoption of the half-recumbent pensive attitude I have described.

Michelangelo left little in this group for the chisel of Montelupo to deform by alteration. The seated female, a Sibyl, on the left, bears equally the stamp of his design. Executed by himself, this would have been a masterpiece for grandeur of line and dignified repose. As it is, the style, while seeming to aim at breadth, remains frigid and formal. The so-called Prophet on the other side counts among the signal failures of Italian sculpture. It has neither beauty nor significance. Like a heavy Roman consul of the Decadence, the man sits there, lumpy and meaningless ; we might take it for a statue-portrait erected by some provincial municipality to celebrate a local magnate ; but of prophecy or inspiration there is nothing to detect in this inert figure. We wonder why he should be placed so near a Pope.

It is said that Michelangelo expressed dissatisfaction with Montelupo's execution of the two statues finally committed to his charge, and we know from documents that the man was ill when they were finished. Still we can hardly excuse the master himself for the cold and perfunctory performance of a task which had such animated and heroic beginnings. Competent judges, who have narrowly surveyed the monument, say that the stones are badly put together, and the workmanship is defective in important requirements of the sculptor-mason's craft. Those who defend Buonarrotti must fall back upon the theory that weariness and disappointment made him at last indifferent to the fate of a design which had cost him so much anxiety, pecuniary dif-

ficulties, and frustrated expectations in past years. He let the Tomb of Julius, his first vast dream of art, be botched up out of dregs and relics by ignoble hands, because he was heart-sick and out of pocket.

As artist, Michelangelo might, one thinks, have avoided the glaring discord of styles between the upper and lower portions of the tomb; but sensitiveness to harmony of manner lies not in the nature of men who rapidly evolve new forms of thought and feeling from some older phase. Probably he felt the width and the depth of that gulf which divided himself in 1505 from the same self in 1545 less than we do. Forty years in a creative nature introduce subtle changes, which react upon the spirit of the age, and provoke subsequent criticism to keen comments and comparisons. The individual and his contemporaries are not so well aware of these discrepancies as posterity.

The Moses, which Paul and his courtiers thought sufficient to commemorate a single Pope, stands as the eminent jewel of this defrauded tomb. We may not be attracted by it. We may even be repelled by the goat-like features, the enormous beard, the ponderous muscles, and the grotesque garments of the monstrous statue. In order to do it justice, let us bear in mind that the Moses now remains detached from a group of environing symbolic forms which Michelangelo designed. Instead of taking its place as one among eight corresponding and counterbalancing giants, it is isolated, thrust forward on the eye; whereas it was intended to be viewed from below in concert with a scheme

of balanced figures, male and female, on the same colossal scale.

Condivi writes not amiss, in harmony with the gusto of his age, and records what a gentle spirit thought about the Moses then : " Worthy of all admiration is the statue of Moses, duke and captain of the Hebrews. He sits posed in the attitude of a thinker and a sage, holding beneath his right arm the tables of the law, and with the left hand giving support to his chin, like one who is tired and full of anxious cares. From the fingers of this hand escape long flowing lines of beard, which are very beautiful in their effect upon the eye. The face is full of vivid life and spiritual force, fit to inspire both love and terror, as perhaps the man in truth did. He bears, according to the customary wont of artists while portraying Moses, two horns upon the head, not far removed from the summit of the brows. He is robed and girt about the legs with hosen, the arms bare, and all the rest after the antique fashion. It is a marvellous work, and full of art ; mostly in this, that underneath those subtleties of raiment one can perceive the naked form, the garments detracting nothing from the beauty of the body ; as was the universal way of working with this master in all his clothed figures, whether painted or sculptured."

Except that Condivi dwelt too much upon the repose of this extraordinary statue, too little upon its vivacity and agitating unrest, his description serves our purpose as well as any other. He does not seem to have felt the turbulence

and carnal insolence which break our sense of dignity and beauty now.

Michelangelo left the Moses incomplete in many details, after bringing the rest of the figure to a high state of polish. Tooth-marks of the chisel are observable upon the drapery, the back, both hands, part of the neck, the hair, and the salient horns. It seems to have been his habit, as Condivi and Cellini report, to send a finished statue forth with some sign-manual of roughness in the final touches. That gave his work the signature of the sharp tools he had employed upon it. And perhaps he loved the marble so well that he did not like to quit the good white stone without sparing a portion of its clinging strength and stubbornness, as symbol of the effort of his brain and hand to educe live thought from inner matter.

In the century after Michelangelo's death a sonnet was written by Giovanni Battista Felice Zappi upon this Moses. It is famous in Italian literature, and expresses adequately the ideas which occur to ordinary minds when they approach the Moses. For this reason I think that it is worthy of being introduced in a translation here :

Who is the man, who, carved in this huge stone,
Sits giant, all renowned things of art
Transcending ? he whose living lips, that start,
Speak eager words ? I hear and take their tone.
He sure is Moses. That the chin hath shown
By its dense honour the brows' beam bipart ;
'Tis Moses, when he left the Mount, with part,

A great part, of God's glory round him thrown.
Such was the prophet when those sounding vast
Waters he held suspense about him ; such
When he the sea barred, made it gulph his foe.
And you, his tribes, a vile calf did you cast ?
Why not an idol worth like this so much ?
To worship that had wrought you lesser woe.

PERSEUS

(*Benvenuto Cellini, 1500-1572*)

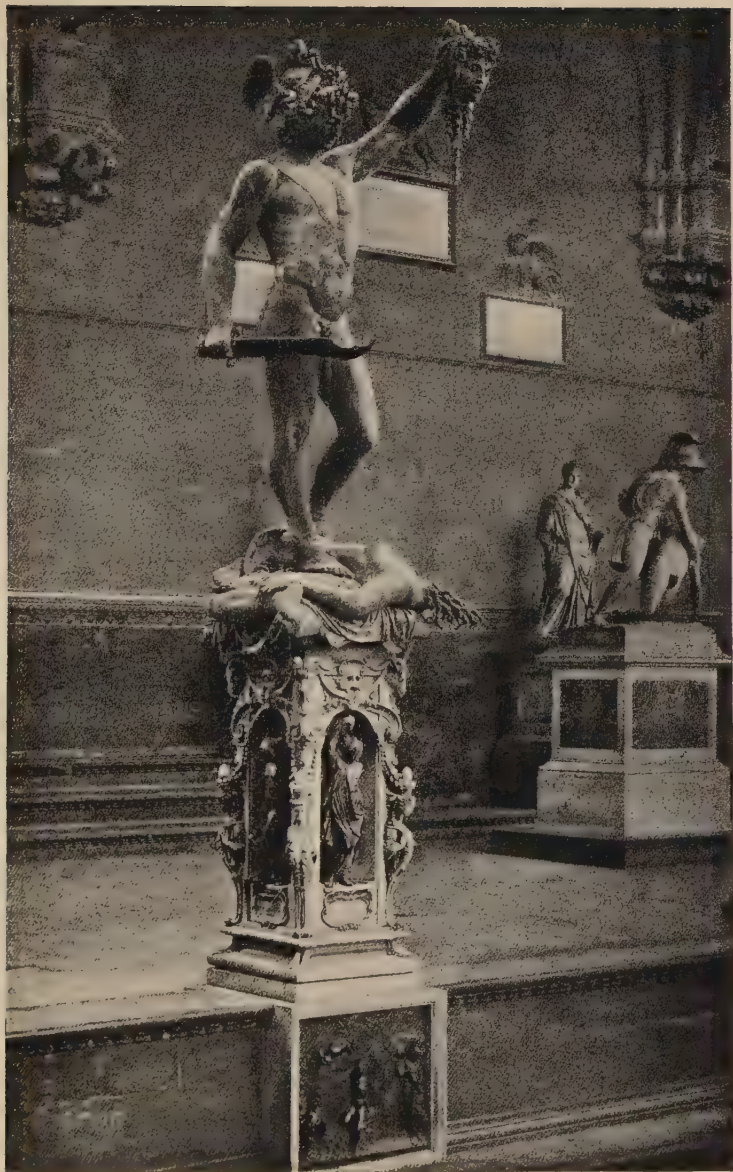
CHARLES C. PERKINS

ON his arrival at Florence in the month of August (1545) Cellini waited on Duke Cosimo at Poggio a Cajano, where the benign prince received him in the kindest way, and requested him to model a figure of Perseus, to be placed under one of the arches of the Loggia dei Lanzi. "Hearing this (he says), I was moved by an honourable ambition, and thought within myself, 'My work will then stand between one by Michelangelo, and one by Donato, men who have surpassed the ancients; what more can I desire than to be admitted to such proximity?' Wherefore with great joy and zeal, I commenced to make a little model of the Perseus, and when I showed it to his Excellency, he said in wonder, 'If you can make this work in the large as well as you have made it in the small, I am sure that it will be the finest statue in the Piazza,' to which, moved partly by reason of what I had done, and partly by what I felt able to do, I replied, 'Oh! most excellent prince, I promise you that the statue shall be three times better than the model,' at which he shook his head and I took my leave."

During the next four years, while occupied upon this figure, Cellini suffered infinite trouble and annoyance

owing to the enmity of Ricci, the Duke's maggiordomo, and of Baccio Bandinelli, who threw doubts upon his capacity. The Duke had given him a house for his atelier (in the Via del Rosajo) and fixed his salary at two hundred scudi a year; but this promising prospect soon clouded over, and Cellini, meeting with coldness and silence at court, and the enmity of his brother artists abroad, and finding it impossible to get money enough to go on with his work, would have returned to France, had he not received an intimation that the settling of his accounts with the King, which were by no means as clear as they should have been, might seriously damage his reputation.

His position eventually became so intolerable, that he ran away to Venice, where he spent a short time in the society of Titian, Sansovino, and Lorenzino de' Medici, who advised him not to go back to Florence; but, as he was determined to make the Perseus, he disregarded their advice. After his return, he first tried his skill in casting a bust of the Duke (now in the Uffizi) and then the body of Medusa, but could not immediately begin the statue of Perseus, as the Duke, influenced by Bandinelli, long refused to advance him the necessary funds. Having explained his grounds for hope of success, and taken many precautionary measures, especially necessary with this figure on account of the position of the arms, which made it peculiarly difficult to cast the whole in one piece, he at last set about his difficult task, with the belief that should he succeed all his troubles would be at an end.



PERSEUS, LOGGIA DEI LANZI, FLORENCE

By Cellini

The terrible anxieties and dangers through which he passed, before his efforts were rewarded with complete success, are thus graphically described in the story of his life.

We pass over the preliminary steps, and take up the narrative at the moment when the metal was disposed in the furnace, the wood prepared for lighting, the canals properly directed for conducting the molten liquid, and the workmen placed at their posts. "I then," he says, "ordered them to set fire to the furnace, which, being extremely well built, and filled with pine sticks whose resinous quality makes them very combustible, burnt so vigorously, that I was obliged to run hither and thither, to my own insupportable fatigue. Add to this, that as the shop caught fire, and we were afraid that the roof would fall on us, so much wind and rain entered on the garden side that it cooled the furnace. After fighting against these perverse accidents for several hours, with ever-increasing fatigue, I was seized with the most terrible attack of fever that can be imagined, wherefore I felt obliged to go to bed, before doing which I turned to my assistants, who were ten or more in number (counting the bronze-casters, labourers, countrymen, and my own private workmen), and after recommending myself to them all, I said to Bernardino Mannellini di Mugello, who had been with me for several years, 'Follow the plan which I have shown you, and be as quick as you can, for the metal will soon be ready; you cannot make a mistake, as these other men will prepare the canals, and with the

iron implements you can open the orifices of the furnace, through which the metal will flow and fill the mould. I feel more ill than I ever felt in my life, and am certain that I cannot live many hours.' After saying which, I left them and went to my bed."

For two hours poor Benvenuto lay tossing with fever, attended by a female servant who tried to comfort him and give him hope, while pity for his unfortunate state forced tears from her eyes which she vainly strove to conceal from him. "While I lay in this unmeasured state of wretchedness," he says, "I saw a certain man, whose body was as crooked as an S, enter my room, who said in a sad voice, such as those are wont to use who come to prepare the condemned for death, 'O Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy.' When I heard the words of this wretch, I uttered a shriek which might have been heard in the fiery sphere, and rising from my bed, began to hurry on my clothes, giving kicks and blows to the servants and to my boy, and to all who came near me, exclaiming, 'O traitors and invidious reptiles, this is a treason done to art, but I swear by God that I will unveil your wickedness, and that before I die I will leave such a mark of myself on the world that more than one person will be astonished.'"

Bearing down the timid opposition of the workmen whom he found standing helplessly about the furnace, Cellini caused a quantity of young oak wood to be brought, and a block of tin, about sixty pounds in weight, to be cast into the furnace; thanks to which vigorous measures he

soon had the satisfaction of seeing the metal, which had caked and cooled, again become fluid.

“ Seeing that, contrary to the opinion of all these ignorant people, I had resuscitated the dead, I again became vigorous, and forgot my fever and my fear of death. Suddenly, to our alarm, we heard a noise, and saw a flash of fire as if a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst, and as soon as the noise and glare had passed, and we began to see each others’ faces again, we found that the top of the furnace had burst, and risen in such a way that the bronze poured out, wherefore I caused the mouths of my mould to be opened, and the two furnace plugs to be driven in ; but seeing that the metal did not run as fast as it ought to, perhaps because the alloy had been destroyed by the terrible fire, I cast into the canals and the furnace all my tin dishes and plates, to the number of about two hundred ; until every one, seeing that the bronze was liquid, and the mould in process of being filled, assisted and obeyed me with zeal, while I, now here, now there, ordered, helped, and said, ‘ Assist me, O God, who by Thy great power didst raise the dead before gloriously ascending to heaven ; ’ and then, seeing that my mould was filled, fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants, and it being then two hours before dawn, went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life.”

*“ Feci Perseo, O Dio, come ogn’ uom vede,
E piacque a chi lo feci e a tutto il mondo.”*

Yes, Cellini was right ; his Perseus pleased all the world, excepting Bandinelli and his friends.

When it was uncovered in the Piazza, expressions of admiration were heard on all sides ; from the Duke, who, half hidden in the embrasure of a window of the Palazzo Vecchio, looked down upon the scene, to the lowest of his subjects who thronged below ; and Cellini as he walked among them was flattered by being pointed out as the great artist who had made this wonderful statue.

And in truth there is much to admire in the Perseus as he stands with a drawn sword in his right hand, looking down upon the lifeless body of Medusa, whose gory head he holds aloft in his left ; in the marble pedestal, richly adorned with skulls, goats' heads, festoons, terminal figures, and niches containing bronze statuettes of Jupiter, Mercury, Minerva and Danæ ; and above all, in the bronze bas-relief of Perseus descending to liberate Andromeda, which is set into the parapet below.

But on the other hand, though the winged helmet, the face, the forearm, and the outstretched hand of this statue are admirable, the head is too large for the body ; the torso, which is full of unmeaning detail, is too long for the legs, and the parts are ill put together. Then the highly ornate pedestal is too narrow for its height ; and the bas-relief, though one of Cellini's best works, is vicious in style. Its central portion is occupied by the graceful figure of Andromeda, whose long tresses stream in the wind, as shielding her eyes with her hand, she looks

upward for her deliverer, who is coming down from the clouds to attack the monster, who, with open jaws, bat-like wings, claws of iron strength and scaly body, stands ready to receive him. Upon the shore are Andromeda's mother Cassiopea, and her father Cepheus, who has a stern sad face; while between them her disappointed lover Phineas, whose head reminds us of an antique gem, rises from the earth like an avenging spirit, followed by a troop of warriors on foot and on horseback, the last of whom gallop furiously through the clouds.

As might have been expected in the work of a man who had spent more than forty years upon "minuteria" general effect is here lost in elaboration of detail which, though beautiful in itself, is not kept sufficiently subordinate.

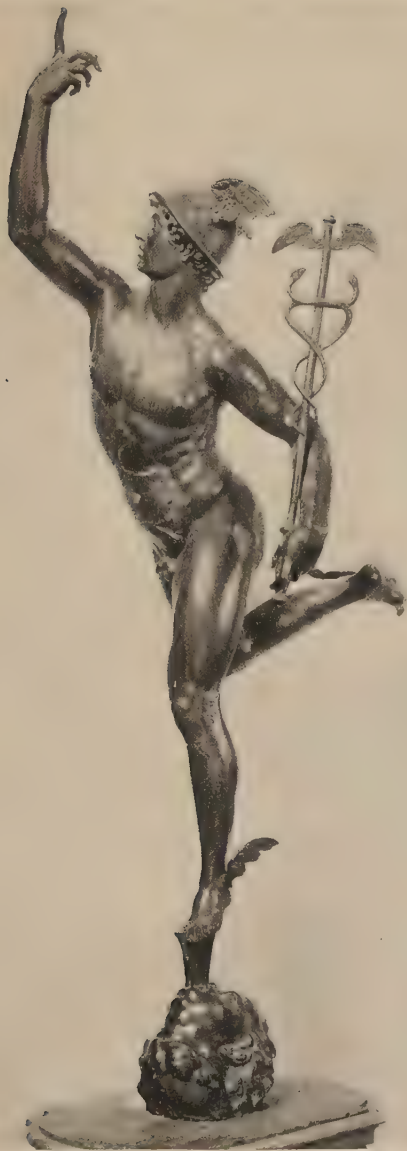
To Cellini it seemed that the Perseus never had been and never would be surpassed, and so much did he presume upon his success that he estimated its value at 10,000 gold scudi; and when the Duke grew angry, and said that he could build churches and palaces for such a sum, he answered, "Your Excellency can find any number of men to serve you as architects, but not one capable of making such a statue; no, not even my master Michelangelo now that he is old, although he might perhaps have done so in his youth, if he had taken as much pains as I have."

THE FLYING MERCURY

(*John of Bologna, 1524-1608*)

ABEL DESJARDINS

FEW lives have been more glorious and none more fortunate than that of John of Bologna. Everything was easy for him. If he encountered a few obstacles at the beginning of his career, he overcame them without effort. He had none of those long and grievous trials that too often compromise the future of men of great talent and leave incurable wounds in their hearts. He had scarcely arrived in Florence when he found a protector, a wealthy and enlightened friend, who supported him by offering him a refuge, and guided him with his experience and advice. The favour of the Medici, which was lasting, laid open for him the quarries of Carrara and Seravezza, from which he could draw marble as he wished; this favour also lavished upon him all the bronze that was required for his immense works. The sovereigns of Germany, France and Spain competed for the favour of attaching him to their service. The Emperor spontaneously sent letters of nobility to him; and the Pope meant to honour the Order of Christ by conferring it upon him. If envy attempted to murmur in low tones, it scarcely opened its attack: he immediately imposed silence upon it, and avenged himself by creating masterpieces which aroused universal admiration. His



THE FLYING MERCURY, BARGELLO, FLORENCE

By John of Bologna

robust constitution and his unfailing health allowed him to accomplish with certainty the tremendous tasks demanded of him. His equableness of spirit was perfect; his imagination, graceful and strong in turn, was always well regulated. His nature was well balanced and guaranteed him against all excesses. Solely possessed by the love of his art, it was given to him to realize everything that he conceived. Thanks to his long life, he was able to enjoy his celebrity during his lifetime; and, when he died, he had the consolation of confiding to eminent masters, whom he himself had formed and enriched, the care of worthily completing the few works which he had left unfinished. In conclusion, it may be said that if no man was ever more constantly happy, no man was ever more worthy of being so.

Early in 1572, Prince Francesco took John of Bologna away from his important work and sent him to Rome to procure antique statues for him. Vasari seized this opportunity to present him to the Pope as the "prince of the sculptors of Florence."

It was probably during this short visit to Rome that our artist first conceived the idea of the original masterpiece that he was to execute in bronze about 1574, some time after his return to Florence,—we mean the Flying Mercury. This prodigy of lightness, grace and elegance, this creation so ingenious and assuredly so rare—*molto ingegnosa cosa e certe tanto rarissima*,—says Vasari, excited universal admiration. The Emperor Maximilian II., who had been

presented with a copy by the Medici, was so delighted with it that he made every possible effort to induce the author of the Mercury to come and settle at his court. But Prince Francesco, who had become Grand Duke that same year (1574) on the death of Cosmo I., was more anxious than ever to retain in his own service a sculptor whose fame was daily increasing. He therefore raised John's salary of thirteen crowns to twenty-five crowns a month; and installed him in a house which he rented for him in the Borgo san Jacopo.

John of Bologna had been already for several years, notwithstanding his foreign origin, a member of the Academy of Design, the origin of which dated from the days of Giotto and which was re-established by the Medici in 1563. Here he found himself in company with Allori, Bronzino, Salviati, Cigoli, Santi di Tito, Vasari, Benvenuto Cellini, Ammanati, San Gallo and Antonio da Settignano, besides Palladio, Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese:—in a word, the *élite* of the artists of entire Italy.

He formed a warm friendship with Cigoli, Salviati, and particularly with his fellow-countryman Jan de Stræ, called Stradano, and Mona Mattea, a master mason in high favour with the Grand Dukes.

Under these favourable conditions, the artist, without having to neglect his great works, found time to produce other works of secondary importance, none of which was unworthy of him. His crucifixes were justly celebrated; his statuettes in gold and silver were perfect in execution.

His works were in great demand, but the resources of his fertile and varied talents might be more particularly admired in the Villa del Riposo belonging to his benefactor Bernardo Vecchietti, where was a collection of his figurines in clay, wax and bronze.

The head of Boreas, the cheeks of which are distended with wind, serves as a socle for the statue of the Flying Mercury. Mercury is posed on nothing but a breath which he scarcely touches with the extremity of his left foot. He takes flight and darts forward, wearing the winged petasus on his head; with one finger he points towards the sky; his other arm is slightly bent, and the hand holds the caduceus. "Let those who want to see him make haste," says Dupaty, "he is taking flight, he is in the air. We feel that he is mounting! What lightness and suavity of form, what grace and delicacy of expression!"

Antiquity never created anything bolder. "This pose," says Cicognara, "is altogether charming—*oltremodo gentile*.—The design is correct; perhaps the forms are not those that the Greeks would have given to a divinity, but nevertheless that does not prevent us from classing this work among the most beautiful productions of art in Italy towards the end of the Sixteenth Century." Vasari spoke of the Flying Mercury as a thing of the greatest rarity:—*cosa che è certo rarissima*.—And he adds that it was intended for the Emperor Maximilian. We do not deny that such was the intention of the Grand Duke, but we can find no trace of

it in the correspondence consulted with such minute care by M. Foucques.

We learn from Baldinucci that the statue was placed first in the Acciajuoli garden. Thence it was transported to Rome, to the *Monte Pincio* in the Villa Medici. It was certainly there in 1598, and it surmounted a basin that occupied the centre of the principal flight of steps of the palace on the garden side. It appears in this situation in a picture by Gaspero degli Occhiali, which represents the interior façade of the Villa Medici.

When the Grand Duke Leopold sold the Villa Medici to the French Government (which was going to establish its Academy of Painting there) he had brought back to Florence the monuments of art contained in the palace and garden in Rome. This removal occurred between 1769 and 1783. At the latter date, Gustavus III., King of Sweden, on his way through Florence, saw in the gallery of the Riccardi Palace the finest statues that belonged to the Villa Medici. From there the Mercury was transferred to the Uffizi gallery, and finally to the palace of the *podestat*, or Bargello. So many removals necessarily caused injury to the statue. The left leg, broken at the knee, has been imperfectly repaired; two cracks are noticeable: one on the left hip and the other at the pit of the stomach by the left groin. Even as it is, the Flying Mercury is one of the gems of the museums of Florence.

The reproductions of this most popular of the works of John of Bologna have been innumerable. One of them,

which was at Compiègne, is now in one of the Renaissance rooms of the Louvre Museum.

Florence possesses two small bronze models of the statue. The plaster statuettes that are to be seen everywhere are generally copied from one of these.

Was not our sculptor inspired by Raphael's Mercury which he might have admired in Rome among the Farnese frescoes?

The Flying Mercury may be compared with Benvenuto Cellini's Mercury which is in the rear niche of the pedestal of the Perseus.

DIANA

(*Jean Goujon, 1520-1566*)

HENRY JOUIN

DIANA of Poitiers having triumphed over her rival the Duchesse d'Etampes when the Dauphin ascended the throne in 1547, Philibert Delorme was engaged by Henri II. to build and decorate the Château d'Anet. It is generally agreed that the edifice, begun in 1547, was finished in 1552. This date was inscribed on the gate of the château. On the other hand the clock bears the date 1554, and, moreover, we know that Diana spent no less than 16,278 *livres tournois* for the embellishment of her favourite residence during the year 1557. Who were the artists who worked with Delorme on the Château d'Anet? They must have been numerous, but their names have not been preserved for us in the writings of the day. However, Jean Goujon is certainly the author of the Diana, grouped with a stag and the two dogs, Procyon and Sirius. Other works coming from Anet have been attributed to him, particularly the bronze bas-reliefs which adorned the clock, two figures of Fame also in bronze, and the carved wood ceiling of one of the rooms of the château. These various sculptures were preserved in the Musée des Petits-Augustins at the end of the last century. What became of them when the museum was broken up?



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DIANA, LOUVRE

By Jean Goujon

Piganiol in his *Description des environs de Paris* speaks of Anet. His notice of the château of Diana of Poitiers is not long: it occupies less than a page. But nevertheless the narrator describes with a well-informed pen "the clock in which we see a pack of fifteen or twenty hounds in bronze, running and barking, and a stag, also in bronze, which strikes the hours with one of its feet. . . . In the Orangery there is a fountain in which we see a marble statue representing a woman who is so perfectly rendered as to deceive the sight."

But the Diana of Anet, now in the Louvre, suffices for the glory of Jean Goujon. This superb marble, recovered by Lenoir from the barbarous hands of the destroyers of the château of Diana of Poitiers, came to him in pieces. It had been sawn up in order to get the copper tubing that conveyed the water, and it is wonderful that the sculptor Beauvallet was able to restore it in the condition in which this masterpiece of Goujon's has been admired for a century.¹

Diana, nude, seated on the ground, lays her right arm around the neck of a stag half-couched beside her. Her left hand holds a bow. At the two ends of the plinth that

¹ It was Lenoir who thought he saw traces of sawing in the fragments of Diana when he received them, but since it was necessary to put pipes in the interior of the statue, there is no doubt that Goujon found himself obliged to do so by making use of marble in several pieces, which he afterwards cemented together. He could not manage otherwise. Nobody could pierce a single block of great size with interior canals without breaking it.

bears the statue are the two dogs of the goddess. A light drapery falls over her right thigh. The manner in which her hair is dressed, the tresses being raised in spirals on the top of the head and mingled with jewellery, marks the period in which the sculptor worked. The court ladies of the Sixteenth Century wore their hair in that style. Her eyes are turned towards the stag on which she is gently leaning: the huntress seems apprehensive regarding its intention to run away. The expression of her lips is one of pride.

This group deserves attentive study. In the first place it would be puerile to look for the image of the daughter of Jupiter and Latona in Goujon's Diana. The sculptor has taken no pains to preserve the character given in Greek mythology to the sister of Apollo, who is always armed with bow and arrows and roams the woods accompanied by her favourite stag and her retinue of nymphs. The severe goddess would have felt outraged at being deprived of her tunic and seeing her feet unshod. The sculptor of Diana of Poitiers, being charged to produce a decorative statue, wanted to exhibit his talent in treating the nude, and the mistress of the Château d'Anet bearing the name of a goddess of antiquity, decorated his work with the name of that goddess by lending it one of her attributes. But the artist here evokes the memory of antiquity somewhat negligently. There is nothing Greek in the head-dress of his divinity, and this detail has led more than one critic into error. The Diana of Anet having her hair arranged in the

mode in honour in the Sixteenth Century some people have been pleased to see the portrait of Diana of Poitiers in this marble. It is nothing of the sort. Several effigies of this celebrated woman, that we have reason to believe authentic, have come down to us. The outline of the face, the hardness of the brow and the guile of the lips are altogether lacking in the head carved by Goujon. In one word, if the Anet marble is not a just conception of the antique Diana, neither is it the portrait of Diana of Poitiers. Then what is it? It is a most remarkable piece of sculpture.

It has been said that with regard to this marble Jean Goujon indulged a kind of emulation in his desire to eclipse Cellini, whose bas-relief, the Nymph of Fontainebleau, was possessed by the Château d' Anet. Goujon has certainly shown his superiority over the Florentine sculptor in executing his Diana. But, perhaps, the sight of the work of Cellini may have been injurious to the French master's composition. He had to carve a group, and yet his work is conceived in the style of a bas-relief, that is to say that the work as a whole must be looked at under one single aspect. The huntress and the stag form a picture on the same side. Looked at from the opposite side, the group only presents the two dogs, widely separated and devoid of action. More than this, Diana's left leg is bent in a movement that has no beauty. These criticisms will be made by anybody who attempts to judge the work of Goujon without any prejudice. But was the talented master absolutely free to compose this group in accordance with his

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI

(*Salvi and Lorenzo Bernini, 1598-1680*)

EDWARD HUTTON

HORACE tells us somewhere that he is the friend of fountains, and indeed, no true Roman, whether of the ancient or the modern world, can ever have been without some sentiment for them, since, in fact, they are the joy of Rome, as it were, a pleasant and joyful voice; for no city in Europe is so truly a city of running waters. All day long they waken in the heart some mystery of delight and refreshment;—the slender jets of water wavering between the cypresses in the shadow, flashing in the sun, splashing among the statues on the cold marble. And their song in the cool, diaphanous mornings of spring is a song of life, of joy, of the brief joy of life.

And like most of that which is eternal in Rome, which is wholly characteristic of her and her own, the fountains, the song of the fountains, comes to us hardly changed from the Romans who, in the splendour of their pride, conceived this luxury; for it was Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, who first dreamed of this beauty and refreshment, and endowed the city with a song. To Agrippa Rome owed much, but among his marvellous and enormous works nothing was at once so original, so noble and so enduring as this which he contrived during



FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, ROME

the three years of his ædileship, building at his own cost two aqueducts, a hundred and thirty reservoirs, a *naumachia*, several baths and *piscinæ*, and more than two hundred fountains, which, in many disguises, for the most part remain to us, they and their children, the only joyful things in the fallen city.

The splendid gift of Agrippa was added to again and again. Caligula and Claudius, not to be outdone, built two new aqueducts, which brought to the city as much water, indeed, as all those that were before them till in Trajan's time Rome had more than ten aqueducts feeding some thirteen hundred fountains.

And these joyful and pleasant waters, flashing and singing in the hot streets, the quiet piazzas, the shady gardens, were the pride of the people of Rome, and, in some sort, their most precious possession, so that at last some mystery seems to have passed into them, even the life of the City itself, and we find Rome defending her waters when she could scarcely hold her walls, with all the fierceness of a last hope. Were they not her life, her last luxury, her last joy? Nor was she robbed of them till 537. Vitiges and his Goths, masters of the Campagna, broke the long lines of the aqueducts, and left them as we now see them, more wonderful still than anything else within or without the City, lending their beauty to the tragic grandeur and solitude of the Campagna, the Latin plain; and Rome was silenced. That blow seems to have been fatal. From that day the City gradually became the appalling ruin that she remained

through all the Middle Age: till in the Fifteenth Century the Popes of the Renaissance, wishing to restore to her the leadership of the world, gave her back her waters, and suddenly, in a moment, as though by enchantment, she arose once more out of the wilderness and the ruins, healed and whole at the sound of that song.

Often very early in those spring mornings which are so fair in Rome, or may be on an autumn evening, under a moon great and golden as the sun, I have wandered through the city of fountains for the sake of their song. It begins with the strange artificial voice of Bernini's Barcaccia in the Piazza di Spagna, where the Aqua Vergine falls humbly at the feet of Madonna, that galley of war shooting forth from her guns, not death but refreshment. Then, as I pass into the silence up the beautiful Scala di Spagna, and turn towards the Pincio, presently, still far off, I hear the most beautiful voice in Rome, the single melody, languid, and full of mystery and all enchantment of the fountain before the Villa Medici, where, under the primeval ilex, a single jet of water towers like some exquisite slender lily to droop, to fall in unimagined loveliness into the brimming vase of marble, so admirably simple and in place under those sacred trees, before that lofty villa, which in some sort dominates the whole City, and whence one may look across the towers and domes to the Capitol, to St. Peter's, to the Campagna stretching away to the sea.

No other fountain in Rome is at once so simple and so beautiful as this, nor is there another which commands so

wide and so majestic a prospect. And yet, if one passes down the slope of the Pincio into the Piazza del Popolo, and so crossing the Ponte Margherita, and passing at last under the height of the Vatican, comes at last into the Piazza di S. Pietro, one finds there, in one of the holiest and most famous places in the City, two fountains, quite as beautiful in their way, though truly less simple, singing ever before the threshold of the shrine of the Apostle. Rising in the shape, as it were, of *fleurs de lys*, the water harmonizes perfectly, not only with the fountains themselves, but with the beautiful piazza in which they are so marvellously placed, forming together with it the masterpiece of Bernini. Here, indeed, we have a beauty wholly artificial and architectural, perhaps the one perfect thing that the Seventeenth Century contrived in that art. We shall find an early effort of that period, more romantic, both in its situation and contrivance, if we climb the Janiculum, and passing along its height through the Passaggiata Margherita, come at last, above the Church of S. Pietro in Montorio, on the immense Aqua Paolina, the ancient Aqua Trajana, which draws its waters from Lago di Bracciano, more than thirty miles away. The fountain, a huge façade, the work of Fontana and Maderna, under Paul V. in 1611, was built out of the materials of older buildings; the marble is from the Temple of Minerva in the Forum of Nerva, the granite pillars from the vestibule of old St. Peter's. In spite of the grandiose beauty which harmonizes well with the site, it seems, perhaps—for here

our eyes turn always back to the solitude of the Campagna—a mere empty boast, full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

From the Aqua Paolina, in my early morning pilgrimage, I always pass down into the Piazza d' Italia and go across the Ponte Garibaldi, through the Via Arenula and the Via dei Falegnami into the Piazza Mattei, where, before the palace, stands the delicate and lovely Fountain of the Tortoises, built in 1585 by Giacomo della Porta and Taddeo Landini. Nothing in Rome is more alluring in a certain lightness and finesse than this fountain, where four slim youths, grouped round a vase of water, hold each a tortoise, which drains the upper basin.

From here it is but a step back into Piazza Benedetto Cairoli, and so through Via di Giubbonari in the Campo di Fiore and Piazza Farnese, whose two fountains remind us in their spacious setting of those in the Piazza di S. Pietro. Then crossing the Corso between the palaces we come to the Piazza Navona, where stands the most extraordinary, perhaps, of all Bernini's works, the brilliant but bizarre fountain with its obelisk and statues personifying the four great rivers of the world.

It is again to a work of Bernini we come, as, passing on through the City, we stand at last before the great Fountain of Trevi, which resembles the Aqua Paolina, and which may be heard above all the noise of the piazza. And it is fitting that, since Rome is the city of fountains, to make sure of one's return to her, it should be necessary

to make an offering, not at the grave of Romulus, nor at the shrine of St. Peter, but to the greatest and most famous of her fountains, for it is said whoever, at the hour of departure, drinks a cup of the water of Trevi and pays for it, has not looked on Rome for the last time.

The hour of departure, if indeed you keep it in the time-honoured way, and make your offering there in Piazza Trevi, will lead you by the way of my morning pilgrimage, first into Piazza Barberini where another of Bernini's fountains, the Fountain of the Triton, still stands, and then by the Via Quattro Fontane, past the four fountains, and so turning to the left there, past the Aqua Felice into the Piazza delle Terme and the Railway Station. And it is well that your last thought in Rome, as indeed your first has been, should be one of astonishment, your last spectacle the sight of a fountain. For, as it happens, the modern Romans are not less in love with the sound and sight of running water than were their fathers of old. And while all the other fountains in Rome are restorations of works of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, here, for our encouragement, to greet us when we enter, to greet us when we depart, our Rome too has set up a great fountain of splashing water. Of all the modern works of art in Rome it pleases one most. It is true that it is vulgar, flamboyant and eccentric, full, indeed, of every sort of astonishment. But in the luxury of its design, in the extraordinary gesture of its figures, in the splendour and gladness of its waters, it is to me a sign and a symbol of the new Rome,

which, though she be indeed less noble, or at least less strong than of old, is yet living and ready to entertain us: and we, too, may hear in her streets, as Horace did so long ago, "The splash of fountains with jets of water clear."

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI¹

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

SO they set forth, and had gone but a little way, when the narrow street emerged into a piazza, on one side of which, glistening and dimpling in the moonlight, was the most famous fountain in Rome. Its murmur—not to say its uproar—had been in the ears of the company, ever since they came into the open air. It was the Fountain of Trevi, which draws its precious water from a source far beyond the walls, whence it flows hitherward through old subterranean aqueducts, and sparkles forth as pure as the virgin who first led Agrippa to its well-spring, by her father's door.

¹ The *Fontana di Trevi*, the most magnificent public fountain in Rome, was completed in 1762 from a design by Nicc. Salvi (1735) aided by a drawing by Bernini. The figure of Neptune in the central niche is by Pietro Bracci. Health is on the right and Fertility on the left. The old Aqua Virgo which issues from this spot was conducted by M. Agrippa from the Campagna by a subterranean channel to supply his baths beside the Pantheon. It enters the city near the Villa Medici. The fountain was restored by Claudius in 46 A. D., as the inscription tells us and again by Pope Hadrian I. and Nicholas V. The latter in 1453 brought the main stream of the aqueduct here and the name of the fountain exchanged its ancient name for Trevi (a corruption of Trivio—three outlets). On leaving Rome travellers take a drink from the fountain of Trevi and throw in a coin in the romantic hope, or superstitious belief, that they will be sure to return.—*E. S.*

“I shall sip as much of this water as the hollow of my hand will hold,” said Miriam. “I am leaving Rome in a few days; and the tradition goes that a parting draught at the Fountain of Trevi insures the traveller’s return, whatever obstacles and improbabilities may seem to beset him. Will you drink, Donatello?”

“Signorina, what you drink, I drink,” said the youth.

They and the rest of the party descended some steps to the water’s brim, and after a sip or two, stood gazing at the absurd design of the fountain, where some sculptor of Bernini’s school had gone absolutely mad in marble. It was a great palace-front, with niches and many bas-reliefs, out of which looked Agrippa’s legendary virgin, and several of the allegoric sisterhood; while, at the base, appeared Neptune, with his floundering steeds and Tritons blowing their horns about him, and twenty other artificial fantasies, which the calm moonlight soothed into better taste than was native to them.

And after all, it was as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived. At the foot of the palatial façade was strown, with careful art and ordered irregularity, a broad and broken heap of massive rock, looking as if it might have lain there since the deluge. Over a central precipice fell the water, in a semicircular cascade; and from a hundred crevices, on all sides, snowy jets gushed up and streams spouted out of the mouths and nostrils of stone monsters, and fell in glistening drops; while other rivulets that had run wild, came leaping from one rude step to

another, over stones that were mossy, slimy and green with sedge, because, in a century of their wild play, Nature had adopted the Fountain of Trevi, with all its elaborate devices, for her own. Finally, the water, tumbling, sparkling and dashing, with joyous haste and never-ceasing murmur, poured itself into a great marble-brimmed reservoir, and filled it with a quivering tide; on which was seen, continually, a snowy semicircle of momentary foam from the principal cascade, as well as a multitude of snow-points from smaller jets. The basin occupied the whole breadth of the piazza, whence flights of steps descended to its border. A boat might float and make voyages from one shore to another in this mimic lake.

In the daytime, there is hardly a livelier scene in Rome than the neighbourhood of the Fountain of Trevi; for the piazza is then filled with the stalls of vegetable and fruit-dealers, chestnut-roasters, cigar vendors and other people, whose petty and wandering traffic is transacted in the open air. It is likewise thronged with idlers, lounging over the iron railing and with *forestieri*, who come hither to see the famous fountain. Here, also, are seen men with buckets, urchins with cans, and maidens (a picture as old as the patriarchal times) bearing their pitchers upon their heads. For the water of Trevi is in request, far and wide, as the most refreshing draught for feverish lips, the pleasantest to mingle with wine, and the wholesomest to drink, in its native purity, that can anywhere be found. But, now, at nearly midnight, the piazza was a solitude;

and it was a delight to behold this untamable water, sporting by itself in the moonshine, and compelling all the elaborate trivialities of art to assume a natural aspect in accordance with its own powerful simplicity.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

(*Antonio Canova, 1757-1821*)

COUNTESS D' ALBRIZZI

THE most difficult task that the anger and jealousy of Venus prompted her to impose on the unfortunate Psyche was that of the descent to Erebus, to obtain of Proserpine a portion of her charms, as women are everywhere jealous, above all things, of their beauty, as the source of the unlimited homage which they enjoy; but Cupid, who with unceasing care watched over the perilous destiny of his fair mistress, inspired her with the means of succeeding in the dangerous embassy. Psyche, thus having obtained the gift of Proserpine, had no sooner emerged from the gloomy realms of Pluto into the cheering light of day, than an irresistible curiosity arose in her mind to see the contents of the box in which her charge was contained. Seating herself, therefore, on a stone, she raised the fatal lid, but instead of aught that could charm or delight, a dense and pestiferous vapour issued from it, which deprived her of sense, and she fell lifeless on the earth. Cupid by this time had flown to her succour, and by his efforts recalled her to life.

Canova has taken the moment when the beautiful Psyche, recovering from her insensibility, throws back her lovely head, from which her charming tresses fall down in richly

flowing ringlets, and opens her eyes on her beloved husband; he, resting on one knee upon the ground, and bending over her, gazes with rapture in her beautiful face, his left hand tenderly encircling her, and reaching to her swelling bosom, while with the other he supports her lovely head: his tender and entreating attitude is that of one who sues for a kiss, which in other moments has not been denied to him, while she, consenting with equal fondness, raises her arms, and placing her hands caressingly on his head, draws gently his lips towards her own.

Surely the virgin graces and the innocent loves gave all their aid to Canova while forming this charming composition; and with such tender and subduing sensations does this lovely pair, so enchantingly grouped, affect the beholder, that his heart is disposed to love every object that is dear to him with increased affection.¹

¹This work was executed in 1793, in Carrara marble for Colonel Campbell, afterwards Earl Brownlow; after various changes it was possessed by Murat, and placed in the royal palace of Compiègne near Paris. The model was made in 1787. The group was repeated in 1796 for the Russian Prince Youssouppoff.



CUPID AND PSYCHE, VILLA CARLOTTA, LAKE COMO

By Canova

CUPID AND PSYCHE

COUNT CICOGNARA

CANOVA'S susceptibility and active fancy gave great quickness and energy to his invention, prompting his imagination spontaneously and without effort to reach the great and excellent in his designs. He usually threw his first thoughts on paper in a few slight outlines, which he often varied and retouched and then sketched in clay or wax, in small dimensions: with this he studied the composition of his subject, which was afterwards transferred to the full sized model, and perfected with all the resources of his genius and art.

The fascinating influence which the grace and beauty of his female figures exercises on the senses and the emotion produced by their tender and voluptuous expression, has caused him to be called by many, the "Sculptor of Venus and the Graces"; but it will not surely be said by posterity that the statues of the three pontiffs, the colossal groups of Hercules and Lichas, and of Theseus and the Centaur, the Pugilists, Hector and Ajax, Washington, the colossal statue of Napoleon, the group of the Piety, or the Equestrian Monuments of Naples, were imagined in the gardens of Cythera.

The opponents of Canova have also charged him with not having confined himself to the use of the chisel in his

marbles, and with having had recourse to factitious means of giving to them an extreme softness and delicacy ; which, if it had been the case, would only have been following, in modern times, the example of Nicias, who produced these effects by his washes on the marbles of Praxiteles ; but Canova rarely used any other means than that of washing his marbles after they had received their polish with *acqua di rota* ; their soft and delicate surface being produced solely by his consummate chisel and the diligent use of the file ; unlike other sculptors, who think they have no more to do with their work when they have finished the model and left its execution to the hands of subordinate artists. The exquisite finish of the extremities, which his statues so peculiarly possess, may be attributed to the same causes.

The degree in which Canova approximated to the excellency of Grecian art, is shown in his masterly manner of treating those bold and novel conceptions, for which neither antiquity nor the age of Leo had afforded him any precedent, and in which he stood entirely alone and original. These possess a justness and propriety of style, a freedom from all extravagancy, while the character and attributes peculiar to each work are never confounded together. In all his various productions, we always can admire a scrupulous perfection in the extremities, a charming sweetness of contour, and a peculiar grace, but without affectation, in the motion of the neck, giving a fine expression to the head and graceful disposition of the shoulders ; but his marbles are above all distinguished by the exquisite repre-

sentation of the flesh and appearances of the skin ; without, however, degenerating into a minute and servile imitation. He seems to have proceeded by first impressing on his statues all the divinity of his *beau-idéal* and afterwards to recall them, if it may be so expressed, to humanity, by scattering here and there those traces of reality, which his attentive observation of the natural supplied ; these masterly strokes raised his figures into life, all the softness and delicacy of which were added by his last fine touches.

THE LION OF LUCERNE

(*Bertel Thorwaldsen, 1770-1844*)

EUGÈNE PLON

THORWALDSEN had been living out of his native land for twenty-three years before he found leisure to revisit it. He went in the first instance to Florence, then to Parma, and to Milan, where he remained only a short time. He afterwards went through the pass of the Simplon to Lucerne whither he was summoned to advise upon the measures to be taken for the erection by Switzerland of a monument to the memory of her sons who were slain defending the Tuileries on the memorable tenth of August, 1792.

Every one knows the incidents of that fatal day which preceded the fall of royalty. While Louis XVI., "to spare the people the commission of a great crime," allowed himself to be taken before the Assembly, who were, a few hours later, to vote for the deposition of the King, the people rushed upon the palace of the Tuileries, which was then occupied only by a few faithful servants of the Royal Family, gentlemen, National Guards, and Switzers. Handful as they were, they, nevertheless, repulsed the assailants, and they would perhaps have completely dispersed the mob, if the King had not sent them orders to withdraw, and not



LION OF LUCERNE

to fire upon the people. A few of the unfortunate Switzers, to whom it had not been possible to make known the King's orders, remained in the palace. They were exposed to the full fury of the popular frenzy, and were mercilessly massacred, useless but heroic victims of devotion to a lost cause. Commandant Pfyffer von Altishofen, an officer of this loyal Swiss Guard, escaped from the victorious mob, and retired to Lucerne, where he projected the erection of a monument to the memory of his unfortunate comrades in his own garden. But all Switzerland adopted the idea, numerous subscribers joined eagerly in it, and several sovereign princes desired to associate themselves with the memorial. The Swiss ambassador at Rome, M. Vincent Rüttiman, begged Thorwaldsen to undertake the execution of the monument.

Although he was in bad health at the time, and but little disposed to accept new commissions, Thorwaldsen would not disregard this request. He made a sketch model, representing a couchant lion, mortally wounded, with his head lying upon the royal shield of France, which he holds between his claws. The conception of the artist is worthy of the nobility of the subject. The majestic simplicity of the composition is worthy of the chivalrous devotion whose memory it perpetuates. One of Thorwaldsen's pupils, Bienaimé, was entrusted with the working out of the model, which the master then retouched. Thorwaldsen, who had never seen a living lion, made his studies from the antique. The cast was sent to Lucerne in the beginning of 1819.

It had been at first intended that the monument should be executed in bronze, but Thorwaldsen's advice led to the abandonment of that design. A vast niche, ten yards high, was dug out of the side of the rocky hill, and the sculptor Lucas Ahorn hewed the colossal lion, after the model, out of the solid rock itself. The work was begun in March, 1820, and finished in August, 1821.

The following description is from the French of M. Arthur Ponroy :

“Imagine a profound and mysterious retreat reached by tortuous and descending paths. On the left hand is a *châlet*, which you might touch with your hand; forty paces in advance is the naked rock, cut sheer as if it had been cleft in two by a thunderbolt, with natural fissures across the granite strata, rude, fantastic furrows which might have been ploughed by the lightning. At the foot of the mountain is a large expanse of motionless greenish water; on the two sides rise groves of larch trees, whose dark, melancholy tops are lost among the grim dome of magnificent oaks. An invisible waterfall in the background sends its murmuring waters to feed that Dead Sea, in which nothing lives except the ever-renewed plaint of the funereal legend. Here and there through fissures in the gray rock puny threads of water filter, endless tears forever flowing, and stones which weep as though to keep in eternal remembrance within those grand depths the law of majestic sorrow imposed upon them by genius.

“Illacrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant !

“Twenty feet above the lake, at the back of a gigantic niche, hollowed by the hand of man in the rock, a dying lion crouches—a lion three times as large as life; his flank is pierced by a broken spear; his eyes, half-shut, are terrible; one of his enormous paws hangs over the water, which reflects it; the other still clutches the raised *fleur-de-lis* upon a shield, and in all this magnificent image there breathes heroic strength and power, together with a sentiment of honour that touches the heart and fills it with serenity. Then when your eyes droop under the imposing grandeur of this spectacle, behold a prodigy of art! You see it again in the water, reflected with green and gray tints which lend a fierce energy to this formidable composition, making it something fantastic and mysterious, like the wrath of Dante and the great sadness of Shakespeare.”

The genius of Thorwaldsen was eminently creative; he worked in the clay with extreme ardour, until he had set free from it the form which he had imagined, until he had given it the imprint of the thought which he had conceived. When it seemed to him that the clay had adequately rendered his ideas, he executed a plaster from it himself, which he generally finished very carefully; then he gave this to his workmen as a model, and it was their business to translate it into marble. This was done under his own eyes in his workshops; he constantly superintended the work, frequently retouched it, sometimes finished it himself.

This method of proceeding led artists who were jealous of his success to say that no doubt he modelled very well,

but he was incapable of sculpturing marble. One day this was repeated to him, and he said: "Bring me a block of Carrara or Parian, take away my chisel, tie my hands, and I will make a statue come out of it with my teeth."

Is it to be regretted that Thorwaldsen did not put his own hand to the execution of all his productions? If he had done so we might have gained a few statues equal in perfection to the Adonis (in Munich) at the cost of losing some of the finest productions of the sculptor's genius. We have reason to believe that the greatest of the Greek sculptors acted in this respect as the Danish artist did. A learned critic affirms that they even divided their works into several pieces, so that a greater number of auxiliaries might assist them simultaneously.

"Considered in itself," says M. Henri Delaborde (in comparing Canova and Thorwaldsen), "the manner of the author of the Magdalen, the Dancers and the Venus of the Pitti Palace is agreeable rather than beautiful. It indicates the artist's desire to conform to the antique examples, but those examples are refined away by Canova's adjustment of them to the narrow limits of modern taste. He overlays the Greek simplicity with a pretentious grace—with an equivocal elegance; in a word, he treats antiquity like nature, he embellishes them both. By almost hiding his personal responsibility under the semblance of classic style, he succeeds in adroitly counterfeiting an appearance, but not in expressing a truth with the power of a master.

"The genius and the aspiration of Thorwaldsen were of

a totally different order. Though he occasionally sought for elegance and found it, as, for example, in his Night, or in his Mercury putting Argus to Sleep, he generally strove for grandeur only, and he sometimes attained that end. His Lion of Switzerland, his bas-reliefs representing the Triumph of Alexander, and many of his allegorical figures bear the impress of imagination and power."

MICHAEL AND SATAN

(*John Flaxman, 1755-1826*)

ERNEST H. SHORT

PERHAPS no modern artist has produced work more nearly approaching the sculpture of Greece in spirit. In Flaxman's best known work, the Michael and Satan, we can trace a severe restraint which is foreign to the more florid styles of Canova and Thorwaldsen and which brings the Englishman far closer to the masters of the Hellenic school whom he sought to follow. He equalled either Canova or Thorwaldsen in fertility and purity of design, particularly in bas-relief. But Flaxman also suffered as they had done from a too close adherence to the eclectic influences derived from Winckelmann. When Flaxman sought to portray the intense passions, his borrowed style betrayed him. If intensity of emotion was of little moment in sculpture, Flaxman would rank among the immortals. As a fact, we know that it constitutes its very life. Consequently, one can only regret that it was not given to the first great English sculptor to emulate the achievements of Gainsborough and Reynolds, and evolve a style capable of expressing the manifold energies of his age in marble as truly as they did on canvas. As it was, the genius of Flaxman only served to perpetuate a false ideal. His English followers made no effort to rid themselves of the



MICHAEL AND SATAN, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

By Flaxman

methods which had marred even the finest work of the earlier masters of their school. Truth to tell, Flaxman's reputation depends much more upon his non-sculptural work than it does upon his marbles—upon his Homeric illustrations, upon his drawings, with their mysterious reminiscences of Blake, for instance. Flaxman's facility in design was so tremendous that it alone made him stand out far above his fellow sculptors. Added to this there is a certain natural austerity in his sculptures which distinguishes them from the conventional theatricalities of the earlier Eighteenth Century artists and the Georgian and early Victorian sentimentalities which followed. But it would be untrue to suggest that as a sculptor he rose superior to his age. Weighed in the scale of European art, ancient and modern, the life-work of Flaxman contains the same lesson as that of Canova and Thorwaldsen. It stands as a perpetual memorial of the eternal law, that no living art can be built upon a borrowed style—even though that style be Greek.

MICHAEL AND SATAN

E. S. ROSCOE

FLAXMAN is undoubtedly entitled to be considered the chief among English sculptors through the power of his mind, his mastery of composition and his actual knowledge of his art. He is essentially the founder of the modern school of English sculpture, which with innumerable imperfections and backslidings has, by reason of many of its productions, maintained from Flaxman's time a consistently higher level than it approached before he showed his countrymen, both by the example of his works and the precepts of his lectures, the road which they should follow. The spirit of Greece and the spirit of the Nineteenth Century are combined in his works. With Flaxman begins quite a new period in this division of English art, and with him ends, taken as a whole, the exaggeration, the realism and the metaphorical conceits of which Roubillac, Nollekens and Bacon were the chiefs. And regarded without relation to the history of art, Flaxman's works are worthy of the most thoughtful study from their intrinsic merit and beauty. Like all works which attain a really high standard and are the productions of true genius, they bear very minute observation, and the more and longer that they are considered, the higher will undoubtedly be the opinion

which will be formed of them, and the greater the pleasure which they will afford.

Flaxman was born at York in 1755. His father was a modeller, who shortly after his birth removed to London and settled down in New Street, Covent Garden. Thus we find in him, as in Thorwaldsen, a development of hereditary taste or pursuit. His youth soon showed signs of the rich future that was before him; indeed Wordsworth's often-quoted and frequently inapplicable line that "the boy is father of the man," is most truly and usually exemplified in the careers of celebrated artists. Very early he developed a taste for modelling and drawing, in which doubtless he was eagerly encouraged by his father, who perceived in his quiet and delicate son the most docile and the most apt of workmen in the future. By the year 1775 Flaxman the younger had clearly obtained a very considerable though it may be narrow reputation as a modeller, and in that year—the year of his commencing to work for Wedgwood—the latter writes that certain figures must be done by Flaxman, for, he adds, "We have no one here that can do them." In the following year he received half in play, half in earnest, from this excellent judge the now well-known appellation of the "Genius of Sculpture."

From this period until he left for Rome in 1787, Flaxman was steadily at work for Wedgwood. His designs were almost wholly classical and extraordinarily numerous; among them was the Apotheosis of Home, the Muses, the Triumph of Ariadne, and the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche,

With these were mingled certain miscellaneous subjects, such as dancing children; and thirdly ideal and portrait busts—among others a head of Mercury, busts of Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Shakespeare and himself. Thus, though his subjects were at this period of his life chiefly classical, he was, as is evident from the above instances, far from confining himself wholly to one class of design. But at this time, as is equally clear, his individuality of conception had by no means completely shown itself, for the classical compositions were, when not actual copies, yet familiar subjects freshly treated; and it is in the more unimportant subjects, so far as their titles are concerned, his groups of children, for example, that we see most clearly his taste and the beauty of his mind beginning to develop themselves in form. But in an attempt to estimate the career of Flaxman as a whole, the influence of this early work of his for Wedgwood, apart from its own beauty and grace, must be fully grasped. The effect of early artistic influences is so great that the constant study of the antique which this Wedgwood work required, whether in merely seeking for subjects, or in the actual copying of antique models, without doubt actively directed Flaxman's mind towards antique subjects, and imbued it not only with the outward images of the antique, but what was more important, with its spirit and its characteristics. No one can glance through the endless subjects, for example, or the innumerable small personal ornaments which are contained, among many other similar objects, in the admirable collec-

tion of Wedgwood ware generously presented by Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, to the Brown Museum in that town, without being struck with the inexhaustible variety of subjects upon which Flaxman's mind must have been constantly dwelling.

One of Flaxman's principal characteristics as a sculptor was that he placed general design and composition, and the execution of the main conception of the idea, before minute workmanship or mere technical execution. And this principle must, to a large extent, have been inculcated by this same work for Wedgwood, because it was the general design which was the main point to be regarded in these bas-reliefs on china. Their small size prevented any minute study of details, whether of anatomy or of feature, hence Flaxman would naturally fall into a style in which breadth of composition was the main consideration. It was a characteristic which he carried with him throughout his career, and it is one of the great secrets of his success as a sculptor, for it enabled him to regard a composition as a whole, and never lose the central and cardinal idea of the subject in an anxious elaboration of details. Breadth of view is, of course, a distinguishing mark of minds of high calibre, and we can hardly doubt that this characteristic was largely developed by the work which Flaxman did for the Staffordshire potters, apart altogether from those other qualities, refinement and proportion, which were necessarily cultivated by the course of labour which he passed through at this period of his life.

The grace of movement, the moderation of his groups and their excellent composition would make them remarkable in themselves, even if they did not hold a unique place in a unique phase of the history of British fictile art. Historically, therefore, these designs of Flaxman's must always remain noteworthy, whilst they must also be studied in regard to their effect upon his work, simply and solely as a great sculptor.

His departure for Rome in 1787 is another important event in Flaxman's career, for it forms a visible division between two epochs in his life. It was during his stay in Rome that he executed also two very fine ideal groups, the colossal *Cephalus and Aurora* and the four-figured *Fury of Athamas*, works showing how imbued Flaxman was with the character of the sculpture by which he was then surrounded, but which are also evidence of the power and individuality of his mind. Though he was so steeped in the classical spirit as to produce works such as these, classical in subject and treatment, he soon showed that he was not overcome by a classical yoke, so as to seek in antique myths his only subjects; but, grasping forcibly the idea of the antique, he asserted both his own individuality and the possibility of uniting modern thought.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

(*Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, 1834-1904*)

ESTHER SINGLETON

Americans have grown so accustomed to the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which greets every ship as it enters the harbour of New York that they sometimes forget that it is a masterpiece. It is not only the largest statue ever made and the poetic expression of one nation's friendship for another across the sea towards which the majestic figure looks, but it is a work of art that fulfils all the requirements of this branch of sculpture.

"Colossal statuary," says the French authority, M. Lesbazeilles, "is within its scope when it represents power, majesty, infinity. It can lay claim to that class of emotions which are produced in us by the heaving of the boundless sea, the roaring of the wind and the rolling of the thunder."

Turning from the critic to the practical sculptor, Bartholdi himself, who was the most distinguished sculptor of colossal statuary of modern times, we find him saying that "Colossal statuary does not consist simply in making an enormous statue. It ought to produce an emotion in the breast of the spectator, not because of its size but because its size is in harmony with the idea that it interprets and with the place which it ought to occupy."

The idea of a gift from France to the United States of America, in honour of the latter's celebration of its hundred years of independence, was first discussed at a dinner in the house of M. Laboulaye at Glavigny near Versailles. This resulted in the formation of the *Union Franco-Américaine* which accepted the design for a colossal statue submitted by M. Bartholdi in 1875. When this was accepted, the French society expressed its intention as follows :

“We desire to erect in the unequalled harbour of New York a gigantic statue on the threshold of the New World, to rise from the bosom of the waves and represent Liberty Enlightening the World.”

The sculptor's own story of how the idea came to him is worth repeating :

“During the voyage I formed some plans for the monument but at the first view of the harbour of New York the definite idea first became clear to my eyes.

“The picture presented to view when one arrives at New York is marvellous ; when after several days of voyaging in the pearly radiance of a beautiful morning is revealed the magnificent spectacle of those immense cities and those rivers extending as far as the eye can reach alive with masts and flags, the effect is thrilling. When one awakes in the midst of that inland sea filled with vessels, some giants in size, some dwarfs which swarm about, puffing, whistling, swinging the great arms of their uncovered walking-beams, moving hither and thither like a crowd of people in a public square, the New World appears in its majestic



STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK

expanse, with the ardour of its glowing life. Is it not natural for an artist to be inspired by such a spectacle? Yes; in this very place should be raised the Statue of Liberty, grand as the idea which it embodies, radiant upon the two worlds. If then, the form of the accomplished work is mine, to the Americans I owe the thought and the inspiration which gave it birth. I was conscious when I landed at New York that I had found the idea which my friends had hoped for."

The French people subscribed enough to pay for the cost of the work—more than \$250,000. M. Bartholdi set to work. The arm with the uplifted torch was finished first and sent to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 and the head was placed on view at the Paris Exposition in 1878. In 1877 the citizens of New York held a meeting and appointed a committee to raise the necessary funds and procure the necessary legislation for the erection of this gift to the nation. Congress authorized its acceptance and passed a resolution to provide for its erection on Bedloe's Island and also for its care. The public subscriptions were devoted to the foundation and the pedestal. The statue is made in sections and of plates of thin hammered copper. When finished, these were fastened to an immense iron truss-work designed and executed by the famous French engineer, M. Eiffel, who had not then produced his celebrated Eiffel Tower. When completed in 1884, the great statue was set up in Paris and presented formally to the United States Minister in Paris. In the

following year it was taken to pieces and shipped in the French man-of-war, *Isère*. It arrived in New York Harbour in June, 1885, and was dedicated on October 28, 1886, with formal ceremonies, in which the Comte de Lesseps, M. Bartholdi and President Cleveland took part.

For twenty years Bartholdi had worked upon this masterpiece and his was the hand that drew aside the curtain and unveiled to the New World the majestic work that has been called the "Eighth Wonder of the World."

Liberty Enlightening the World is the largest statue ever made. It is three times the height of the famed Colossus of Rhodes. The total height including the pedestal is three hundred and five feet, six inches; and the height from base to torch, one hundred and fifty-one feet, one inch. The length of the hand is sixteen feet, five inches, and the forefinger measures nearly eight feet. The head from chin to cranium is seventeen feet, three inches; the space across the eye occupies two feet, six inches; the length of nose is four feet, six inches; the mouth is three feet wide; and the length of the right arm is forty-two feet. The latter is twelve feet thick. The whole statue weighs 450,000 pounds. Forty persons can stand in the head and the torch holds twelve.

The foundation for the pedestal, which is eighty-nine feet high and built of cut stone, was made within the walls of old Fort Wood. The dimensions of the pedestal are sixty-three feet square at the base and forty-three feet, six

inches at the top. The torch and diadem are lighted by electricity.

It may be asked with reason does this work express the general principles that M. Bartholdi considers essential in colossal statuary: (1) that the character or idea of the subject should be in harmony with the size of the work; (2) the appropriateness of the site and surroundings of the monument; and (3) an understanding of the lines and general composition required for colossal statues. Regarding the first point, he says:

“The immensity of form should be filled with the immensity of thought and the spectator should be impressed with the greatness of the idea expressed in the great form without being obliged to have recourse to comparative measurements in order to receive an emotion.

“With regard to a choice of site, the frame should help the subject. It can be improved by architectural effects, such as flights of steps, but above all a site favoured by Nature should be sought for. The neighbourhood of large masses should be avoided. The artist should endeavour to find a site in which the line of the ground and the colouring of the background will aid him in producing an impression.

“There should be great simplicity in the movement and in the exterior lines. The gesture ought to be made plain by the profile. The details of the line should never arrest the eye and the breaks in the line should be bold and such as are suggested by the general design. Moreover, the work should be filled out as much as possible and not pre-

sent black spots or exaggerated recesses. The surfaces should be broad and simple, defined by a bold and clear design, accentuated in the important places. The enlargement of the details or their multiplicity is to be feared. Either fault destroys the proportion of the work. Finally the design should have a summarized character, such as one would give to a rapid sketch. Only it is necessary that this character should be the product of volition and study and that the artist in concentrating his knowledge should express the form and line with the greatest simplicity."

The site is ideal, and was always appreciated. When the Indian island called Minnisais (meaning small island) became the property of Isaac Bedlow, the latter put so many improvements upon it that the Governor of New York issued an order stating that because of these it should be a privileged place where no arrests should be made or warrants issued without the Governor's special permission.

After Bedlow's death, Love Island, as it was known, was sold to Captain Kennedy of the British Army for £100.

In 1750 New York bought the island and for a long time it was used for a pest-house and quarantine station; but in 1800 it became the property of the United States and in 1814 was fortified. The star-shaped Fort Wood formed a ready-made base for the foundation of the pedestal of a design that accorded perfectly with the statue.

When the statue was first mounted, Julian Hawthorne wrote a sympathetic description, which bears quoting.

“There is nothing small in the treatment ; the lines and the composition are vast in their quality as well as in their dimensions—vast and simple. The conception is as great as the accomplished reality. It is a thing which takes its place quietly and naturally in the midst of the broad scene of which it is the culmination ; it is at once at home there ; though it awes, it does not astonish ; once in its place, it seems to have stood there since the dawn of time. It mingles harmoniously with the sea and sky ; the rain and mists were its friends and familiars ; and the sunshine will rest upon it as fittingly as upon the peak of a mountain, and the clouds, at noon and sunset, will form a part of its grandeur, or glorify it with their crimson and gold. When the thunder rolls across the bay, those lofty lips will seem to have spoken, and the snow of winter will drift around it like a drifting veil.

“Though the bronze goddess stands motionless and firm, she seems but a moment ago to have assumed the attitude which she will retain through centuries to come. She has stepped forward and halted, and raised her torch into the sky. There is energy without effort, and movement combined with repose. Her aspect is grave almost to sternness ; yet her faultless features wear the serenity of power and confidence. Her message is the sublimest ever brought to man, but she is adequate to its delivery. In her left hand she holds a tablet inscribed with the most

glorious of our memories, the birthday of the Republic. No words are needed to interpret her meaning, for her gesture and her countenance speak the universal language, and their utterance reaches to the purest depths of the human soul."

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Singleton, Esther, d. 1930,
Famous sculpture as seen and
described by great writers 13

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